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IRELAND, THE ORANGEMEN, AND THE PAPISTS.

SOME weeks since, his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, as Grand Master of the Orange Lodges of Ireland, addressed a letter to the Earl of Enniskillen, strenuously recommending that, on the approaching anniversary of the battle of Aghrim, the 12th of July, the usual Orange processions should not be made. The Royal Duke suggested this measure as the best means of avoiding the collisions and disturbances which the enemies of the Constitution would be so eager to turn to its disadvantage; but expressed his desire that this forbearance should not be understood as any departure from the spirit of the Orange Lodges: on the contrary, he additionally recommended their steady adherence to their original principles of conformation as a body. This document was immediately acted upon by the Grand Lodge assembled in Dublin, and a letter was sent to the several Lodges throughout the kingdom, cautioning them against provoking any quarrel or tumult on the occasion.

The 12th falling on Sunday, the Lodges in general deferred their meetings till the following day. In the south of Ireland, the disturbances seem to have been few and trifling; for there popery could find no food for quarrel;—but in the north, where the parties are more equally balanced, the disturbances have been considerable. The Orange Lodges conceiving that they had as much right to meet and march in procession to their churches in the year 1829, as they have had for the last twenty years, assembled as usual, and, in several instances, were attacked, and had to fight their way against papist mobs. Lives were lost, and many persons wounded. The first version of those unlucky rencontres arriving from the Papists, the whole criminality was of course thrown upon the Orangemen: they were charged with having first provoked the insults, and then avenged them, setting the Government at defiance, and taking the country by storm. Later versions, however, have arrived, which describe the attacks as having been made in every instance by the Papists, who assembled for the express purpose of insulting and slaying the Protestants, and who, with the perfect knowledge that not an Orange shot would have been fired from morn till night, if the Lodges were not attacked, came armed with scythes, muskets, and every other weapon which they could procure for the purpose of bloodshed. This is the true state of the case; and if the assailants have suffered, they have to thank only their own rashness and violence.

The principles of our journal are too well known for us to feel any necessity for explaining, when we say that we most unequivocally

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lament the whole business. To the Orange Lodges we affix no moral blame. They had a right to make their processions, and they had a right to defend themselves when attacked. Times, bad as they are, have not yet become so bad, that a Protestant must stoop his head for fear a Papist should be offended by his looking him in the face. The will of the popish association has not yet been proclaimed the law for Ireland; nor was it altogether unnatural that when Protestants saw the "great agitator" allowed to march through three-fourths of Ireland, with his green ribbons, his order of liberator round his neck, and his medals of "LIBERATION" in his hands, to be distributed to every rabble leader on his road, a northern Protestant should think that orange was at least as lawful a colour as green, and implied AT LEAST as much loyalty; nor that when Government looked on with a tranquil eye, if not with an admiring one, at the march of a regimented rabble in the South, thirty thousand at a time, shouting Erin-go-brah, and flaunting with the established colours of rebellion, the same Government might look with no very alarmed contemplation at loyal and honourable men in the North, marching to their churches to renew, by something of a sacred pledge, their faith to that Constitution, in virtue alone of which the House of Hanover sits on the British throne. This the Orange Lodges did, this they had done often before, and this we shall persist in saying they had every right to do, unless we shall hear better authority than Lord Plunket's *last* opinion on the law of allegiance. But they have been politically to blame: for we can tell the Orangemen that they have been playing the game of the enemy; that they have done the very thing that the papists and haters of the Constitution desired to see done; and that they will find the result in increased power to hands that are already all but irresistible. They will not have another 12th of July to await for the demonstration.

To the last we will not despair of the revival of the British Constitution. The time must not always be when one hundred and fifty peers will discover, in the course of a minister's harangue, that they had been in Egyptian darkness for the whole course of their lives before; nor a House of Commons cheer the man, who had the effrontery to declare that the "Constitution must be broken in upon." In the spirit of the Duke of Cumberland's letter, we say to the Orangemen of Ireland, keep yourselves firm—keep yourselves together—wait the time—turn a deaf ear to all attempts to sting you into tumult—give up your processions, since they will unquestionably be made a snare to you; but preserve your rules, your formation, and your principles; since by those alone you can hope to retrieve the Constitution of your wise, brave, and religious forefathers. Bide the time, for the time will come.

The true evil of those disturbances may be already traced in the language of those ministerial instruments which are regularly employed to feel the way. Those journals, overflowing with the due degree of horror at "the atrocious resistance of the North," propose that the whole present magistracy shall be instantly put out of the commission, and a "*magistracy dependent on Government*" be appointed; we use the words of this comprehensive advice, extraordinary as they are, coming from quarters lately of the most prodigious sensibility to royal and ministerial encroachments. In other words, the direction of the counties should be taken out of the hands of every man who has a will of his own, and consigned to those who have none but the will of Downing-street, or Bow-street; until the gentlemen of the county are wholly superseded by menials, clerks, and constables. So much for what we once prided

ourselves in, as the "self-government of the counties," or what Blackstone calls, the rectifying and balancing part of the constitution against the aggressions of authority. Other proposals are, for the immediate proclamation of martial law, the immediate disarming of the North, and the immediate extinction of the yeomanry corps! The militia has nearly perished already, and when the yeomanry and the independent magistracy follow, there will be but little more to remove.

But if our general disgust could be deepened, it would be by seeing the miserable race to which we have been sacrificed. In all the magnanimity of popish patriotism, money is the eternal theme; the secret spring of all its movements is in the purse; and the haughtiest threats of public overthrow, or the loudest exultations of popish victory, finish with a squabble on pounds, shillings, and pence. When one of their orators determines to give the world the strongest evidence of his devotion to the "cause of freedom," he gives an episode of the number of guineas his bag will be *minus* by his crossing the channel. When another would soar to the summit of human virtue, he declares that he has not got a single additional brief during the last term. The popish rent is invested in the name of one; the reward of another is to have his electioneering ambition kept free of his proper purse; the Irish patriot, who exhibits here as the vehicle of all disinterestedness, goes to his "Emerald Isle," to play the part of dun, and, among his high-minded friends and future legislators, meets the reception usually allotted to the character. Mr. Æneas Macdonnell battles hard for his weekly pay, and finds it the hardest point of patriotism, that he can get nobody to care whether he is paid or not. Mr. Lawless complains, with the bitterness of a disappointed patriot, that he has got nothing but the nickname of "Honest Jack," and as this will not feed, clothe, or lodge a man even in Ireland, where honesty so much abounds, he feels himself forced to take a step higher in patriotism, and try what can be done for his individual prosperity by his national clamour. He thus states the impediments which still stand between him and the *Estate* which a grateful country will doubtless be ready to purchase for the assertor of its final and complete freedom.

"You are all now reduced to *one common level of national dishonour* — a party has been raised on the ruins of the majority; eligibility has been conceded, but (as Sheridan said,) like the eligibility of the man to take his dinner in the London Tavern: *eligible, no doubt, but where is the money?* — I ask, where is the means, the instrumentality, by which any popular Irishman (I care not *what his religion*) can obtain a seat in Parliament? I answer, with confidence, there is *none*. Therefore, I say to all denominations in Ireland, *no longer be humbugged*; demand in a firm and constitutional tone *the restoration of your Parliament*; demand the right of self-legislation; demand that right, which in a few years raised Ireland to be a *fruitful competitor* with England; demand that right which circulated your country around the globe as a nation of genius and eloquence, of energy and unbounded resources, which won for you the homage of the world, and extorted even the envy of your enemies. I have attended the debates in the Imperial Legislature during the last session, and I will say, *without the fear of contradiction*, that if Lord Wellington and Mr. Peel were animated by the *same feelings* which ever inspired the divine bosoms of my wonderful countrymen, either Grattan or Curran, they *could not*, in the situation they stand, do *any justice* to my country. Can they *bring back* the Irish nobility and gentry to Ireland? Mr. Peel has reproached the Irish absentees. Has he converted them? Upwards of £4,000,000 *annually* are lost to Ireland by the necessary *legalised* absenteeism of some hundreds of the Irish nobility and gentry.—Our *first Duke* takes up his residence in Pall-mall. Our Marquises and Earls

swarm round the bee-hive of the court. Dublin is the Sidney, and Ireland is the Botany-bay of England. Is Ireland to stand *for ever* thus? Is Ireland eternally to wear the livery, and to stand behind the chair of England? These are the questions O'Connell and Macdonnell *should* be putting to the Irish people, and not the *wretched calculation of profit and loss* which has so disgusted every community in the British Empire."

This is but a sorry tribute to the wisdom of those peace-makers who pledged themselves that Catholic emancipation would satisfy the whole popish body, whatever it might do to the Protestants. The repeal of the Union is in the back ground of the picture drawn by this great political limner. The extinction of the Irish church, which will be the extinction of the last connexion between the countries, will follow with patriotic ease; and though Mr. Lawless may be disappointed of the estate after all, we can assure him that the Catholic bill is as complete a security as any man could desire for every other consequence that the most glowing amor patriæ, and the most craving love of plunder can imagine.

Another agitator comes to complete the list, though, in this instance, the fault is in the party, and not in the individual. The papists are furious with Mr. Shiel for taking a retaining fee from Lord George Beresford on his Waterford election, and the barrister has written a letter of unanswerable length to prove that he was quite right, and the populace quite absurd. Such are the brains of popery on both sides.

But setting apart the hopelessness of attempting to convince a mob of their own folly, and making the attempt in a declaration that would puzzle a professor of contingent remainders, the writer was perfectly authorized in taking his fee, wherever he could get it, and if the spoils were to be raised on the enemy, so much the better. To Mr. Shiel and his party the whole intrigue was a palpable triumph. What was it but a plain acknowledgment by the Beresfords, that they either dreaded popish influence, or required it; and, in either case, that they could not advance a step without it? And what more could party vengeance ask of the proud Beresfords? The lawyer was perfectly right in taking his fee, or twenty fees if he could get them; but what is to be said of the man who offered the fee? We are told that no less than nine of the family *ratted*; that, in short, all its members voted for the popish question, excepting one, the venerable Irish primate. If such be the case, no tears of ours shall weep for the worst popish contumely that can be rained on their heads; let them be forced to truckle to Mr. O'Connell down to their last hour; let Mr. Lawless trample on them; let Mr. Macdonnell offer them the humiliation of his help; and Mr. Shiel, like the devil and the Santon, take their last shilling, and, in the bitterness of their political death, salute them with the gibe, the scoff, and the sneer.

We had looked on Lord George Beresford as a person of manly feeling, narrating, with the natural indignation of a high-spirited noble, the insolent encroachments of faction on the constitution of his country. We had heard him fiercely reprobate the supineness of government: yet, while the words were scarcely out of his lips, at the first moment when he could turn the agents of this faction to his purpose, he allies himself with them, and talks the miserable and exploded cant of "conciliation." The cant is echoed on the opposite side, and all mouths are equally filled with this paltry pretence. But do such men think that the world is blind? Does not every man know that Lord George Beresford means, by "conciliation," his getting a seat in parliament on as easy terms as he can; that his employment of the popish lawyers—the last thing that would have been done by any man of common spirit, in any instance—

would never have been done by him, but with the object of taking off the edge of popish opposition? He may publish his patriotism or his Protestantism in a thousand placards after this, if he likes; but we shall tell him, that he throws away his professions; that, in linking himself with popish advocacy, he has finally taken his side; that he never shall be suffered to be of ours; and that we gladly leave him and his proud and paltry race to the consolations of popery.

We impatiently turn from the conduct of this person, whose individual insignificance scarcely makes him worth our censure, to the document which his trafficking has produced,—Mr. Shiel's letter. Omitting the writer's defence of himself for condescending to accept of a fee from the Beresfords, which requires no defence whatever, his paper is valuable as a statement of the actual system of exaggeration, organized pretence, and fictitious fury, with which the popish claims were sent forward to startle the feeble, and supply high-sounding falsehood to the fraudulent in the legislature. "It was requisite to *marshal all the passions* of the people in that vast array of combined and well-regulated discipline, through which the achievements which have recently taken place have been accomplished. The grand Agrarian revolution was then to be effected. It was necessary to give proof to England, not only of the profound interest which was taken by the peasantry, as well as by every other class of the community, in the restitution of the national rights, but to present evidence of the *organization and the union*, as well as the *strength and fierceness of the popular emotions*."

So says—now that there is no necessity for keeping the secret—Mr. Shiel. Formerly the topic was, the depression and oppression which were supposed to grind the souls and bodies of the seven millions, the sense of insecure rights, the refusal of law, the discovery that they were aliens in their own country, and the other regular common-places of popish agony and oratory. Those were the things that then were declared to put tongues into stones, and rouse the broken-down peasant to mutiny. But now it comes out that the whole of the popular irritation was the work of the haranguers; that the peasantry were still to make the discovery of their own wrongs; and that, but for the speech-makers, not a syllable of the outcry for Catholic claims would have been heard: for the very sufficient reason, that the "grievances" were no grievances; and that, however they might flourish on paper, they never followed the peasant to his pocket, his person, or his ground. This we well knew from the beginning of the clamour; this we fully told; and this the chief abettors of the popish bill knew as well as we. Let the country judge of their sincerity and honour on the evidence of one of themselves.

The letter proceeds to state, that the writer was aware "that nothing but a sense of the necessity of satisfying the demands of seven millions, could induce the government to incur the difficulties which must attend the great national arrangement." In simpler language, that for the purpose of either exciting the British government to break in upon the constitution, or of giving them an excuse for so doing, all means must be employed in Ireland to stir up national tumult. The writer tells us that it was necessary to make the government feel the *preservation of the empire* to be called in question. Now, let our readers look to Mr. Shiel's plain acknowledgment of the means by which this pretended hazard was created. "It was an obvious policy, upon the part of the Roman Catholic body, not only to render the condition of the government uneasy, but *insupportable*, and to *force them, by such means*, to shift their position. The *terrible distractions* by which Ireland was torn asunder; the *mortal feuds* which separated parties, and the *dreadful alacrity* which we exhi-

bited to rush upon each other, in all the ferocity of a more ' than civil' encounter, were the results of that *system of agitation*. It became necessary, of course, to put every *expedient of popular excitement into action*. Every spring in the public mind—the mighty engine with which we worked—was touched. All that the *fiercest declamation*, the most *fiery harangues*, the most *envenomed sarcasm*, the most *pitiless vituperation* could effect, was resorted to. Whoever opposed the claims of a nation was held up to *scorn and detestation*; *reproach and contumely* were lavishly and unremittingly poured upon him. A sense of temporary discord was produced, by which the interposition of the legislature was rendered indispensable; and an act of wisdom has thus been extorted." Here at last is plain speaking. Let Ministers look at this and blush. No, they knew it thoroughly before. They knew the whole trickery of the intrigue. But let the poor creatures who followed their tergiversation, and joined in their desertion, the miserable slaves of the ministerial nod, the trimmers and turn-coats, read this, and see to what contemptible contrivances they lent the votes entrusted to them for the rights of their country. We have here the ample, nay, the ostentatious acknowledgment once again, that it was not the people who grieved, but the speech-maker; that the impulse was grounded on no intolerable consciousness of evil among the people, but on the "*envenomed language, pitiless vituperation, and fiery harangues*" of a little junto of itinerant incendiaries, whose object was to make the "*condition of the government insupportable*."

The friends of the constitution long reiterated this in the ear of the legislature. They told Ministers, you are giving up the constitution to clamour; the rights of Protestantism to the capricious insolence of popery; the real claims of the people of England to the fabricated injuries of the peasants of Ireland. What you are doing will not give the Irish peasant a single potatoe, nor relieve him of a single sixpence of his incumbrances, nor raise him a single step in the scale; for those things are not to be done by sending a junto of popish demagogues to Parliament. You acknowledge that you break down the constitution, and you break it down for a nonentity; for menaces which you know can never be more than menaces; and for dangers which you equally know to be utterly imaginary.

But the acknowledgment is now fully made, and when we see the weapons that have been suffered to strike down the constitution, the feelings of defect and desertion receive the last aggravation of which they are capable.

To the writer of the letter we can have no hostility. We have looked upon him merely as an advocate, and thank him for this open, though probably unwitting avowal, of the conduct of his suit. Our indignation, our disgust, our undying hatred—for in such a cause hatred is holy—are for the smiling perfidy that betrayed us. Welcome, we say, the open assault, for against that we can be prepared; but may evil, black as their own hearts, wither the base ambition, and smite the pernicious successes of the hypocrite and the slave.

There have been some late rumours of applications to Lord Eldon and the Protestants to join the Ministry, and that Lord Eldon has, as the preliminary to all negociation, declared his disgust at the idea of sitting in any cabinet of which Mr. Peel is a member. We give Lord Eldon credit for having used the words, for we entertain no doubt of his feeling the sentiment. The negociation is said to have suddenly broken off; but certainly not on this account, for his Grace of Wellington would have no more compunction in flinging Mr. Peel overboard, than he would have in turning off his footman. He feels well assured, that no public remon-

strance would reach him on the subject ; no one feat of his ducal caprice would be more willingly hailed as an attempt to canvass popularity. The act of justice would have the nature of an act of charity, and cover a multitude of sins.

But we cordially hope that Lord Eldon will disdain all alliance with the present cabinet, let the terms be what they may. From the moment of his entering it, his public uses would be gone ; he would have lost the confidence of Protestantism, and the public respect would vanish from him totally and for ever. The truth is, that the nation has formed an opinion of the Duke of Wellington, against which the slow born popularity of the venerable ex-chancellor would be but as a straw thrown into the fire. The universal feeling would be, that he was duped—brought in to give some specious strength to a tottering administration, and when he had done what was required to keep it alive, insulted and cast out. Is there no moral in the fall of Mr. Peel, or, as the Duke has expressly phrased it, in the “sacrifice of his political existence?” Mr. Peel held a high rank, on the ground of his being supposed the staunch advocate of Protestantism, and on this ground alone, for no man respected him for any peculiar ability. To mention him with the race gone by, the Pitts, Burkes, or Foxes, would be the bitterest burlesque. He was not fit to carry the shoes even of Canning. But it was necessary to destroy this man’s influence ; for his influence gone, his ability was nothing. He was offered temptation, and it subdued his weakness. From that instant all fears of his proving an antagonist were at an end. His apostacy cut away his strength ; and the Duke of Wellington might turn him out to-morrow, and will turn him out the moment he finds it convenient, with as much ease, and as little reason to dread the consequences of the insult, as if the Home Secretary were one of his chambermaids. Lord Eldon is a senator of another rank. To compare his faculties with those of Mr. Peel, would be to stigmatize them.

But if Lord Eldon shall join the Duke of Wellington, he will find himself rehearsing the catastrophe of the Home Secretary, within twenty-four hours after. The coalition will sink him at once, disarm him of his influence, and leave him at the mercy of the Premier. Is there nothing in the fate of Mr. Huskisson ? A man of unquestionable ability, and, as such, only dishonoured by a comparison with Mr. Peel. On Mr. Canning’s death, Mr. Huskisson was the natural leader of the House of Commons. If he had the spirit of a mouse, he would have scorned to ally himself to the declared enemies of the statesman who had raised him from obscurity ; sustained him, in defiance of many obscure circumstances in his story ; made him member for what might have been termed his own borough (Liverpool), and gave him the highest office in his power. But Mr. Huskisson had not the spirit of a mouse, but the spirit of a placeman ; and he accepted office under the Duke of Wellington, whom he ought, in all political honour, to have resisted, and whom he would have overthrown in the House of Commons. This no man living knew better than his tempter. He gave way to the temptation, and was instantly shorn of his strength. All the personal friends of Mr. Canning instantly abandoned him, and he was turned into a cipher. His master thenceforth used him as a menial, for a menial he was ; took him to task for his boastings at Liverpool, as unsuited to his menialism ; and forced him to wash down his oratory into nonsense. In three months more Mr. Huskisson would have been sent adrift. But he anticipated his fate. Chagrin did what dignity of mind ought to have done. He felt his humiliation, and to right himself, played off a quarrel

about his conscience ; started, in a fit of theatrical virtue, from the Treasury Bench, and wrote sentimental billets at two in the morning. He was undone. Whether he dismissed himself, or was dismissed by his master, was, to the master, perfectly indifferent. He found no place for repentance. His lachrymose struggles to return and receive his pay, were answered with the haughty scorn of a military despot. "It is no mistake, it can be no mistake, it shall be no mistake," was the sentence branded on him, and he will carry it to his tomb.

One influence more is still to be subdued—the Protestant influence. Lord Eldon, Lord Chandos, and, still more important, his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, are to be trammelled in the ministerial nets. We echo but the national voice, when we say to these distinguished persons, that the day on which they shall unite with the present administration, is the last day of their political respect. They will be instantly stripped of their national power, and turned into officials of the man who will suffer no equal. The Duke of Wellington's conduct in the Catholic question has decided his character with the empire for all time to come. If there be one political maxim, that ought to supersede all others in the mind of a protestant senator, it is, that no alliance is to be formed with the Duke of Wellington—" *Delenda est Carthago.*"

Mr. O'Connell has just published an address to the "Men of Clare." His words are another intelligible answer to those tender lovers of the constitution, who, forsooth, "were sure that admitting papists into parliament was the very reverse of lowering the dignity of protestantism," which heaven forbid they should ever do. "Men of Clare," says the Agitator, "the fell incubus of protestant ascendancy, an ascendancy which was as disgraceful to the Protestant as it was oppressive to the Catholic, has been shaken off for ever. It lies prostrate and overthrown." His description of the parties in parliament is a pleasant document to secure the respect of the populace for the legislature.

"There has been a ministerial party in possession of present pay and plentiful plunder ; an opposition party, fed with forlorn hope and contingent expectation. The saints, as they are called, have a party. The owners, oh, profanation ! of slaves in the West Indies, have a party. Every faction had a party in parliament—the people alone have had no party. I go to form a party for the people."

The other labours of the Agitator's life, however, are to be reduced to what, in less lofty phraseology, would seem a rather vulgar result of overthrowing all parties. The Irish populace "shall be able to have meat for their food for at least five days in the week, and plenty of other diet for the remaining two, should they from any motive prefer the alteration." The orator here is guilty of a little subterfuge for the benefit of the English ear. Fridays always, and Wednesdays often, are the fasting days of the papist ; the weight of Popish crime consisting not in eating salmon and turtle, fruits and confectionary, to any amount the opulent papist can swallow, nor in swallowing whiskey to any amount that the populace can swallow, but in beef and mutton. Meat is the deadly sin on those sacred days ; and a beef-steak may cost a thousand years of grilling in purgatory, *unless*, and the exception is incomparable, unless the sinner can lay down the money appointed by the Pope to go into his pocket as the general purifier of all sins. This grand cleanser washes away the profligacy even of eating a beef-steak, and the sinner goes, with his certificate in his pocket, straight up to the gates of Paradise, as unstained, as if he had never done any thing worse than rebelling against his king, and plunging his country into bloodshed and flame.

THE LATE PROSECUTIONS AGAINST THE PRESS.

WE take it for granted that men of all parties, from the sycophant Whig to the unpurchaseable Tory, are interested in the freedom of the press. Without that freedom there is no longer any security for opinion; and were we to be positively deprived of it, we see no reason to doubt why the next inquisition should not sit upon our thoughts. They make no scruple, in certain Catholic countries, of instituting penal punishments against presumptive thinkers. The Hall of Eblis, and the glass windows in the breasts of the unhappy, are not, after all, such monstrous fictions as our mythological critics would have us believe. Some of our rulers would, no doubt, be glad to realize the fable.

While, however, all men, except those who fear discussion, lest it might approach themselves—are agreed upon the necessity and utility of an unshackled press, they disagree upon the extent and administration of this universally admitted good. It is one of the ingenious blessings of our laws, that there shall always be an admixture of evil, in every legislative benefit; so that we cannot have the pleasure of congratulating ourselves upon the possession of any given privilege without its alloy in one shape or another. If the scales of justice are of the finest equality, they are sure to be committed to a palsied hand, that will destroy the nice equilibrium; if they are falsely constructed, they are consigned, with consistent contradiction, to a firm hand that will carefully preserve their original undue balance. The office of the expounder of the law seems to consist, less in extracting its wholesome properties, than in confusing its ingredients, so that, be the intention of the legislature what it might, it is never suffered to operate simply and satisfactorily. One of the expedients which has gained most favour in the eyes of the law makers, is to leave parts of our code in a state of delightful chaos, so that the statutes, like the books of the enchanter, may be quoted with corresponding effect, at both sides of any possible case. The doubt is the drop of poison in the cup of honey. This is specially the case in all enactments and judicial precedents respecting the press. When an Englishman goes abroad he boasts of the freedom of writing what he pleases in his own land of liberty; when he comes home he acknowledges that he does not know in what that freedom consists, or how far he may proceed in the expression of opinion without subjecting himself to the fearful penalties of fine and imprisonment. It is this absence of definition in the law, and the consequent exposure to the whim and unsettled prejudices of its professors, that provokes the very offences which they affect to repress. If public writers knew the limits of their prerogative, and the amount of their responsibility, we should have fewer libels, and freer discussions. The law itself being of so heterogeneous a character, it admits, of course, all the theories of the various sects and parties that lie scattered through the community. The Whig, whose liberality is like the suspicious patronage of that portion of our fellow subjects whose names are to be found in the roll of the Insolvent Court, objects, according to occasion, nullifying to day the dogma he set up yesterday; and prepared to deny both, should it suit his purpose, to-morrow. A second grade of politicians refers all the mischief to the human corruption of the juries; just as the French sophists accused Machiavel of teaching the art of intrigue to princes, when, in point of fact, it was the princes who taught that admirable

science to Machiavel; so it is not the juries that are in fault in their decisions (occasionally) but the law that renders these decisions, under the direction of the judge, imperative. The juries are but the unconscious agents of the infliction—the mere medium of the wrong. A third class impugn the mode of proceeding by which the press is sacrificed to personal or political malice; as if it were of any consequence whether a man is shot by a pistol or a blunderbuss. All, however, agree that the machinery of the law of libel is defective, anomalous, and insecure; and that the liberty of the public press cannot be said to be guaranteed to the people until the actual boundaries of its extension are legally marked out.

The evidence of history abundantly proves that those nations which have exhibited the most enlarged liberality in the encouragement of a free press, have left the fewest examples to posterity of discontent and divisions in their councils, and rebellions or litigation amongst their people. The taciturnity and darkness of the despotic ages favoured the secret work of insurrection and treason. It was only in the full light of free examination, that the monster physical revolution hid its head. Let not the era of French sentiment, and political hyperbole, be cited as an instance in which the freedom of publication produced the evils of popular anarchy. They never enjoyed a free press in France; it was the chains of the captive that goaded him into that violence and clamour that has been sometimes mistaken for delirious liberty. When Napoleon wavered between the adoption of an armed police or a stipendiary priesthood, he terminated his doubts by exclaiming—"Give me the moral police—the priests—they will cost less, and answer my purposes better." The principle was good, but its agency was not the best. The moral power is at all times the safest. Opinion is the true safeguard for integrity; if a minister be an honest man, he needs not dread the shafts of libel; they will fall hurtless from him—his life and his works will form the best answer to slander. Those whose philosophy is circumscribed, like the perception of the mole, to the objects immediately surrounding them, and who cannot penetrate to the distant utility and ultimate results of enlightened legislation, see one petty danger in the crowd of great advantages attendant upon the unrestricted expression of opinion. We believe it was Sir Joshua Reynolds who used to relate an anecdote of a connoisseur, who would have admired a fine water-piece of Claude's if it had not been for an unlucky speck that he detected in the corner of the picture; he damned all the beauties for the sake of a slight blemish which a touch of the brush would have concealed. The danger which rheum-eyed reasoners discover in a free press, is that it may be wielded to the injury of private character, and the agitation of the public mind. We contend, in reply, that this is an evil which corrects itself; and that it is agitation alone which keeps the public mind pure. Where every man has an equal opportunity of investigation and vindication, the possible injury to individual feelings is reduced to that amount of wrong, which in all states, free or enslaved, will be inflicted by malice or the bad passions of men; but the countervailing influence of that justification, which is rapid and complete in a community of freemen, is the speedy and most secure protection against the assaults of interest or revenge. The temptations to a criminal excess in the exercise of any right, are reduced in proportion as the franchise is confided to the honour of the privileged, who, therefore, incur a higher responsibility in the estimation of society.

Look back upon the annals of mankind, and you will discover in the times of despotism, the names of the despots blackening in the pages of the satirists and historians of their day. They earned the immortal exaggeration of their infamies, by the attempt to crush the publication of their vices. Had they permitted public writers to chronicle things truly, there would have been less acrimony and more truth in the records. It was the abortive rage of the tyrant that aroused the inventive retaliation of his defamers. Who believes in half the guilt that is attributed to the Roman emperors? The tales of their iniquities are magnified beyond all reasonable credence. On the other hand, can a single case be produced in which the slanderer, in a free age, made a convert to his opinions—unless, indeed, when the slandered permitted his intemperance to arm itself in the terrors of the law, to do that which, if he had been unjustly slandered, the voice of the nation would have done for him? *Then, indeed, people are wont to think that where there was so much smoke, there must have been some fire.* Did Pitt repel the grossness of his defamers—and who had more of the senseless and brutish class—by appealing to the strong arm of legal redress? Did Eldon ever commit the monstrous folly of admitting that the punishment of the accuser would disprove and blot out the accusation? Did the late Lord Londonderry ever enter a court of justice with a lachrymose petition pinned to his character?—No:—their reputation was deeply seated; sustained with honour, through evil reports and good; and not to be redeemed by the verdict of twelve men, because it was obtained from the universal suffrage of millions.

We have been led into these observations by the recent prosecutions instituted by the Lord Chancellor against two public journals, for the insertion of statements alleged to contain libels upon his lordship. It is worthy of notice that the journals in question are totally dissimilar in character and principles; the one, the *Morning Journal*, being distinguished for its uncompromising advocacy of the Protestant constitution; the other, the *Atlas*, being either wholly neutral upon political questions, or, if tinged by partiality, being disposed the other way. In both these journals obscure paragraphs appeared which Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst took to himself, and proceeded upon. Had his lordship paused to consider, we suspect he would have been slow to appropriate the imputed libellous properties of the vague inuendos upon which he has founded a claim for legal redress, because one half of the country did not understand them, and the other half never thought of his lordship when they perused them. By the hasty interposition of the Attorney-General, however, universal attention has been called to the subject, and all Europe is now discussing the probabilities of a presumption which his lordship himself first awakened. His lordship and Lady Lyndhurst have sworn that the imputations said to be thrown out by the newspapers are false; and the wondering public are only astonished that such distinguished personages should deem it necessary to vindicate themselves from a charge which had never been distinctly, or directly made against them. Even had a positive accusation been unadvisedly brought forward by a newspaper, we should have thought that the dignity of his lordship's character, his elevation in the councils of the state, the weight of his name, and his consciousness of the integrity of his conduct, would have induced him to treat the sneers or malice of his enemies, if he have any, with silent contempt. We should have expected

that he would have relied upon his reputation ; and that he would never have descended to the verdict of a jury for a proof of his honesty. But we had formed our opinions by the stern virtues of an old school of politicians ; we had been thinking of his lordship's lofty-minded predecessor, who amidst the heartless opprobrium of the basest foes that ever beset a functionary, persevered in his onward career with a true and inward sense of the purity of his life.

Times and parties are, no doubt, altered since the date of Lord Eldon's retirement. A new party has arisen in the state, which, retaining the responsibility of office without the consolations of popularity, is forced into measures of preservation the most repugnant to the genius of our institutions. Let not the country be deceived ; let not the people suppose that Lord Lyndhurst's case is merely the assertion of an individual's fame. There are other motives at work ; there are other reputations to sustain, and other objects to secure. If our readers will recal the parliamentary proceedings of the last six months, they will be able to trace the origin and growth of that party, which must, sooner or later, abandon the power that accident and the want of co-operation in the sturdy friends of the constitution, have thrown into its hands. That party is the neuter gender in the political grammar. It is neither Whig nor Tory ; but, concentrating the worst elements of each, it forms an intermediate purgatory, where the sins of the outcasts of both may be absolved, to prepare the ready tools for the great future of office. The obstruction which mainly stops the passage of arbitrary authority, is a free press ; it rears its front, like the impassable Balkan, to the invaders of public rights ; and it is, of course, the first impediment against which the cannon of despotism will direct its fire. To whom, then, and to what must be attributed the late proceedings ? Do we not see clearly the master cloud under whose motions this storm is traversing the horizon ? Shall we not house and cloak ourselves while we may, before the rending elements burst upon our heads ? It is wise to take the caution in time ; and we say, by all means await patiently the result ; it is not far distant ; already have the signals of distress been thrown out ; and if we can contrive to preserve the press unshackled through the brief exigency, an ultimate triumph awaits our prudence.

By one of those accidental freaks in which Fortune sometimes indulges, Mr. Copley rose by slow and persevering steps from the painter's closet to the enviable office of Attorney General. The family name is yet to be found in the annual catalogue of the Water Colour Exhibition. A seat in the House of Commons is the natural retreat where ministers deposit the rising genius of the bar ; and, accordingly, Mr. Copley entered upon the usual parliamentary career of all successful lawyers with the flattering support of the Tory party, under whose banners he enlisted. To follow to his final elevation the progress of the Attorney General, would involve us in subtleties we are willing to avoid ; but it must be some advantage to the future historian to know, that Sir John Copley was the violent opponent of Mr. Canning ; that, in addition to his own declamatory powers, he superadded all the knowledge, theological and historical, that could be gleaned from Dr. Philpotts' exposition of the Catholic Question ; and that, by the aid of those irresistible resources, he established himself as the most acute and philosophical reasoner upon constitutional rights. The integrity of our establishment in church and

state—the principles of the revolution—the whole fabric of the theory by which we guarded the sacred institutions of our forefathers—were with him the objects of a generous and disinterested devotion. The Pope on one hand, and the Whigs on the other, were the Scylla and Charybdis through which he steered, with an experienced hand, the bark that was freighted with the liberties and love of Englishmen. Poor Canning—the dupe of his own impetuosity, the betrayed of his own party, and the scorned of all others—Canning the eloquent, the mistaken, the enthusiastic, sank before the energetic Copley. Then came the water administration, which leaked away like the element from which we draw its title, for want of some solid principle to keep it together. Throughout all those vicissitudes in high places, while the country gazed in astonishment upon the distractions that were bringing ruin upon the kingdom, Sir John Copley maintained his name with unabated glory. That nondescript knot of politicians, who, without a head to direct, or an arm to execute—who, wanting unity of purpose, were perpetually playing at bo-peep between the Corn Laws, Free Trade, and the Catholic Question—that band of straggling leaders, who deserted from one troop without joining another, and yet affected to govern the operations of both—that pitiful, evasive, weak-hearted batch of fribblers, released the country from the bondage of their vacillating control by an act of suicide at the close of the year 1827. The patchwork cabinet being at an end, it became necessary to form a new one from such as remained uncontaminated by the pollution of the events that had followed in such rapid succession upon the death of Lord Liverpool. Then came the new premier, after having previously declared his unfitness for such a station, bringing with him some of the adherents of the conciliation principle in Corn, Cash, and Catholics. The unnatural admixture was fated, like all similar compounds of contradictory materials, to explode. Huskisson, on the point of new modelling our colonial policy, was forced to recede: explanation followed explanation; and, at last, the disasters of the government settled down into a dogma; and it was found that the Duke of Wellington was “A MAN OF DECISION,” and was not to be bearded by the underlings of office, or the independent supporters of the crown. Yet Sir John Copley was the idol still; unspotted and unsuspected. But the determination of the premier to prove that he possessed decision, led to results for which the nation was little prepared. “Do you dare me to break your head?” is the petulant phrase of the passionate schoolboy, who, not satisfied with having his courage and strength admitted by his fellows, must needs give them a practical proof of his superiority to the vulgar. “Do you dare me to carry the Catholic Bill?” exclaimed the Duke, although nobody had ever thought of exciting him to such an extremity, or provoking him to so extensive a test of his power. Then came the season of panegyric without attachment; obedience without confidence; and apostacy without conviction. The survivors of the Grenville faction were to be seen loitering about the doors of the Treasury, and even the haters of the aristocracy were to be found bandying compliments with their masters in the passages of the House of Peers. Radicals were thrown into ecstasies, reformers chuckled, Lord King leered at the bench of bishops, and the bishops smiled upon the mob. The whole body of the legislature, lords and commons, were thrown into confusion. Some gentlemen strayed accidentally from the

opposition to the treasury benches, and all orders were confounded. Catholic agitators sat within the bar; and the gallery was filled by the grateful *canaille*. Men did not know where to find their friends, or trace the scattered adherents of their party. Those who had bound up the rods had disappeared, and the individual fragments were flung promiscuously upon society, to be picked up as they might be wanted. The most favourable moment for making a breach in a citadel is, when, by some wily diversion, the garrison has been cast into disorder. The letter to Dr. Curtis made the diversion required: it was the feint which misled the unwary; then, when we thought ourselves most secure, the Swiss troops poured in, and the catastrophe was accomplished. It happened fortunately at this juncture that Lord Eldon resigned; and that there could not be found in the whole range of the legal profession a gentleman virtuous and able enough to become his successor, except Sir John Copley! The chance which deprived us of Eldon blessed us with Lyndhurst! There he sat upon the woolsack, night after night, defending the new lights, for he had himself been enlightened. And who dared to doubt his motives? Cannot a man be honest and prosperous too? Cannot the wisdom of a crop be transferred with advantage to a bag? And must not he who was a sensible attorney-general be an equally immaculate chancellor? Those who have never climbed to the top of the ladder know not how the prospect enlarges, and the vision improves as the pinnacle is gained. Those who creep round the base of St. Pauls, can form no notion of what a change they would perceive in the landscape if they were to be carried up to the dome. There is wisdom in the ermine. Dr. Philpotts had ceased to write; Peel had ceased to boast of his consistency; Wellington had ceased to deny his country; even Goulburn and Dawson had discovered the fallacy of their old ways; and why should not the new chancellor, suddenly transplanted to the midst of the regenerated galaxy, find out with equal promptitude the secret elixir of honourable alienation? For our parts, we never entertained a doubt upon the subject. We never vilified his honour, we never taunted him, nor reviled him; for we could discern the mighty difference between the public prosecutor and the equity judge; and we saw that the same honour, when set in a costlier ring, would present, as gems of higher value do, a different appearance. Being convinced, therefore, that Lord Lyndhurst's reputation needs no defence—that there is no defence which could make it better or worse than it is—and that the entire kingdom has long since formed a deliberate judgment upon his lordship's deserts, we are surprised he should have adopted a proceeding, which, to use Shakspeare's words, is "like painting the lily, or gilding refined gold." Nobody questions his morality—why does he therefore bring it before a jury?

But if the impolicy be altogether upon his Lordship's side, the danger is upon the side of the people. The injury done to Mr. Alexander or Mr. Bell, would be of little national moment, if it did not involve an invasion of those privileges which are dear to us all; and if we once permit the wrong with impunity, our silence will be hereafter misconstrued into acquiescence. Junius says truly, that "one precedent creates another—they soon accumulate, and constitute law." It is a sound doctrine that dictates the earliest resistance to injustice. Once admit that an officer of the crown—no matter how high his station, or how fair his fame—is not amenable to the ordeal of public discussion,

and you take from us the right of superintending our servants, after we have exercised our discretion in appointing them. The portions of our liberty that would remain, would be no more than the permission to sanction all offences in the conduct of public affairs, because we dare not oppose them. We should come at last to make a grace of our slavery; and since we could not use our reason, would be content to make a merit of our obedience. Free-will, the corner-stone of civil freedom, would be dug out and buried in the chambers of the Inquisition. The most precious, as well as the most costly of our immunities—for it was purchased with blood and toil—would be at the mercy of the next Moloch of the cabinet, who pushing further the example, would improve upon the precedent, and by a permanent Act of Parliament, convert a constructive indiscretion into a legal crime.

We do not defend those who are to take their trial, at fearful odds, for the alleged libels. They may have been indecorously zealous; they may have accidentally mistaken Lord Lyndhurst's nature; or they may have never intended the remotest allusion to his Lordship. Our objection is, that our general welfare as a nation, shall be wounded through individuals exercising a prerogative hitherto vested in the people. We do not desire to prejudge the question; we do not hope to turn the Chancellor, or Sir James Scarlett, or any one of the presiding judges from any of those rigid and technical opinions which, as lawyers, they may entertain; but we do hope, that when twelve Englishmen are called upon to consider the nature of the imputed misdemeanours, they will remember, that the ingenious sophistry of law may wring malice from the most harmless publication; but that the universal principle of popular indemnity for the unbiassed investigation of the ministerial conduct, is vital to the security of our lives and properties. To say that we have no right to examine the private lives of public men, is to say, that he who is personally unworthy to be trusted, may fill with credit and honour the most responsible stations; and that as there are anomalies in our judicial system, so there may be in our moral constitutions, which will admit the possibility of depravity being transformed into virtue by an exchange of garments. Serpents are said to be ensnared by the glare of scarlet cloth, but a state livery, or a gilt chain, should not be permitted to have the same influence upon a country.

The consideration of all questions of libel should be grave and cautious. Men should not be convicted upon hypotheses. To put a forced and external construction upon a libel, is a more serious outrage upon the interests of society than the libel itself: for if we go on at that rate, there will be no such thing as writing without incurring the imputation of a slanderous intent. Many have been the attempts to contract the power of juries, within some subtle labyrinth of legal chicanery, and to limit their office by the overhearing and final voice of a sophism. Juries have been told that they were merely to decide upon the fact of printing and publishing; that they had no discretion to exercise upon the moral tendency, or intrinsic purport of the matter; that there were criminalities not visible in the libel; that there were occult designs which no common sense could fathom; and that, therefore, because of guilt which they could not discern, and which it belonged only to the law to discover, but which it was neither their duty, nor any body else's, to explain, they must find the defendant guilty. Thus the consciences of juries have been set at variance with an imposed and inexplicable duty;

and their reason, which they might have thought an useful quality in inquiring into the meaning of a disputed publication, treated as the only test they should not bring to bear upon the case. If this be so on ordinary occasions, how must it operate under the terrible trial of *scan. mag.*? The very rank of the prosecutor, which is to the plain understanding an extenuation, will be tortured into an aggravation: for it is one of the beauties of our libel laws, that the higher the post of wealth or importance of the offended, the greater the guilt of the offender; which amounts in fact to this consoling conclusion, that the more we confide to the hands of a minister, the less responsible he becomes for the discharge of his trust! How can we expect gratitude any where if, by our own laws, we place a premium upon the abandonment of all natural and moral relations?

One mode of proving the amount of injury sustained by a libel, and the actual direction with which it is charged to have been written, is to bring one or two persons into the witness-box to swear that they believed upon reading it that it was intended to convey an imputation upon the prosecutor, and that he was the person to whom it specially referred. This is an insult to the discrimination of the jury, who should be paid the compliment of being left to their own discernment. If the jury cannot, by the exercise of their common sense and general knowledge, discover in an alleged libel upon a public man, that meaning which his friends endeavour to extract from it, then it is no libel; for it is probable that the public never fathomed what they cannot trace. If an article be so obscure that the jury cannot comprehend it, the inference is plain that it cannot have any of those effects which it is necessary to assume in all cases of libel, namely, of bringing any one of his majesty's subjects into contempt or danger, since none of them, except the prosecutor and his witnesses, can understand its purport. Something must be thrown into the scale on the score of passion and interest; and it should be borne in mind, that those who are so ready to suspect others are not themselves very safe interpreters of justice.

In conclusion, we have only to add, that the recent cases are calculated in their issue to establish important precedents. In one case, the alleged libel is an imaginary conversation between fictitious characters; in the other, it is merely the publication of the substance of a rumour; and in neither is the name of Lord Lyndhurst introduced. The law may, perhaps, be more clearly explained in the course of the trials than it is at present, and the popular right more satisfactorily illustrated. At all events our readers will agree with us that, let the prosecutions terminate as they may, his lordship is at this moment singularly placed, in being the only servant of the crown who has been forced into the King's Bench for the maintenance of his character.

A CHAPTER FROM THE MEMOIRS OF THE LATE MR. HERMANN
ALSAGER, STUDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF STOCKHOLM.

I HAVE thus brought down my narrative to the last year of my residence at the University. Hitherto what I have related has merely been in sketch—for what more does the record of tasteless and puerile debauchery deserve?—but graver matters now remain to be detailed. During the vacation of the preceding year, which, after the fashion of most university students I had spent in travelling, I had accidentally fallen in with a student of my own rank and standing, who accompanied me during part of my rambles among the picturesque, but seldom-trodden wilds of the Dofrafeld mountains. This collegian—whose name, for obvious purposes, I shall disguise under the fictitious appellation of Herwaldsen—was about 26 years of age; effeminate rather, and inclining to *embon-point* in person; easy and graceful in address; soft in speech and manner; devoted to literature and the Fine Arts; a first-rate linguist; and, above all, a complete man of the world, though without the coldness, distrust, and heartlessness which an acquaintance with mankind rarely fails to engender. I have said that Herwaldsen was effeminate; I should observe, however, that though passionately fond of woman, he had about him a strong redeeming dash of boldness and enterprise. In after years he might have sunk into a mere Epicurean; but, at this period, his mind was too active, his ambition too stirring, to allow him—though his finances were already sufficiently ample—to rest satisfied with his present condition. He aimed at literary distinction, not in mathematics or the abstract sciences—those enviable, high-toned pursuits, whose chief objects are, first to prove, and secondly to disprove, that two and three make six—but in the more social and comprehensive arena of the Belles Lettres. Among modern authors, he chiefly admired Rousseau, whose voluptuous sensibility and nice apprehension of the beautiful in nature—I was going to add, in art—together with those striking creative powers by which he imparted reality to fiction, and steeped inanimate objects in the living splendours of a rich, sensitive, and prurient fancy, seemed, in Herwaldsen's eyes, to constitute the very perfection of intellect.

It may be conceived, from this sketch of his character, what an attractive travelling companion he must have made. Most literary men are pedants, with but usually one topic of conversation, into which, as into a vortex, all other subjects merge. Books are their Maelstrom: into this they plunge their friends, with this they create their solitude. Over the narrow seas of learning, they can skim lightly and in perfect safety; but, on the vast ocean of general information, they have neither skill, rudder, nor compass whereby to guide their course. Herwaldsen, on the contrary, was unlimited in the range of his conversation. Whatever tended to improve or enlarge the mind, was with him a matter of interest. He could laugh with Voltaire, weep with Rousseau, philosophize with Rochefoucault, be simple with Fontaine, eloquent and impressive with Masillon, extravagant but profound with Rabelais, a special pleader with Montesquieu, a determined egotist with Montaigne. Such was Herwaldsen, in the year 1818. What is he now, in the year 1828? Now, when— But I will not anticipate.

On taking leave of him at Carlstadt, previous to my departure for
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Upsal, whither it was my intention to vegetate till the university studies should recommence, I was no less surprised than gratified by hearing him press me to accompany him to Naples, whose classic shores he was desirous to explore. From some cause or other, which I cannot just now remember, I was unable to comply with his request; and, accordingly, he set out alone on his pilgrimage, nor did I hear a single syllable either of or from him, until about a month after my return to Stockholm, when a note was brought to my residence by one of the university porters, requesting that, if not better engaged, I would step up and pass an evening with a fellow-traveller at his lodgings.

I went accordingly, and found Herwaldsen as cheerful and diverting as ever. After a few indifferent remarks,—“I arrived here,” he said, “but yesterday, and am now fixed for at least two years longer. When we last conversed upon our mutual prospects, I told you that I was indifferent to university preferment. Circumstances, however, have since occurred materially to change my opinions, and I am now resolved to struggle hard for college emoluments.”

“And pray what may be the circumstances that have caused so abrupt an alteration?”

Herwaldsen paused; a flush came across his face, and he seemed undecided whether or not he would satisfy my curiosity. After a short struggle,—“I am going to intrust you, Hermann,” he began, “with a secret which, however trifling it may seem to you, is to me just now a matter of extreme moment. Will you then respect my confidence, if I give it you promptly and without reserve?”

“Certainly,” I replied, laughing at the very mysterious expression of his countenance, “provided it involve neither rebellion, heresy, nor schism.”

“Listen, then,” interrupted Herwaldsen; and, drawing his chair closer towards me, commenced his narrative as follows:—“About three weeks after I parted with you at Carlstadt, I reached Naples, where, however, I made but a short stay, disliking its tone of manners and society—notwithstanding I had some excellent letters of introduction—and feeling myself altogether disappointed in the romantic expectations I had conjured up respecting its scenery. Baia and Brundisium are all very well in the pages of Horace, and there is something wondrously exciting to the fancy in Virgil’s Lake of Avernus; but see these places as I have seen them, shorn of their honours, changed in every part, and tenanted by the most abject slaves in the universe, and you will regret that you ever allowed the sobriety of truth to displace the splendours of fiction. With regard to Vesuvius, that stale plebeian Volcano, it is altogether a failure, consisting merely of smoke, cinders, and Englishmen. With this opinion of Naples and its bay—which last, by-the-by, is over-rated—I was not sorry to quit them, and take up my abode at Terracina—a retired neighbourhood, sylvan and unassuming, and one that happened exactly to hit my taste. Here, in due time, I managed to become acquainted with a French aristocrat of the old *régime*, whose family—consisting of himself, a wife, and one daughter—received me with an abundance of kind but stately courtesy. Of the two former, I shall say nothing more than that they were poor and immeasurably proud; but, as regards the latter, I cannot be quite so epigrammatic in my details. She was, indeed—but you shall see her, and judge for yourself—an uncommonly fine young girl; of a warm, impassioned, but perfectly artless nature.

In fact, she reminded me of Virgil's heroine ; but her name, luckily, was more euphonious—it was Hortense. I see you are smiling, Hermann, and anticipating the upshot of my tale. You are right : I fell distractedly in love with this fair creature. We read, we conversed, we walked together ; and a spell was thus thrown over Terracina, which Naples, with all its voluptuousness, with all its scenery, with all its classic associations, had wholly failed to inspire. But now comes the more serious portion of my romance. Poor Hortense had been for some years—and, as I verily believe, unknown to herself—betrothed to her cousin, a foolish-looking fellow, whose sole recommendations were a thick head and a long pedigree, and who, at this particular juncture, was momentarily expected at Terracina. On receiving this intelligence I was, as you may conceive, in a very pretty state of anxiety, but was calmed by the solemn assurance of Hortense, made in the course of one of our long evening rambles together, that nothing on earth should ever induce her to marry her booby kinsman. And nobly she redeemed her word—the high-minded, generous girl ! When her cousin came, and the purport of his mission was declared, she at once remonstrated with her father, and, on his refusing to listen to her supplications, explained to him candidly the state of her heart, and even went so far as to implore his consent to our union. The old gentleman was thunderstruck. ‘Marry a heretic !’ he exclaimed, ‘dashing his hand against his forehead—‘my daughter, the descendant of a hundred ancestors, marry a heretic!—Never ! I would sooner see her stretched dead at my feet.’ And, accordingly, that very day month, Hortense, it being found impossible to overcome her abhorrence to her cousin, was sent off post-haste to a nunnery about twelve miles distant from Terracina. Here in due time she was entered as a novice, and compelled to undergo all those annoying preliminary ceremonies, which, though they do not irrevocably bind the nun to solitude, at least suffice to prevent her from ever marrying. In a few weeks, however—no matter by what means—I contrived to find out her place of abode ; and, by dint of bribery, perseverance, and an incredible stock of that impudence which, I am proud to say, has never yet deserted me, managed to gain, first one interview with her, then a second, then a third, then a fourth, and finally to prevail on her to elope from the detested nunnery, and accompany me to Stockholm, where she now is.”

“And, of course, your wife. What an insipid termination to a romance !”

“Probably so ; nevertheless, it is precisely that sort of insipidity which I am most anxious to secure to myself.”

“How ! are you not married, then ?”

Herwaldsen's countenance fell.—“I am not,” he hurriedly replied ; “for Hortense herself is the obstacle to our union. Whenever I entreat her to let me make the only reparation now in my power, she answers me—and the reply serves to shew the disinterestedness of her affection—by a reference to the conventual laws, which declare, it seems, at least in Italy, perpetual imprisonment to whoever is sacrilegious enough to steal a nun from her vows. Even here, in Stockholm, this dreadful idea pursues her. Knowing nothing of the world, it has grown with her growth and strengthened with her strength ; and not all my persuasions—not even my remonstrances, which I push at times to severity—have power to change her mind. She sobs, it is true, bitterly—distractedly—as if her heart would burst ; but, nevertheless, remains inflexible.”

"Noble, generous-minded girl! But have you no idea that she will be induced to change her resolution?"

"Very little at present. She tells me, indeed, that when the heat of pursuit and inquiry has relaxed, we shall be married; but this desired period, judging from her notions of time, is like the Greek calends—vague—uncertain—visionary. Her chief argument is founded on her apprehensions for my safety. Our separation, she says, would at once kill her; she could not survive it an hour. I believe her; for the deep agitation she shews whenever the subject is mentioned, proves how closely it is entwined with her existence. Meanwhile, she is living with me here, in secret. I have taken a cottage for her on the Södermalm, close beside the Mount of Moses, and not a soul but yourself knows aught of our intimacy.—But see," continued Herwaldsen, pointing to his watch that lay on the table, "it is already seven o'clock, the hour at which I usually visit Hortense; so put on your hat, and come along with me—I will introduce you to her; nay, more, you shall sup with us to-night."

I did so; and never, to the latest moment, shall I forget that delightful evening. At the very extremity of the large island of Södermalm, and removed from the more bustling tumult of the city, stood Herwaldsen's cottage—homely, it is true, but the very picture of health, peace, and happiness. Hortense was at the window when we arrived: she was dressed in simple but attractive attire, eminently calculated to set off the luxuriant graces of her person. In stature, she was rather above than below the middle size, of a slender but not thin figure, easy and dignified in her gait, with a bust modelled by nature in her happiest and most classic mood. But her eye—her dark, languishing, Italian eye, eloquent of passion, but tempered by the natural softness of the woman—her Grecian nose—her small, but characteristic mouth—her ringlets, glossy, luxuriant, and wantoning in wild profusion round her forehead, and down a neck such as Canova would have loved to model from—these were the attractions that, joined to a set of features whose general character was tenderness, but which varied according to each varying emotion of the mind, imprinted themselves at once on my imagination, never thence to be withdrawn. During supper, our conversation was not wholly without restraint; but, long before I left, it had become frank and unembarrassed. Hortense talked of France (of Italy she said nothing), which early prejudices had taught her never to think of but with fondness; of the sunny plains of Provence, where she was born, and where she said she hoped to die; and Herwaldsen kept up and illustrated the conversation by apt and familiar anecdotes. And so passed my first evening with Hortense. The next night was spent in the same delightful manner—and so with the next—and the next—and the next. Herwaldsen, now that the ice of his reserve was once fairly broken, honoured me with his entire confidence: his good opinion, of course, extended itself to Hortense—the consequence of which was, that I was always a welcome visitor at the cottage.

If I linger over this portion of my narrative, it is because I feel that it is the only part of my existence worth a moment's recollection; because, in short, it is the only part which I would gladly live again. Our progress through life is the progress of a traveller through an Arabian desert: here and there, when worn with toil and desirous of laying down our burdens, we arrive at an oasis sparkling with fountains and

fresh with pasturage: would we; however, when once the sands are fairly passed, retrace our steps, for the sake of enjoying, a second time, the repose and the beauty of those few sunny spots? Never—so says instinct—so says experience. I, however, am an exception to this rule; for gladly would I retread the desert of my life, could I, by so doing, enjoy once again the full happiness of the time passed in company with Hortense. Every thing conspired to render this period a paradise. Not an hour passed without its particular avocation. During the day, my mind—influenced by Herwaldsen's example, who was now busily engaged in the composition of a poem for the university prize—was exerted in the acquisition of sound and useful knowledge; and, in the evening, the hours flew rapidly away in the witching society of Hortense.

Our usual mode of life was this. After the hall-dinner, Herwaldsen would call at my lodgings, or I at his, when, over a glass of Alba Flora, or Burgundy, we would converse on the subject of our morning's studies, comparing facts, suggesting ideas, commenting on style, and thus mutually receiving and imparting instruction; and, in the afternoon, we would both walk, or ride, or row up to the cottage in time for coffee, which Hortense had duly prepared, and over which we lingered, engaged in light and desultory chit-chat, carried on chiefly in French, for the sake of our pretty foreigner, who was yet but an imperfect linguist. As the long, social, autumnal nights drew on, the shutters were shut early; the candles introduced; the thick, warm, flowing curtains drawn; the sofa wheeled round to the fire; and Hortense, taking up her mandolin, while Herwaldsen and myself sate beside her, would play one of those Italian airs whose tones, sweet and plaintive, like flutes heard across waters on a still summer evening, still ring, and will ring for ever, in my memory. To enhance our amusements, and steep them, if possible, in a richer glow of colouring, we had every thing around us that taste or even luxury could suggest. The library—so Hortense called a small room, in which stood a tasty satin-wood book-case, with glass folding-doors, lined with rich crimson silk—was stored with an elegant selection of French, Swedish, and Italian authors. The drawing-room was hung with the choicest works of art, the result of Herwaldsen's researches; Titian was there, with his warm, voluptuous colouring—Rembrandt, with his glorious depth of light and shade—Claude, with his sylvan witcheries, his sun-lit coasts, his classic fanes, splendid as a poet's dream, yet chaste as the virgin's first sigh of love; his dropping caves and emblazoned woods, where the Dryads would by choice resort, and where attentive Fancy might seem to hear the voice of Echo, like the music of the incarnate Apollo in the vales of Thessaly, swelling up, plaintively and sonorously, high above cliff, and glen, and waterfall, companioned by the sighings of the pine-tree, and the gurglings of a thousand streams;—there, too, was Salvator Rosa, the enchanter of the forest, the genius of romance, whose gloomy spirit throws a more sombre hue over the desert crag, the dun wood, the precipitous and tangled glen;—Domenichino, the most intellectual—and Vandyke, the most chivalrous, of portrait-painters. On a light mahogany stand, made expressly for it, stood, at one corner of the room, a cast from the Shell Venus; and, at the other, a model from Canova's Graces, sculptured by the nephew of our great northern luminary, Thorwaldsen. I know not whether I am singular in my opinion, but I have always contended for the superiority of sculpture over its sister art. In painting, the attention is diverted and bewildered

by the variety of light and shade, and, in the human form more especially, has, with either sex, an animal stimulant imparted to it by the voluptuous and fleshy tone of the colouring. But sculpture takes a higher flight; it appeals, not to the passions, but addresses the judgment—the sensibility—the poetic and religious enthusiasm of the spectator. Who, that has once seen them, can ever forget the spirit in which he viewed Canova's Graces? In those divine forms there lurked no stimulant to sense; though naked, they were robed in purity; no fire shot from their eye; no young blood ran riot in their veins; no wanton smile played round their lips; a white virgin modesty—cold—stainless as the marble out of which they sprung, clothed them from head to foot as with a garment, and kept off all impure ideas. It was in this light that I was in the habit of daily gazing on these august sisters, and fancying that, in the loveliest of the three, I could discern some faint resemblance to Hortense.

I have before observed, that Herwaldsen was a man of the world: I here repeat that assertion. Though devoted to his incomparable mistress, his affection for her was not of an engrossing character: it was shared equally with his ambition. Hortense, on the other hand, had but one idea—that of enthusiastic attachment to Herwaldsen. Never yet did Hindoo worship his favourite idol with one half the earnestness with which she devoted herself to my friend. Father—mother—kinsmen—friends—home—country, in his presence, were all alike forgotten: for him alone she lived—of him alone she thought—he was her study by day, her dream by night—for his sake she was content to immure herself in solitude—to forego even the commonest privileges of her sex, and bloom a shy, sweet flower, preserved in native freshness by the vivifying power of that spirit which abideth in hearts that know no guile, and thoughts that need no restraint. Sometimes, when a cloud passed over her, drawn from the recollection of her father, a word of kindness from Herwaldsen—even a look—a smile—a fond pressure of the soft white hand held gently out to his, would at once dispel the gloom; and she would rise the lovelier from her tears, like the violet, when the April shower has passed over it. Once, and but once, I saw her, even in his presence, wholly overcome. We had all been to pay a visit to the cathedral, and were standing absorbed in admiration—Hortense, especially, to whom the scene was new—at its grand and harmonious proportions, its rich gothic fret-work, its vaulted roof, its tall, umbered columns, its magnificent stained windows, through which the red evening light shot in upon the broad stone floors with a brilliant but mellowed effulgence; when, suddenly, the organ, accompanied by the fine tones of the choristers, who were rehearsing for the ensuing Sabbath, began pealing forth its awful hosannahs. As the music rose on the ear, climbing up the fluted columns, rounding the arched roof, and filling up each nook and cranny of the cathedral with its sonorous and soul-stirring melody, the eyes of Hortense filled with tears; sobs, deep convulsive sobs, burst from the inmost depths of her heart; she recalled to mind the scene, the hour, when she had last heard that music in the convent of Terracina, while her father stood beside her; and would have sunk to the ground, had not Herwaldsen, surprised and half-vexed at her weakness, whispered me to lead her out of the chapel, and accompany her back to the cottage, whither he promised he would shortly follow.

It was a dull evening, and our road home lay chiefly through the

long streets of the Normalm, which, just at this period, happened to be less crowded than usual. Hortense, however, was too deeply depressed to be influenced by external objects: her thoughts were abroad over the waters with her father and her home, at Terracina; once or twice she turned imploringly towards me, as if to apologize for her unavoidable gloom; and there was such agony—such remorse—such utter abandonment of all hope and happiness in her looks, that it cut me to the heart to see her. That instant, and those looks—so lovely in their supplication, so strong in their weakness—decided my fate. The long-concealed passion, which, unknown to myself, I had cherished from the first moment I saw Hortense, burst forth: I spoke I know not what—I promised I know not what—I made vows of eternal fidelity: the words of love—of passion—of madness—of guilty, incurable madness—came bursting forth, like flames, from my heart; and, trembling in every limb—alive in every nerve—fire in my brain, and fever in my blood—I stood to hear my doom. That doom was at once and irrevocably pronounced. Insulted modesty brought back all her wonted energy to Hortense: she flung aside her raven ringlets, as if to clear her brow of some impure idea; and then, turning on me a glance—keen, searching in its expression, and lit up with all the stern dignity of the high-born Roman matron—waved me from her side, and walked on alone and silent.

The whole of that night—that memorable night—I passed in a state little short of distraction. I could not but feel that I had forfeited the esteem of the only woman in whom I had ever felt an interest: I thought, too, of the circumstances under which I had offered her such insult—of her forlorn, isolated condition; of her unavoidable estrangement from that society which she was born to bless and adorn; and, above all, of her intense agony of spirit—an agony which, so far from calling forth my reverence, had, through my pity, assailed my passions. But, with regard to Herwaldsen—oh! how I hated him! What was there, in his mind or manner, that should so long have blinded my judgment? His candour was a lie—his taste a cheat—his friendship, hypocrisy—his gentleness, the glozing subtlety of the arch-fiend!

For upwards of five days I continued in this bewildered state, never quitting home till nightfall, when, rapt up in my cloak, I would steal away to the cottage, deriving some little comfort from the idea that I was breathing the same air with Hortense, and that but a few yards lay between us. One night, I remember, I was rambling in this direction, when the more than usual beauty of the landscape, on which a full-grown virgin moon lay asleep and naked, induced me to pause below the Mount of Moses, and think with still stronger emotion of her who alone could share my feelings. It was, indeed, a lovely hour! Above—around—beneath me, all was hushed as death, except when, now and then, the far-off voices of the Baltic fishermen came softened on the ear; or the waters of the Maelar, just roused by the passing breeze from their repose, woke for an instant, rippled towards the shores of the Sodermalm, and then again sank heavily to rest. But though the scene was thus impressive in its character; though the spacious and romantic city, whose tapering church-spires pointed upwards, like guardian spirits, to heaven; though the vast and picturesque assemblage of vessels from all quarters of the globe; though the wild, uncouth precipice; the remote sky-topped mountain; the stilly moon-lit waters of the distant Baltic—though these varied objects, as they rose in mingled beauty and grandeur on my eye, called forth my warmest admiration, still there was but

one that wholly absorbed it—one little humble spot, which for me had a central and engrossing interest, and from which, if my eye wandered but an instant over the more romantic landscape around me, it was but to return with an added zest. While I stood gazing upwards at this dear, secluded dwelling, a light glanced suddenly from one of the upper rooms, and, the next moment, Hortense appeared at the bed-room window. Awhile she looked abroad on the scene, and up to the blue studded-sky; her ringlets were hanging loose down her neck; the covering was partially withdrawn from her bosom: she was evidently preparing for repose. Just at this crisis, and while she was in the act of drawing down the curtain, another figure appeared beside her, and, touching her lightly and with a familiar smile on the shoulder, caused her to blush and slightly tremble. I could not be mistaken: it was Herwaldsen. With a wild scream, that resembled more the mowing of a dæmon than any thing human, I rushed from the detested sight; all the furies of jealousy, and hate, and revenge possessed me; I would have cheerfully mounted the scaffold to have plunged that instant a dagger in my rival's heart; to have insulted his dying moment, and trampled on his carrion corpse. Who is he that calls love effeminate? Who talks contemptuously of a passion which in one short day can live the life of years; can sap the springs of life; scorch the brain to cinders; and change the whole fabric of humanity? By the time that I reached my lodgings, I had worked myself up into a most unnatural frame of mind. Fancy—that busy, meddling fiend—exaggerated every part of my conduct; she left me not a single thought to fly to for refuge; but piled image upon image of annoyance, the Pelion upon the Ossa of recollection, till the wholesome daylight of reason was shut out. In her most winning charms, in her most perfect beauty, she placed the figure of Hortense before me. She bid her smile on me once more in kindness; she lent the encouraging tones of reconciliation to her voice; but when I would have rushed forward to avail myself of the proffered boon, Herwaldsen rose in repelling sternness between me and my divinity; and, though my brain fired at the sight, though my heart beat quick and loud, and I would have given worlds to have laid him dead at my feet; still there he stood, calm—moveless—sarcastic—a phantom only when I would have consummated my revenge by murder. But Hortense—not only by day, even in my dreams did her angel form pursue me. I then saw her in all her matchless attractions; I listened to the beatings of her heart; I felt the flushing of her cheek; I caught her thick, heavy respiration; I watched the undulating swell of her finely-rounded bosom;—but the morning dawned, the lying vision disappeared, and I woke to the full wretchedness of recollection.

Such was my state of mind; when, one morning, about ten days after my *éclaircissement* with Hortense, I was surprised by a visit from Herwaldsen. His face was lighted up with extraordinary animation; and, grasping me by the hand,—“Give me joy, Hermann,” he exclaimed; “I have gained the university prize.—But how is this?” he added, in an altered tone, alarmed at the burning fever of my hand—“Gracious Heavens, you are ill! Why did you not tell me of this before?”

Overwhelmed by a variety of emotions, I could make no reply, but, turning abruptly from Herwaldsen, burst into a passion of tears. He gazed at me with astonishment.

“You have lost a friend—a relative, perhaps?”

“I have,” was my rejoinder; “and such a friend as I can never—

never hope to meet with again.—But leave me, Herwaldsen ; I am not fit for society, and least of all for your's."

"Hermann, this is worse than folly!—But come, come, you shall go with me to Hortense ; her society will relieve your gloom. By-the-by, your absence has half offended her, for of late she has not once mentioned your name."

In vain I conjured him to spare me, in vain to leave me to myself: Herwaldsen would hear of no reply, but vowed that he would not leave the room till I agreed to accompany him to the cottage.

I went, and again beheld that glorious being, the incarnation of grace and beauty—the gentle, the susceptible Hortense. She received me at first with grave and distant courtesy ; but, when she perceived the ravages that remorse had made in my person ; when she saw my sunken eye ; when she heard my faltering voice ; when she marked the timid—the respectful manner, in which I listened to her condolences, and presumed to address her in reply, the stiffness of her demeanour left her ; with a glance she vouchsafed forgiveness, and even condescended to seat herself beside me. That evening was the happiest I ever spent.

Early next morning, I received another visit from Herwaldsen. After congratulating me on my renovated spirits,—“I am come,” he said, “to receive your congratulations in return. When you left us last night, I had a long and earnest conversation with Hortense. I told her of my approaching triumph ; I appealed to her strength of affection ; I even piqued her sense of honour ; and at last wrung from her a promise, that the same day which should witness my success in the hall of the university, should also make her a bride.”

Herwaldsen ceased ; but, had death itself been the consequence of my silence, I could have made him no reply. My head swam round—my limbs shook under me—I was struck as with an ice-bolt to the heart. After struggling some time with my feelings,—“Herwaldsen,” I at length faltered out, “I congratulate you on your good fortune, on that fortune which—— But no matter : you are worthy of Hortense, and she of you. May you be long happy together !”

“But you will be present at the wedding ?”

“I will ;”—and, unable to utter another word, I rushed in haste from the room.

The time for taking university degrees was now fast approaching. This is a period of great excitement among the literati of Stockholm. The distinguished candidates are every where the chief topics of conversation ; their acquaintance is sought ; they are pointed at in the street ; they are made the lions of the day. Herwaldsen was one of the few thus honoured ; and, could I have derived pleasure from any thing unconnected with Hortense, I should have been delighted by the notoriety I secured by his friendship. But my heart was formed to admit but one idea, and losing that, to lose every thing. The day appointed for my rival's marriage at length arrived ; and, punctual to the hour, Hortense, Herwaldsen, and myself, stood beside the altar. Herwaldsen was unusually cheerful ; but Hortense—poor, devoted girl!—seemed oppressed with strange despondency. Yet never had she looked so lovely ! Arrayed in simplest white, she stood like some guardian seraph beside the shrine of its deity, her dark eye upturned to heaven, and her fair white hands clasped meekly across her breast. When the ceremony was ended—that ceremony which crushed my last, my fondest

hopes—we returned to breakfast at the cottage, after which Herwaldsen and myself set out together towards the university. As we approached the hall, we met groups of students from the Academy of Antiquities and the Fine Arts, hastening in the same direction, and all conversing eagerly on the one great topic—the recitation of the prize poem. When we reached the door at which the public enter, Herwaldsen left me to make some few preliminary preparations; and I proceeded up stairs to the gallery, which was more crowded than I had ever before seen it. In a few minutes the heads of the university and the different academies entered in procession, and having taken their seats, the usual routine business of the day commenced, after which Herwaldsen was publicly called on to come forward and recite his poem. At this moment every eye was turned anxiously towards the door, at which, after an interval just sufficient to give a keen edge to expectation, my friend—my triumphant friend—appeared. The instant he was discovered, the hall rung with acclamations: but when he commenced the delivery of his prize, a pin might have been heard to drop—so general was the stillness, so respectful, so profound. At first his voice was low; but, as the spirit of his poetry deepened in animation, his tones kindled with it, his fine eye flashed, his countenance glowed with intellect. For upwards of half an hour he kept the audience enchained by the riveting power of his genius; and when he ceased, such was the impression he had made, that the whole hall, excited by one uncontrollable impulse, rose in a body to do him honour. Never before had there been known so complete a triumph!

On quitting the gallery, I hastened to congratulate Herwaldsen, whom I found already surrounded by admirers. On seeing me, his eye sparkled with delight: the name of Hortense escaped him. “How delighted she will be to know of my reception!” he whispered; “but I must not tell her yet—the ceremony of my public dinner must first be gone through.” Memorable dinner! who, among the numbers that attended, will ever forget it? Throughout the evening, Herwaldsen was as dazzling—as imaginative—as triumphant—as he had shewn himself in the university hall. By one successful flight, he seemed to have reached the very summit of his ambition. He laughed—he jested—he philosophized—he sported alike with the most elevated and familiar forms of eloquence—and even when, at a later hour than usual, the party separated, and we were left once again to ourselves, the fervour of his enthusiasm kept up undiminished and unimpaired.

But the time was now drawing near when, according to promise, he should return to Hortense. The night was far advanced, so, by way of dispatch, he resolved to go by water—a freak in which I foolishly indulged him. As we pushed off from shore, the wind, which had till then been brisk, subsided into a sudden calm; the sail hung drooping to the mast; the waters of the Maelar lay stretched out, calm, glassy, and unwrinkled, before us. Lightly, and with scarce a motion, we floated in succession past the noble bronze statue of Gustavus III.; the Royal Palace, that pride of our northern architecture; the outward ranges of the extensive and far-spreading arsenal; when, just as we had rounded a point that brought us full towards the Mount of Moses, Herwaldsen made a sudden move to the side of the vessel, and, in so doing, lost his balance, and fell headlong overboard. The moon was at this time unclouded, the water transparent as glass, and, as I gazed in the direction in which he had fallen, I could actually discern my unfortu-

nate friend, struggling at a considerable depth below the surface, his hands spread out, his legs wide apart, his head bent back upon his shoulders, and his whole appearance indicating the extreme agony of convulsion and suffocation. Twice he rose, and twice I made vain efforts to rescue him; but when, for the third and last time, he ascended to the surface of the water, the spirit of death was on him: he struggled—he gasped for breath; his eye was glazed, his lip blue, his mouth distorted; he made one last feeble attempt to clutch the oar which I had thrown out to assist him; and then, casting on me a look which rivers of tears—and God knows I have shed them since!—will never wash away from my remembrance, sank slowly, and without a struggle, before my face. I plunged after him: it was vain—he was gone from life for ever! The very heavens conspired together for his destruction; for, just as he sank for the second and last time, a dark, sullen, envious cloud crept over the moon; and the waters, thus secured of their prey, gathered darkly, slowly, and without an effort, above his head. How I myself subsequently contrived to reach the shore, I know not; for some hours my recollection, my very life itself, was a blank; and the first thing that recalled me to my senses, was a hurried visit from Hortense's favourite female domestic, with a request that I would instantly step up to her mistress, who was panting with impatience to see me.

It was a fearful trial; but I felt that it must be endured, and went without a moment's hesitation. As I reached the cottage, Hortense flew herself to the door to let me in.

"Where is Herwaldsen?" she exclaimed;—"speak, in mercy speak!—he has been absent all night."

She ceased, and life seemed depending on the answer she should receive.

"Compose yourself, Hortense," I replied, "you are too agitated—too terrified—too——"

"Man,—man! this suspense is torture: I cannot, I will not bear it. Speak at once, or kill me."

"Hortense," I resumed—and the tears, in spite of myself, flowed fast down my cheeks—"your husband is——"

"Dead?"

"Even so."

She heard no more. Her eye glared wildly; the blood sprung to her brow, knotting the dark veins there till they seemed in act to burst; and, with a shrill yell—half-shriek, half-laugh—she dropped senseless at my feet.

In about an hour, by prompt medical aid, animation was restored; but reason was fled for ever. Madness had at once succeeded insensibility—a deep, determined madness—which neither the kind voices of friends, nor the adroitest skill of science, had power to soften or remove. For three days and nights, Hortense continued in this state—rejecting all aid—refusing all food—and shrinking with a sort of instinctive loathing whenever any one approached her bed. Meanwhile, all was done that might possibly assuage her delirium. Music was tried—Italian spoken—the names of her father, her mother, her husband, whispered in her ear, in the hope that such sounds might strike upon her brain, and so bring back some little fragment, however broken or imperfect, of recollection; but all was vain: the very utmost we could do was to draw forth a faint, low, idiot laugh, or a fearful burst of phrenzy.

During the whole of this eventful period, I never once quitted Hortense. Alone I kept watch by her bed-side ; alone I marked the changes of that countenance, once so gentle—so lovely—so impassioned in its expression ; alone I listened to the hollow sounds of that voice, once so sweet and plaintive ; alone I marked the glare of that red, dilated eye, which, except on one occasion, had never turned towards me but in kindness ; and, as I observed these proofs of an insanity, that, at one sudden blow, had torn up reason by the roots and shivered the stem to ashes, I prayed that the same bolt which had struck this lovely but fragile plant to earth, might, ere long, lay me beside it.

The evening of the fourth day was now fast approaching. Hortense's attendant had gone into a neighbouring street upon some errand, and I sate alone beside the invalid. Night overtook me on my watch—a night of hurricane and tempest—of arrowy lightning—of loud, incessant thunder ! But there was one who heard it not : for her the elements henceforth were still ; a far other storm had swept the desert of her brain—she could never feel a worse ! As I marked the changes of her countenance, and listened to her damp, heavy breathing, which every instant fell fainter and fainter on my ear, the cathedral clock tolled midnight.

At this instant a crash of thunder burst right above my head, and shook the house to its foundations.

Another—and then, in the sudden, unnatural pause of the tempest, rose a vision before my eyes, which, whether real or conjured up solely by imagination, has since fixed itself as an imperishable record on my mind. Dim at first, but strengthening gradually into a distincter shape, stood at the foot of the bed, his form arrayed in a pale, wan, sickly light, the spirit of the dead Herwaldsen. His face was set in the solemn expression of the grave ; all trace of life had passed from it : the thin closed lip stirred not ; the stony eye was fixed ; but there looked out, methought, from its moveless orbs the soul of an intellect sublimed by the knowledge of eternity. Had the form before me indeed passed the portals of death ? Had it penetrated that mysterious realm from which, ever and anon, comes forth a voice of power which awes us, though we may not comprehend it ? I know not—who on earth shall ever know ? For a brief while the spectre remained unchanged and moveless, when suddenly it pointed its upraised arm to the wasted form that lay before it, and then slowly melted into air—one dim, shadowy smile throwing over its countenance an expression of humanity as it vanished. Alarmed—breathless with awe—I turned towards the dying maniac. Life was ebbing fast away ; but it was departing in triumph, to the wild dirge of the hurricane, the stormy music of the thunder, the sepulchral torches of the lightning ! For upwards of an hour she continued in a state of hopeless, imbecile delirium ; when, suddenly, she half-raised herself in bed, and, in a faint whisper—so faint, so very faint, that it was next akin to silence—pronounced her husband's name. Astonished, and even almost venturing to hope, I looked earnestly into her countenance—God of heaven ! there was intelligence in its expression. With a wan, benignant smile, she held out her hand towards me, while her eye expressed all she would have said. This was her last movement : the springs of existence were drained ; the fountain had ceased to flow ; the spark was just going out ; and, as I caught its glimmer on the threshold, it dimmed—wavered—and then sank into eternal darkness. Hortense was dead !

TURKEY, CONSTANTINOPLE, EGYPT, NUBIA, AND PALESTINE.*

THAT love of vagabondizing which—say what we will,—is certainly one of the characteristics of our race, has never displayed itself more strongly than at the present period. The “piping times of peace” in which it is our fortune (good or ill?) to live, have so overstocked all trades and callings, that there is just now extant a most formidable number of gentlemen who have nothing profitable in the world to do. Soldiers, and sailors, and lawyers, and parsons, and painters, abound in swarms, thick enough to eat one another up; and although it were “a consummation devoutly to be wished,” that they would resort to some such harmless expedient, for thinning the land, they know the unwholesomeness of the diet too well to adopt it. One of the consequences of this redundancy is, that some of the ingenious persons who are under the immediate influence of its operation, some of these “cankers of a calm world,” tired of the insipid nothingness of their lives at home, take to travelling abroad; and then it follows, as a matter of certainty, if not of necessity, that a large proportion of such wanderers determine, in their benevolence, to make the public the better and the wiser for their experience. Note books are pieced out; journals are “written up”—(not unfrequently after the events they chronicled have faded from the writer’s memory, and his imagination is called upon to supply the defects of his recollection); letters are recovered from the kind friends to whom they were originally addressed; the traveller’s impromptus are polished *à loisir*; sketches which, in their primitive ugliness, would look hideous, even in that asylum for incurables—a young lady’s *album*—are “put into the hands” of clever engravers, and come out fit to be seen; and the result is, two goodly octavos, with irresistible embellishments, on which all the refinements of clear type, good printing, and fine paper, are bestowed with that prodigal spirit of luxury which marks the present age.

Although a great proportion of the modern works which make their appearance under the imposing title of Travels, would be fairly enough included in the class we have just mentioned, they are all to a certain extent amusing. The natural curiosity which home-keeping folks have to learn something of what is going on beyond the bounds of their own regions, makes them receive with avidity whatever travellers like to tell them; and they do not inquire into the accuracy of the relations too scrupulously. The notorious privilege which the votaries of the wandering profession have long enjoyed in telling their own stories in their own way—the difficulty of disproving some their most marvellous accounts—the ungraciousness and ill breeding of seeming to doubt the stories of gentlemen who have been all the way to Jericho to find something rare, all combine to exempt them from criticism. It is true, there have been travellers, and there may be such again, who have found scope for very exalted talents in recounting their adventures; who have displayed profound learning, close and accurate powers of observation, and nice discrimination of character—whose descriptions have been eloquent and picturesque, and their observations highly original and striking. In the hands of such travellers there is no more captivating, nor hardly

* Travels to and from Constantinople, by Captain Charles Colville Frankland, R. N.
—Travels in Turkey, Egypt, Nubia, and Palestine, by R. Madden, Esq.

any more practically useful branch of literature than books of travels; and although we must confess that our present business is with writers of a somewhat different description, they are not without merit in their several ways.

Captain Frankland has been rambling for three years on the continents of Europe and Asia, for the mere purpose, as it should seem, of dissipating *ennui*. Mr. Madden is a surgeon, who does not communicate the precise object of his journeying; but who appears to have devoted about four years to travelling in Turkey, Egypt, Nubia, and Palestine, and who seems to have inquired with great diligence into such scientific and other interesting topics as presented themselves to him in those countries. Although they have both traversed many of the same spots, their relations are as different as their characters and their pursuits. Mr. Madden, as becomes a man of science, inquires as deeply as his opportunities will allow into what comes in his way; Captain Frankland looks at their outsides, and passes a judgment on them as rapid as it is superficial. Mr. Madden speaks with great complacency of his own good temper and good humour, from the effects of which he endeavours to inculcate upon other travellers "the necessity of an unruffled temper and a cheerful demeanour, in countries where peevishness and pride only tend to exasperate the lawless inhabitants." Captain Frankland, on the other hand, glorifies himself on having bullied a Hadjee, the post-master at Kirk Ilissa, * on wearing green slippers and a white turban, and on carrying his dog before him on his saddle; for no other reason, as it should seem, than because these practices were particularly obnoxious to the prejudices of the people through whose country he was travelling. Mr. Madden busies himself in ascertaining the origin of modern and ancient customs, the cause of diseases incidental to the climates, and the reasons of institutions which appear to be universal. Captain Frankland sketches trees and ruins, and gives profound opinions upon the "delicious little jacket of black velvet embroidered with gold," which he saw a lady wear at Bucharest. We have thought, that although to travel with either would be fatiguing enough, they might together make an amusing *mélange*; and, with this short explanation of their various objects, we shall combine their relations in the belief that our readers will be of our way of thinking. It is only fair to add, that both our travellers, with good discretion, disclaim all attempts at literary excellence. Captain Frankland begins his narrative with an account of his journey

* The noble Captain's choler was raised by the Hadjee's first having extorted more than the ordinary charge for post-horses, and then refusing to furnish them. The phlegm of the Turk, and the impotent threats of the Captain (which, however, he was wise enough not to attempt to carry into effect) are most amusingly contrasted in the account he gives of this ridiculous affair:—

"My wrath was kindled; and advancing to the Turk, as he sat in the corner, I pointed with one hand to my pistols, shook my clenched fist in his face, and apostrophized him in all the languages I could command, in the hope that he might perhaps understand some few of the opprobrious epithets which I lavished upon him. He seemed utterly confounded by my gesticulations and volubility; and perhaps took me for a madman, or one suddenly inspired. I then seized a lighted candle, and threatened to set fire to his khan if he did not immediately order the horses; to all this he tranquilly replied, in broken Italian, '*Cavalli mangiano.*' The Tartar and the Turks meanwhile looked on in utter amazement, expecting every moment to see the Hadjee post-master draw his yatagan, and smite off the head of the presumptuous Giaour, who had dared thus to beard the lion in his den."

from Vienna through Wallachia to Constantinople. Mr. Madden, whose work is in the shape of letters, dates the first from Constantinople.

Mr. Madden says, that his professional skill, and the need which the Turks had of it, gave him such opportunities of access to their houses, and even their *harems*, as Europeans seldom enjoy; and in truth, that part of his work in which he gives some account of their domestic life, and the manners of the inhabitants of Constantinople, is by far the most curious and interesting. His descriptions differ in many very important respects from those of other travellers: but it by no means follows that he is not therefore to be preferred to his predecessors. He says that the ceremony and etiquette which Pauqueville has described, existed in none of the *harems* he visited; that on the contrary, a somewhat noisy gaiety prevails among the ladies, in which the Turks themselves participate; and adds his opinion, that "the gravity of the Turk during the day, is only the exhaustion of his spirits from previous excitement." The seclusion of the women too, is by no means so strict as it has been said to be; they visit each other, and talk of dress and scandal with as much *gusto* as those fair creatures of the same sex who walk through Bond-street, or the Bois de Boulogne, or pace the gardens of the Tuilleries, or of Kensington. Mr. Madden's estimate of the Turkish character is by no means a favourable one; and it must be confessed that he gives some strong reasons for the opinion he has formed, although he betrays too great a share of personal dislike, to convince one of his impartiality. He shall, however, tell his own story:—

"The most striking qualities of the Moslem are his profound ignorance, his insuperable arrogance, his habitual indolence, and the perfidy which directs his policy in the divan, and regulates his ferocity in the field. The defects in his character are those of the nation: they are the growth of sudden greatness—the intoxication of prosperity enjoyed without reason or restraint. Before conquest and plunder had exalted the nation on the ruin of other realms, the Turk was brave in the field, faithful to his friend, and generous to his foe. It was then unusual to commend the cup of poison with a smile, and to beckon to the murderer, with the oath of friendship on the lips: but treachery is now an accomplishment in Turkey; and I have seen so much of it for some time past, that if my soul were not in some sort attuned to horrors, I should wish myself in Christendom, with no other excitement than the simple murders of a Sunday newspaper.

"The grandee, however, relaxes from the fatigues of dignity pretty often; he perambulates with an amber rosary dangling from his wrist; he looks neither to the right nor to the left; the corpse of a *Rayah* attracts not his attention; the head of a slaughtered Greek he passes by unnoticed; he causes the trembling Jew to retire at his approach; he only shuffles the unwary *Frank* who goes along, it is too troublesome to kick him! he reaches the coffee-house before noon, an abject Christian *salaams* him to the earth, spreads the newest mat for the *Effendi*, presents the richest cup, and cringes by his side to kiss the hem of his garment, or at least, his hand. The coffee peradventure is not good: the *Effendi* storms—the poor Armenian trembles; he swears by his father's beard he made the very best; in all probability he gets the cup at his head, and a score of maledictions, not on himself, but on his mother. A friend of the *Effendi* enters, and after ten minutes repose they salute, and exchange *salaams*. A most interesting conversation is carried on by monosyllables at half hour intervals. The grandee exhibits an English penknife; his friend examines it, back and blade, smokes another pipe, and exclaims 'God is great.'

"Pistols are next produced, their value is an eternal theme, and no other discussion takes place till a grave old priest begins to expatiate on the temper

of his sword. A learned *Ulema*, a theologian and a lawyer (for here chicanery and religion go hand in hand), at length talks of astronomy and politics, how the sun shines in the east and in the west, and, every where he shines, how he beams on a land of Mussulmans; how all the Padi shaws of Europe pay tribute to the Sultan; and how the *giaours* of England are greater people than the infidels of France, because they make better penknives and finer pistols; How the Dey of Algiers made a prisoner of the English admiral, in the late engagement; and, after destroying his fleet, consented to release him, on condition of paying an annual tribute; and how the Christian ambassadors came, like dogs, to the footstool of the Sultan, to feed on his imperial bounty. After this edifying piece of history, the Effendi takes his leave, with the pious ejaculation of '*Mashalla,*' how wonderful is God; the waiter bows him out, overpowered with gratitude for the third part of an English farthing, and the proud Effendi returns to his harem: he walks with becoming dignity along; perhaps a merry-andrew, playing off his buffooneries, catches his eye,—he looks, but his spirit smiles not, neither do his lips; his gravity is invincible, and he waddles onward, like a porpoise cast on shore: it is evident that nature intended him not for a pedestrian animal, and that he looks with contempt on his locomotive organs. This, my lord, though apparently a ridiculous portrait, is not surcharged, and is, indeed, rather a general picture, than an individual likeness."

Unfavourable as is this account of the Turks, the author is not a whit more civil to the Greeks; for "although," he says, he "never found a Turk who kept his word when it was his interest to break it," he adds, "but then I never knew a Greek who was not unnecessarily and habitually a liar." Having determined to experience the effects of that pestilent practice of eating opium, which is so common in Turkey, he repaired to the market of Theriaki Tchachissy, where he seated himself among the persons who were in the habit of resorting thither for the purpose of enjoying (?) this fatal pleasure. His description of those victims to sensuality is very striking, and is enough to cure any man of common sense of wishing to become an opium eater.

"Their gestures were frightful; those who were completely under the influence of the opium talked incoherently, their features were flushed, their eyes had an unnatural brilliancy, and the general expression of their countenances was horribly wild. The effect is usually produced in two hours, and lasts four or five: the dose varies from three grains to a drachm. I saw one old man take four pills, of six grains each, in the course of two hours; I was told he had been using opium for five-and-twenty years; but this is a very rare example of an opium eater passing thirty years of age, if he commence the practice early. The debility, both moral and physical, attendant on its excitement, is terrible; the appetite is soon destroyed, every fibre in the body trembles, the nerves of the neck become affected, and the muscles get rigid; several of these I have seen, in this place, at various times, who had wry necks and contracted fingers; but still they cannot abandon the custom: they are miserable till the hour arrives for taking their daily dose; and when its delightful influence begins, they are all fire and animation. Some of them compose excellent verses, and others addressed the bystanders in the most eloquent discourses, imagining themselves to be emperors, and to have all the harems in the world at their command. I commenced with one grain; in the course of an hour and a half it produced no perceptible effect, the coffee-house keeper was very anxious to give me an additional pill of two grains, but I was contented with half a one; and another half hour, feeling nothing of the expected reverie, I took half a grain more, making in all two grains in the course of two hours. After two hours and a half from the first dose, I took two grains more; and shortly after this dose, my spirits became sensibly excited: the pleasure of the sensation seemed to depend on a universal expan-

sion of mind and matter.* My faculties appeared enlarged: every thing I looked on seemed increased in volume; I had no longer the same pleasure when I closed my eyes which I had when they were open; it appeared to me as if it was only external objects, which were acted on by the imagination, and magnified into images of pleasure: in short, it was 'the faint exquisite music of a dream' in a waking moment. I made my way home as fast as possible, dreading, at every step, that I should commit some extravagance. In walking, I was hardly sensible of my feet touching the ground, it seemed as if I slid along the street, impelled by some invisible agent, and that my blood was composed of some ethereal fluid, which rendered my body lighter than air. I got to bed the moment I reached home. The most extraordinary visions of delight filled my brain all night. In the morning I rose, pale and dispirited; my head ached; my body was so debilitated that I was obliged to remain on the sofa all the day, dearly paying for my first essay at opium eating."

Captain Frankland, after posting, and sketching, and singing, and threatening his way from Vienna, reaches Constantinople, a perfect stranger; and here, unconscious of the danger to which he exposed himself, he rambled through the streets of the city *pour se distraire*. He seems to have thought it a piece of monstrous bad taste that the women whom he met with, looked at him with disgust; that some of them abused him; that a person of his havings could pass along the streets of such a city and be spit upon, instead of making conquests at every step. He made several attempts to get into a mosque, not knowing that if he had succeeded, and had been detected, he must either have assumed the turban, or have been put to death for his pains. In his pokings about he contrived to get a sentinel well beaten for permitting his intrusion—mortally offended a Turkish lady, by blowing a kiss to her, and was plentifully stoned—he calls it a "lapidation"—by some women who did not like his looks. He, however, seems to have been quite unconscious that he was doing any mischief; and as he escaped with whole bones, which is an inexplicable marvel, he will very likely die in the belief that it was no fault of his that he endured such rough treatment. His descriptions of scenery are the most elaborate part of his writing. He has been told, perhaps, by some evil disposed persons, that his *forte* lies in that style; and a careful study of Mrs. Radcliffe's novels has confirmed him in the notion. Although we cannot congratulate him on the success of his imitation, we must confess that he is always very amusing. His book is like one of those romances where the reader always expects that some extraordinary incident is about to happen to the hero, and the hope that he will be bowstringed, or at the least bastinadoed, in the next page, keeps up the interest wonderfully.

We leave our Captain for a while, and return to Mr. Madden. The practice of physic in Turkey may have its advantages; but it must be admitted, upon the author's shewing, that it is neither so dignified nor so lucrative as in England. Your physician in Constantinople walks the streets for his practice, and plies for patients at the corner of a bazaar, or in a coffee-house, just as your tinker or chair mender in London looks out for his customers. He is obliged too to engage the assistance of a drogueman, whose business it is "to scent out sickness and extol the

* In Sir Humphrey Davy's "Remarks on the Effects of Nitrous Oxide," he asserts, that after inhaling the gas, "a thrilling, extending from the chest to the extremities, was almost immediately produced." He felt "a sense of tangible extension, highly pleasing in every joint;" and his "visible impressions were dazzling, and apparently magnified."

doctor," while the Hakkim is expected to be able to tell a patient's malady at first sight, and without asking any questions, (for they reckon any inquiry as an unquestionable proof of want of skill) while the chance of his being paid, unless he takes his fee before hand, is very remote indeed. Some of the particulars of his professional visits, and the character of his brethren in the healing art, are amusing enough, and prove that quackery flourishes as luxuriantly in Stamboul as within our own bills of mortality. He demolishes the commonly received notion of the sobriety of the Turks, by asserting that they are not only fond of drinking, but that they drink rum, and rakee (a strong ardent spirit) "as Christians drink small beer, and in larger quantities!" The administration of justice, such as it is, appears to be dreadfully severe, and summary enough to justify its having become proverbial. Poisoning, decapitation, the bowstring, the *tob*,* and drowning, are the varieties of their capital punishments; and Mr. Madden says it is only in cruelty that the Turks are refined. The manner in which the government lately got rid of a troublesome part of the community, must make Birnie's mouth water to read it. Surely, if we ever make it up with Turkey, our government would have influence enough with the Sultan to obtain that excellent and enlightened magistrate a post in the police of Constantinople. He would make a jewel of a Cadi; and as for the trifling ceremony attendant upon changing his religion, he would not be the first of his countrymen who has submitted to that without many wry faces.

"Shortly before my arrival, the Turkish porters of *Pera* were notorious for their nocturnal depredations: it was unsafe to be out after nightfall; and numerous complaints were made to the police. A few were strangled; but the punishment produced no good effect: the Franks again complained, and in a few days after, one of those summary methods of disposing of bad subjects was adopted, which could only be suggested by Turkish justice, and carried into effect by Turkish perfidy. The porters were all employed to carry grain aboard the Capitan Pacha's ship; and, as each set of them got aboard, they were forthwith pinioned, and flung into the Bosphorus: in this manner they were all got rid of, and Pera was next day restored to perfect security. However bad the majority of these ruffians might have been, in all probability there were some innocent men amongst them: their fate serves to show that nothing is deemed of so trifling a value as human life in Turkey; and that, in no country in the world, is its insecurity so fully felt as in the Ottoman empire.

"Nailing by the ears is an operation performed on bakers, for selling light bread. There is a hole cut in the door for the back of the culprit's head: the ears are then nailed to the panel; he is left in this position till sunset, then released; and seldom sustains any permanent injury from the punishment, except in his reputation. And, lastly, I must notice the absurd mode of punishing perjury; an offence which is so little thought of, that it is visited with the mildest of all their punishments. The offender is set upon an ass, with his face to the tail, and a label on his back, with the term *scheat*, or perjurer. In this way he is led about to the great amusement of the multitude, and even of his associates."

The most shallow and unsatisfactory part of Mr. Madden's book, is that in which he talks about the politics of the Turkish government, and its strength. It should be premised that Mr. Madden's own politics are of the *liberal* school; he repeats over and over again, with great self compla-

* A piece of *lignum vitæ*, about two feet long, which may be seen suspended over the divan of provincial governors; and one blow of this, on the back or neck, produces immediate death.—*Madden*, vol. 1, p. 118.

gency, the celebrated witticism of Sir James Mackintosh (Jupiter, what a man to borrow a joke from!) about "our ancient, faithful, and natural ally;" talks about never having "heard crusades preached by the clergy, except against the Christians of Ireland," and some such like milk-and-water slang as belongs to his party. Upon the strength of such notions he would have his readers believe that the people of Turkey are dissatisfied to a man; that the Sultan, who has done quite enough to entitle him to the reputation of being one of the most able and enlightened monarchs in the world, is a half frantic tyrant, whom his people detest so much, that they would assassinate him if he appeared among them; and that the Turks are about to be expelled from Europe. He indulges in some very amusing visions, in the style of Shiel, and the *poetæ minores* of the 'Sociation, of what is to come, and talks about the "hyæna of Austria batten- ing on the blood of all" whom a desire to share the spoils would bring into the field. In another place, he says,

"I ask any gentleman who has extended his travels beyond his own fire-side, what is the opinion of the most enlightened men in Europe upon our foreign policy? Has he never blushed to hear a man like Goethe in Germany, Chateaubriand in France, or Visconti in Italy, say to him, 'Oh, Sir, your institutions are the most admirable in the world; your countrymen are the most industrious; your merchants are the most enterprising; your wealth is unbounded; your power is very great; but your foreign policy has ever been most infamous.' The gentleman who has not heard such observations, 'has never swam in a gondola,' or journeyed in a vetturino."

It is very possible that a man might hear such things. Shallow-pated coxcombs abound abroad as well as at home, who censure (and what is more easy?) measures which they cannot understand, or which excite their envy or their alarm. But who, excepting a blockhead, and an unworthy Englishman, was ever at a loss to answer them;—who ever thought of taking their opinions on our foreign or any other policy—or who ever cared, in a gondola or out, what such persons said or thought? If England had listened to such politicians, she never would have been able to make the stand she has done;—it is only because some of their thrice-detested liberalism has gained a footing, that we have to lament over concessions which have placed our most valuable privileges in danger.

There is a sketch of the career of Mehmet Ali, including an account of the massacre of the Beys, which is curious. The details are in the main correct, although Mr. Madden's animosity to the Pacha has induced him to adopt rather too eagerly the hear-say reports of his enemies.

"Mohammed Ali, in early life, passed through all the vicissitudes of a Turkish adventurer. In Salonica, his native place, he commenced his career as a servant: he next became a private soldier; and, by his perseverance and courage, attained the rank of *Byn bashi*, or colonel.

"In Egypt he signalized himself; first in the conflicts between the rival Beys, and afterwards between the *Beys* and Turkish Pachas. The military aristocracy of the Mamelukes was too strong for the Pachas, who were the nominal governors of Egypt; so that the country was in a continued ferment between the pretensions of ambitious soldiers, and the intrigues of powerless governors. Mohammed Ali took advantage of the moment: he proclaimed himself the Pacha from the Porte, and took possession of Cairo.

"The Sultan denied not his authority; as usual, he winked at usurpation which he was unable to control; and perhaps was not displeased to see any Pacha, self-nominated or not, on the throne of Egypt, who was capable of curbing the lawless Mamelukes. But when the perfidious Porte thought the

usurper long enough installed in his government to have collected treasure, his ruin was determined on, and every means was tried to get rid of him; but Mohammed Ali was too wily for the Porte, he defeated its clumsy attempts without affecting to perceive them; he sent his tribute, with the most solemn assurances of fidelity, to the Sultan, the humblest of whose slaves he affected to appear. The Sultan was not deceived; he received the tribute of the *Giaour* Pacha (for such Mohammed Ali is called in Constantinople to this day, on account of his intercourse with Christians), but his head was still wanted to adorn the gate of the Seraglio.

"Mohammed Ali was now firmly fixed in his government, and it was evident that something more than Turkish wisdom preserved him in it. Telegraphs were established from Alexandria to Cairo; and every insurrection which begun, was disconcerted in the space of a few hours. The Mamelukes deemed his agents supernatural, but his only agent was M. Drovetti,* the French consul. This gentleman still holds the office of consul, and he it was whose prudence and dexterity seated Mohammed Ali on the throne. Every measure of the latter was of his planning; and the Viceroy well knows that to him the success of his ambition is wholly due. Drovetti is the most perfect courtier in his manners and appearance I ever met; the elegance of his address is only surpassed by the depth of his dissimulation, and the skilfulness of his subterfuge. There is, however, something terrible in his countenance; and as he stalks along the plain of Alexandria every evening, muffled up in his white *bernous*, the Franks are seen to retire with a sort of deferential horror, and whisper, as he passes, 'Make way for Catiline.'

"What share he had in the destruction of the Mamelukes, I know not; but, in his quality of privy counsellor, it is to be presumed the bloody business was not transacted without his knowledge: of the expediency of the policy which dictated the measure, I believe there can be little doubt, considering the matter '*à la Turque*.' The Mamelukes or Mohammed Ali must have fallen; the viceroy determined it should be the former. He invited them to a grand feast, said to be given in honour of his son, at the citadel, and for the alleged purpose of a reconciliation with the Beys, for whom it was reported he had prepared magnificent presents. The Mamelukes distrusted the Pacha's sudden friendship; they resolved not to attend the banquet. The emissaries of the Pacha laboured to convince them that their suspicion was unfounded; and they prevailed, at last, on the generous minded Mamelukes (for such they were) to trust to the honour and hospitality of Mohammed Ali. They went to the feast, they were received with every demonstration of friendship; but the Pacha was not to be seen: the Beys suspected treachery, they looked to the doors by which they entered the citadel, but they were fast closed; immediately a galling fire of musquetry, from the surrounding parapets, opened upon them; there was no escape; they looked their murderers in the face; they called for quarter, but there was no mercy; they shook their swords at their assassins, but they were beyond their reach.

"A soldier, who assisted at the massacre, informed me, that the poor wretches in their despair kept running to and fro, from one door to another, vainly seeking a place of safety, until there was not a single Mameluke left standing. The greater number were despatched; but many were only wounded; the ferocious soldiers now descended from the walls and cut and hacked the expiring Beys. I asked the soldier, if it was not a sorry sight? He said, it was lamentable to see such fine clothes as they wore spoiled with blood!

"The Pacha all this time was shut up in a turret of the citadel, looking at the slaughter of his guests."

* This is the gentleman who has recently played Mr. Burton a very dirty trick, in chousing him out of the Roman tablet which had been given to him by Mehmet Ali, and which has now got into the hands of the younger Champollion, Drovetti's worthy coadjutor in the affair.—See the *Literary Gazette*, No. 650.

When Mr. Madden afterwards had an interview with Mehmet Ali, his prejudices appear to have been somewhat softened. He cannot, however, persuade himself to admit that which all the world knows to be the truth, that with some of the vices and faults which belong to his country, the Pacha is vastly superior in intellect, and even in honesty, to the great majority of his cotemporaries; but he does find out that he is rather weak than wicked. Our traveller appears to have paid great attention to that disease which is the scourge of the countries in which he travelled—the plague; and the result of his observations is, what indeed he might have learnt without going so far (because the fact is perfectly familiar to all well educated medical men in this country), that the plague is nothing more than a very aggravated kind of typhus. The manner in which he proposes to cure it, by strengthening and stimulating the system, is beyond all question very judicious; but it is one which has been long understood and practised, not perhaps by the rascals who call themselves physicians in Egypt and Turkey, and who are often bankrupt barbers, or refugee waiters, but by every one who has a right to the appellation of a professor of medicine. Grateful as we are, therefore, to Mr. Madden, for his discovery, our gratitude has its limits, because the discovery is not *quite* a new one.

Without a much more reverent opinion, then, of his physic, than his politics had inspired, we are ready to bear testimony to the power of some of his descriptions, and the amusing nature of most of them. That of the lunatic asylum at Cairo, is amongst the most distressing and frightful we ever remember to have seen, and this without any exaggeration. A story which he tells from the witticisms of Ebn Oaz, whom he calls the Joe Miller of the East, and who was the buffoon of one of the Caliphs, is characteristic enough:—

“When the Caliph Haroun el Raschid (who was the friend of the great Charlemagne,) entertained *Ebn Oaz* at his court in the quality of jester, he desired him one day, in the presence of the Sultana and all her followers, to make an excuse worse than the crime it was intended to extenuate: the Caliph walked about, waiting for a reply. After a long pause, *Ebn Oaz* skulked behind the throne, and pinched his highness in the rear. The rage of the Caliph was unbounded. ‘I beg a thousand pardons of your Majesty,’ said *Ebn Oaz*, ‘but I thought it was her Highness the Sultana.’ This was the excuse worse than the crime; and of course the jester was pardoned.”

It is however a fault, unpardonable, that the relator introduces it by a ribald sneer against the author of the *Pleasures of Memory*—a poem which will be read for ages after the very trunks which Mr. Madden’s travels must line, will have ceased to be.

When this author has fairly put us out of all temper with his politics, he reconciles us with the lively and unaffected narration of the events he met with or saw. He is unquestionably a very observant traveller. For all that he has seen with his own eyes, we would willingly take his own word; but the common propensity of travellers, and a somewhat heated imagination, occasionally deludes him, when he gives opinions on speculative matters, and he adopts, with a credulity in which his readers will hardly sympathize, some of the marvellous relations of the persons he met with. That part of his journeyings which lay through Egypt, is particularly well told; his observations on the natural history of the country, his inquiries into the manufacture of mummies, his relative measurement of the heads of living Copts and Nubians, and of dead Egyptians, are all

very agreeable, and as far as they go, very satisfactory. One of the most interesting parts of his narration is that in which he relates his interview and conversations with one of the most extraordinary personages this age has produced, Lady Hester Stanhope. Having embarked at Damietta for Beirout, and proceeding afterwards to Sidon, he requested permission to wait upon her Ladyship—a favour which is said to be often refused, but which was readily granted to our traveller. He says,

“I approached the house with a feeling of awe I could not overcome; the high walls that surrounded the building, the massive bars that closed the gates, the gloomy windows that overlooked the entrance, all contributed to inspire a stranger with ideas that were likely to unfit him for an immediate interview with the celebrated owner of the mansion.

“After the gates were thrown open I was surprised to observe a thousand little elegancies in the distribution of the walks, and the adjustment of the flower pots in the court through which I passed. Every thing without was wild and barbarous, and all within confessed the hand of taste. I was led from the court into a little garden, at the extremity of which there was a sort of kiosk, consisting of two rooms, a sitting-room and bed-room, furnished in the European style, with chairs and tables. Every thing seemed to have been prepared for my arrival, and in a short time, an excellent dinner was served up, and various sorts of the choicest wines of Lebanon were laid on the table. It seemed to me as if I was in some enchanted palace; the servants came and went, but never opened their lips; I spoke to them, but they answered me with bows and nods. I would have given the world to have had somebody to talk to; in the evening, however, I received a note from her Ladyship, stating that business prevented her from seeing me till the *mogreb*, or sunset; and in the event of my wanting any thing, that I was to write it down on paper and commit it to the servant. The formidable moment for the interview arrived at last, I decked myself out in my finest Mameluke apparel, and followed the servant who brought her Ladyship’s message.

“The room into which I was ushered was in the Arab style, a long divan was raised at the end, about a foot and a half from the ground; and, at the further corner, as well as a glimmering lamp would allow me to distinguish, I perceived a tall figure in the male attire of the country, which was no other than Lady H— herself. She received me in the most gracious manner, arose at my entrance, and said my visit afforded her great pleasure. In the course of one hour we were on the best of terms, we conversed like people who had been acquainted for years; and, indeed, her Ladyship was so well acquainted with my character within the first two hours of my interview, whether by physiognomy or the stars, that she acquainted me with every peculiar lineament of my mind, with as much facility and as much correctness as if she had been tracing those of my countenance. I was certainly astonished at her penetration; but I have no doubt, that in judging of the characters of strangers, her Ladyship ‘consults the stars’ less than the features of the person whose intellect she wishes to ascertain. For seven hours that I had the honour of sitting with her Ladyship, there never was a pause in the conversation. Every subject connected with oriental learning was discussed, and every observation of her Ladyship’s evinced a degree of genius that astonished me, and was couched in such forcible and energetic language as to impress me with the idea that I was conversing with a woman of no ordinary intellect. The peculiarity of some of her opinions in no wise detracted from the general profundity of her reflections; and, though I could assent to many of her abstract notions regarding astral influence and astrological science, I had still no reason to alter my opinion of her exalted talents, though, it might appear, they were unfortunately directed to very speculative studies.”

* * * * *

"To one who knows the Arabs well, the natural simplicity of their character, their generosity, and their kindness of heart, there is no small pleasure in remaining amongst them, and especially in the character of a benefactor and a chief, who is looked up to by them, not only as a ruler, but as a being of a superior order; and, in this light, both the Arabs of Mount Lebanon and the Bedouins of the Desert look upon Lady H—— S——. But her influence over the Turkish Pachas of Syria has, indeed, diminished greatly.

"She has now been seventeen or eighteen years in the country; and, for many years after her arrival, to gain their protection, which was very desirable in such an unsettled region, it was necessary to make considerable presents annually, which no private fortune could be equal to for any length of time. So long as the presents were made, the Pachas were all courtesy, and the name of the *Sittee Inglis* was a passport over Syria; but, latterly, that her hand has ceased to lavish the shawls of Cachmire, the silver mounted pistols of England, the swords of Damascus, the muslins of India, on these rapacious governors, their friendship has waxed cold; and, in some instances, has been converted into enmity: such is the case with Abdallah, Pacha of Acre, and the Emir Bechir of the Druses. The latter has taken every occasion of thwarting her, and has latterly issued a firman, which he procured from Acre, forbidding any Mahometan subject, on pain of death, to remain in her service, or to carry water to her house, with which it is supplied from a river three or four miles distant. The consequence of this edict is, that she has been left without servants, and her beautiful garden has gone to ruin for want of irrigation.

"Her establishment formerly consisted of thirty or forty domestics, and a great number of girls whose education was her employment: but they have all deserted her, with the exception of five servants, and on their fidelity her life is now dependent. Several attempts have been lately made to break in at night; people have been found murdered, who were attached to her, and the corpse of a stranger, a few days ago, was found lying near the gate.

"Her great enemy is a certain *Yacoub Aga*, the converted Bishop whom I have already mentioned, a man of infamous character, and who has contrived, with the wages of his infamy, to purchase a village, which is about an hour's journey from *D'Joun*. Some time ago this man seized on her Ladyship's camels, on pretence of employing them for some work of the Emir's. The servants resisted, and one of them was bastinadoed: the servants of Lady H—— retaliated, some time after, on some people of the Emir's, and bastinadoed them: this produced a great deal of ill will between the Emir and her Ladyship; and *Yacoub Aga* took every opportunity of insulting the people of the latter, wherever he met them."

The opinions of this lady on some subjects, appear sufficiently extraordinary. She believes that medicine, and all other sciences, are only to be effectually studied in the stars; that "the pole of a star is in this order: at the top are the angels; a little lower, the spirits of the air; still lower, the intelligences of the earth; of the vegetable, then of the mineral kingdom; and beneath the centre, the seven regions of hell, and the seven great beings." Her ladyship, however, was so good as to say to Mr. Madden, that she saw these things were above his comprehension, and therefore she would talk of other matters. We are as glad, as we dare say our author was, to be relieved from such frantic rubbish, and therefore turn to what is by comparison, more rational—her opinions upon English politics and statesmen, of the latter of whom, it must be remembered, she speaks from personal knowledge:—

"Having smoked and conversed till half-past three in the morning, I retired, delighted with a conversation in which the natural eloquence of this lady was only surpassed by the originality of her observations. Her habits are peculiar; she retires to rest at the dawn and rises in the afternoon; she takes her meals in her own apartments, and never with her guests; she drinks no wine, and

very seldom eats meat. Other nights it was still later when I retired ; tea was sometimes brought in towards two in the morning.

“ The male attire of Syria is extremely rich and flowing : it becomes females no less than men, and sets off the portly figure of Lady H—— to great advantage. As the situation of her Ladyship is more that of a Bedouin sovereign than of one in a private station, I do not conceive the laws of hospitality are infringed by giving you these particulars. Lady H—— complains only of those who have given false and malicious accounts of her. I trust I have given neither. In conversation she expressed her opinion very freely of Mr. C——g, who appeared to be no great favourite of hers, and of many other public characters ; and though she professed to read no books, for ‘ books,’ she asserts, ‘ file away the mind,’ she yet appeared conversant with every thing that was going on in the political and literary world. I give you her opinions of C——g and some others, word for word, as I heard them from her.

“ ‘ I hate your fiery-headed Irish politicians ; for soldiers, there are none like them ; for a *coup de main* I would have Irish—all Irish. The Scotch should plan the project, the Irish execute it ; the latter know not how to retreat : they have a great deal of wit, which consists in quickness of apprehension ; they always have genius, but they never have any judgment. George C——g was one of your fiery-headed Irish politicians. When I acted as Mr. Pitt’s secretary, I had nothing but trouble with this Irishman. One day I could hardly prevail on him to sit down to dinner at Mr. Pitt’s, because Lord Castlereagh was present !—He was like a fine lady at a play, who becomes quite fidgety because a naughty person is sitting in the next box : he was afraid of infection. Oh ! there is no one knows George C——g so well as I do ; he was never staunch to any person, nor to any party ; he never would serve Mr. Pitt well, nor yet would he break with him.

“ ‘ When Mr. Pitt went out of office, C——g used his name to make it believed that Mr. P—— was only waiting for a bait to be drawn in again. Mr. P—— was obliged to forbid him the house : but he soon ingratiated himself again into favour. C—— has no largeness of soul : he is voluble and erudite, but he never was such an orator as Grattan : Grattan’s speeches will read well to every one ; but C——g’s speeches are only intelligible to your Greek and Latin gentlemen : to the country squires they are nonsense ; for the agricultural interests are foreign to the classical consideration of C——g : the corn laws are not more congenial to his contemplation than the study of alchemy is to the Archbishop of Canterbury. To such beings as myself, who have their own strong notions of things and persons, the speeches of C——g are vapid ; there is no depth in the argument ; no universality in the philosophy.

“ ‘ Lord C——h was the best meaning man in the world, but his intellect was not of the first order ; in the documents he was in the habit of writing for Mr. P——, there were always blunders, but he used to write them over again, very good-humouredly, when Mr. P—— pointed out the error. C—— and he were always in one another’s way, the senate was not large enough for them both.

“ ‘ When Mr. Pitt was out of office, I acted as his secretary, and he had then as much business as when he was in. He very seldom opposed my opinions, and always respected my antipathies. In private life he was cheerful and affable ; he would rise in the midst of his gravest avocations to hand me a fallen handkerchief ; he was always polite to women, and a great favourite with many of them ; but he was wedded to the state, and nothing but death could divorce him from his country. He was fond of me ; he loved originality in any shape. His great recreation, after the fatigue of business, was stealing into the country, entering a clean cottage, where there was a tidy woman and a nicely-scoured table, and there he would eat bread and cheese like any ploughman. He detested routs, and always sat down to plain dinners. He never eat before he went to the House ; but when any

thing important was to be discussed, he was in the habit of taking a glass of port wine with a tea-spoonful of bark.

"Had Sir Francis B——t taken any line of politics but that of reform, he would have acquired fame; his early talents fitted him for the conduct of any important question; he was a sound speaker, and he was ever a gentleman; but in reform it is all prosing,—subduing a noble spirit to the nature of a rabble, and subjecting one's lungs to the breath of the garlic-eaters of liberty. Sir Francis was elegant in his manners, comely in his person, and his principles were excellent.

"The old K—g was an honest, upright man; his very obstinacy was a virtue; it had been impressed on him early, that he had a certain line of duty before him, and that to swerve from it was to wound the constitution. The constitution was his idol; and, in his sight, even its imperfections had something sacred in them.

"The Duke of Y—k was an excellent prince. I was on terms of intimacy with him for many years: he opposed the Catholics from principle, because he respected his father's prejudices, and really thought the influence of the Pope was very great. In his office he was the most punctual man in the world; he had no partialities; and, strangest of all, he never showed the least jealousy of W——, on whom so many places were conferred, which his Royal Highness might have been as well qualified to fill."

* * * * *

"The English people are infatuated about their erudition, their constitution, and their climate; the essence of the first is vanity—corruption, of the second—and that of the third, fog. The English nation is too fat, its mind wants mortification; every one talks of morals, and the lips become so familiar with the name, that the heart forgets the virtue. Religious imposition has overrun this country as well as many others; God was obliged to withdraw the truth, when the world became so degraded as to be no longer fit for its purity.

"Some of the learned people here consider *Judas* in a better light than we Christians regard him, they pretend he was misrepresented, and look up to him as a prophet who is destined to appear again on earth.

"As to leaving this country, your advice is vain, I never will return to England. I am encompassed by perils: I am no stranger to them; I have suffered shipwreck off the coast of Cyprus; I have had the plague here; I have fallen from my horse near Acre, and been trampled on by him; I have encountered the robbers of the Desert, and when my servants quaked I have galloped in amongst them and forced them to be courteous; I have faced them;—and when a horde of plunderers was breaking in at my gate I sallied out amongst them, sword in hand, and after convincing them, had they even been inclined, that they could not hurt me, I fed them at my gate and they behaved like thankful beggars. Here am I destined to remain; that which is written in the great book, who may alter? It is true I am surrounded by perils; it is true I am at war with the prince of the mountains and the Pacha of Acre; it is very true my enemies are capable of assassination; but if I do perish, my fall shall be a bloody one. I have plenty of arms, good Damascus blades, I use no guns, and while I have an arm to wield a *hanjar*, these barren rocks shall have a banquet of slaughter before 'my face looks black' in the presence of my enemies, and two hundred years hence, the Bedouins of the Desert shall talk of the *Sitte Inglis*, how she sat her Arab steed, and fell like an Arab chief, when the star of her glory had set for ever!"

The difference between the accounts of the two travellers of their visits to this lady is very remarkable. Mr. Madden seems to have thought that the best thing he could do, would be to repeat what so remarkable a person said and did. The facetious Captain, on the contrary, regales his reader with what *he* said and did, keeping her ladyship as much in the shade as may be. He found no difficulty in gaining

access to her; wrote her a letter by moon-light, which she answered by an invitation to come to her immediately. The "English comforts and luxuries" which he found at D'Joun, appear to have made a much greater impression on him than the presence of one of the most extraordinary personages of the age.

"About five o'clock I was conducted to her ladyship's presence. She was dressed à l'Arabe, and is a very imposing and noble-looking personage, of great height, and dignified manners. She received me very graciously; and we soon became acquainted with each other. I dined alone, she never eating after one o'clock.

"After dinner I again returned to her ladyship, and remained tête-à-tête with her until midnight, much entertained and instructed by her conversation, which is lively and interesting, extraordinary and impressive by turns.

"November 6.—I enjoyed a nice, clean, English-feeling bed until eight o'clock. One leaves one's carpet with no regret; but a soft clean bed has irresistible attractions. In the afternoon I walked with her ladyship round her pretty gardens. She has laid out large sums of money upon this place, and has indeed contrived to make a little paradise in the desert. Tête-à-tête until midnight."

He makes use of her ladyship's influence to get introduced to a horse-dealer at Sidon; and having spent the morning in chattering with an old French *koper* there, conducting his bargain like a man who knows the value of money—a disposition which he evinces throughout his journeyings, (all Englishmen "hate to be imposed on") he returns to D'Joun in the evening, and then finds time to bestow a word on her ladyship, and says,

"I wish I could prevail upon Lady Hester to write her memoirs. She has seen more of the world; both civilized and barbarous, than any body in existence, and has all the talent necessary to write an excellent book. It rained all night."

While Mr. Madden is cudgelling his brains, and racking his memory to put her ladyship's odd thoughts and sayings into their best form, our Captain, whose notion of a *personal* narrative is unquestionably a very clear one, congratulates himself on being, when the ungracious news of the battle of Navarino arrived, "under the roof of a person so highly respected and esteemed by the Turks as Lady Hester Stanhope." He does his hostess, however, the honour to chronicle her kindness and solicitude to him when he had caught a cold, and accompanies the honourable mention he then condescends to make of her, with the very important and interesting intimation, that he "bathed his feet in hot water, drank barley-water, and syrup of violets, and in the course of the night contrived to perspire profusely." Among many stories which he says Lady Hester Stanhope told him, he relates only the following, which is romantic enough for the Arabian Nights' Entertainments:—

"The growing power of the Pasha of Egypt had long been the cause of uneasiness to the Sublime Porte. It was feared, at Stamboul, that Mehmet Ali would some day throw off the yoke of the successor to the Caliphate.

"In vain the perfidious policy of the Seraglio despatched Capidgi Bashis, armed with the bowstring and the dagger, to the capital of the Pyramids; in vain its treacherous agents endeavoured, by poison or by stratagem, to rid the Porte of a dangerous rival. Mehmet Ali was too well warned by his spies at Constantinople, of the toils which were spread around him, to suffer himself to fall into the snare.

"At length the Sultan Mahmoud resolved upon adopting a scheme, which

should be so cleverly devised, and involved in such impenetrable secrecy, that it was impossible it could fail of success.

"He had in the Imperial Harem a beautiful Georgian slave, whose innocence and beauty fitted her, in the Sultan's eyes, for the atrocious act of perfidy of which she was to be the unsuspecting agent.

The belief in talismans is still prevalent throughout the East: and perhaps even the enlightened Mahmoud himself is not superior to the rest of his nation in matters of traditionary superstition.

"He sent one day for the fair Georgian, and affecting a great love for her person, and desire to advance her interests, told her, that it was his imperial will to send her to Egypt, as a present to Mehmet Ali, whose power and riches were as unbounded as the regions over which he held the sway of a sovereign Prince, second to no one in the universe but himself, the great Padisha.

"He observed to her, how much happiness would fall to her lot, if she could contrive to captivate the affections of the master for whom he designed her; that she would become, as it were, the Queen of Egypt, and would reign over boundless empires.

"But, in order to insure to her so desirable a consummation of his imperial wishes for her welfare and happiness, he would present her with a talisman, which he then placed upon her finger. 'Watch,' said he 'a favourable moment, when the Pasha is lying on your bosom, to drop this ring into a glass of water; which, when he shall have drunk, will give you the full possession of his affections, and render him your captive for ever.'

"The unsuspecting Georgian eagerly accepted the lot which was offered to her, and, dazzled by its promised splendour, determined upon following the instructions of the Sultan to the very letter.

"In the due course of time she arrived at Cairo, with a splendid suite, and many slaves, bearing rich presents.

"Mehmet Ali's spies, had, however, contrived to put him on his guard. Such a splendid demonstration of esteem from his imperial master alarmed him for his safety.

"He would not suffer the fair Georgian to see the light of his countenance; but after some detention in Cairo, made a present of her to his *intimate friend*, Billel Aga, the Governor of Alexandria, of whom, by the bye, the Pasha had long been jealous.

"The poor Georgian having lost a Pasha, thought she must do her best to captivate her Aga, and administered to him the fatal draught, in the manner Sultan Mahmoud had designed for Mehmet Ali. The Aga fell dead upon the floor. The Georgian shrieked and clapped her hands: in rushed the eunuchs of the harem, and bore out the dead body of their master.

"When the Georgian was accused of poisoning the Aga, she calmly denied the fact. 'What did you do to him?' was the question. 'I gave him a glass of water, into which I had dropped a talisman. See, there is the glass, and there is the ring.'

"The ring, it was true, remained; but the *stone*, which it had encircled, *was melted in the water.*"

We have occasionally an amusing anecdote about Ponto, the Captain's dog, who seems to have been very expert at swallowing horse-leeches, which his master, not quite so adroitly, pulls out, and occasionally gets his fingers bitten. He is a great dress-fancier, and descants with all the eloquence of an artist, upon the costumes he saw. He liked some of them so well, that he had one of his own made, the history of which he gives thus:—

"After breakfast my tailor brought me my Mameluke dress, which is very handsome, and, I think, becoming. It consists of a silk shirt, loose vest of pink and white striped Damascus stuff with wide open sleeves, braided all

around with purple braiding ; jacket of crimsoned cloth, trimmed and braided with narrow gold braid, made very loose, with short and wide sleeves ; an immensely capacious pair of nether garments of the same crimson cloth, braided and flowered with purple braid ; a sash of Sidon silk manufacture of many colours, very handsome and wide ; and to complete the costume, a white muslin turban. Old Ponto does not know me at all. The Greek servants declare it is a superb dress, and that I make an excellent Mameluke."

Who can deny the utility of travel, and the value of its history, when the world is by such means made acquainted with particulars so vastly important. Ponto's not knowing his master is a beautiful touch of nature, which completes the picture ; but it is unluckily a plagiarism. Sheridan has made use of it in the account of Acres' dressing, where David says, " Hang me if Phillis would wag a hair of her tail at your honour." Great geniuses, however, do sometimes hit upon the same idea, and so it must be in this instance. It goes to our very heartstrings to part with such delightful companions ; but we have come to the utmost verge of our limits, and must tear ourselves, however unwillingly, from our travellers.

FAIRIES' SONG.

WHILE the sad world is sleeping,
 We're keeping
 Our revels unseen ;
 And the glow-worm shines brightly,
 While lightly
 We glance o'er the green.
 Where, from cavern or mountain,
 The fountain
 Springs sparkling and bright,
 Perfumed garlands we're wreathing.
 Or breathing
 Soft strains to the night.
 The moon comes to meet us,
 And greet us
 With the light that we love ;
 The nightingale knows us,
 And woos us
 From the depths of the grove.
 Oft the shepherd draws near us,
 To hear us
 With awe and delight ;
 Oft he watches, while dancing,
 We're glancing
 Like stars through the night.
 Gentle shepherd, we love thee ;
 Above thee
 We watch many an hour ;
 And from aught that might harm thee
 We charm thee,
 And hallow thy bower.
 When the dawn of the morning
 Gives warning,
 We speed far away,
 Where the stars shed a splendour
 More tender ;
 For we love not the day.

WALKS IN IRELAND: N^o. III.—THE CITY OF THE SEVEN
CHURCHES.

AND so the Irish pedestrian has found favour in your eyes! The gentle denizens of the West-end have admitted him into their boudoirs, and listened with complacency to his wild *pâtois*, and smiled approbation:—fact,—literal fact! I saw myself, my printed self, slumbering, in languid, lettered ease, on the little mystic table, beside “*La Belle Assemblée* ;” and grouped around me lay, in orderly disorder, “*The King’s Page*,” fair “*Geraldine of Desmond*,” my pretty countrywoman, and half-a-dozen other fashionables. Well, these same printers’ devils have a winning way about them, for all their murky looks!

To tell the truth, I was in rather a sulky humour when I began my last; but I am better now, and I feel disposed to tell you a little more about myself.—Now you need not smother a yawn, and settle yourself into a martyr-like attitude of well-bred patience: I am not going to inflict my birth, parentage, and education upon you; I am only going to tell you how, and why, and wherefore I am a pedestrian, and a solitary one.

I love a ramble among mountains. Born and reared in romantic scenery, though at present a sojourner in a city, I cannot forget the pleasures of my early childhood, in the din and bustle of artificial life (though, Heaven knows, we have but little din or bustle in Dublin, now, except at a contested election, or a civic feast); and I gladly escape, when my avocations permit me, to the romantic solitudes of the county of Wicklow, to taste a sweet forgetfulness of Coke, and Blackstone, and Vesey, Jun. Sometimes I take unto myself the wings of the morning, in the shape of the box-seat of one of the southern coaches, and flee away to the uttermost ends of Cork or Kerry, and am at rest; but Wicklow, from its vicinity to Dublin, is my favourite haunt, and a vacant day or two rarely passes without carrying me to one or other of its sequestered beauties.

Be it understood, that I hate most cordially what is here called “a party of pleasure,” and that a “pic-nic” is an abomination unto me: I hate the dust, and noise, and revelry of the day, especially if the place of destination be some still and tranquil spot, where tumult sounds unholy: I love not to spout poetry with sentimental misses, fresh from the boarding-school, each a Lucy Ashton, or Diana Vernon, in her own mind; nor to talk politics or scandal with their sedater Pa’s and Ma’s; nor does my soul find pleasure in the deep and hasty carouse of the boisterous brothers and cousins, “while the ladies are shawling,” preparatory to certain horse and chariot races, which they perpetrate on the way home, to the infinite peril of their brains, if any they have. No, no; my ramble is, as I have said, a solitary one; my dog is my only companion (pray God our worthy Lord Mayor, who is at present afflicted with prospective hydrophobia, hang him not!*), and, as he is a dog of a reflective and philosophical turn of mind, we agree exceedingly well. I know he is much better company than many a biped of my acquaintance; for, if he does not join in conversation, he at least listens

* The Lord Mayor and police of Dublin are at present (September 1828) employed in hanging all the dogs they can lay their hands on, “to prevent them from going mad.” Hanging has been in use in Ireland, as a preventive, time out of mind.

with most edifying attention, and never interrupts my longest soliloquy by a single unmannerly bark. I frequently commence my excursion by moonlight, and sunrise often finds me on the brow of some lofty hill, watching the death of the night and the birth of the morning, though not with a poet's eye, at least with that deep and thrilling feeling, which, were my star a brighter one, had been inspiration to me.

You are not to suppose, from my choosing a dog for my companion, that I am a cynic or a misanthrope;—far from it,—but, believe me, it is harder to find an agreeable associate for a long walk (that is to say, what I call a long walk), than you are at all aware of. I have tried the experiment so often without success, that I am entitled to speak from experience; and I can assure you, that I have given up the pursuit from sheer disappointment, and despair of meeting any one, who, like myself, can not merely tolerate bad quarters, and endure a little fatigue—for that any active, healthy young man ought to think nothing of—but who, without gun, angling-rod, or sportsmanlike equipment of any description—nay, almost without definite or explainable object—can find real genuine pleasure in a stretch of perhaps from thirty to forty Irish miles, through a country wild, difficult, and mountainous, though occasionally romantic and beautiful, to a degree little known except to those who, like myself, have seen it under every aspect—in sunshine and in storm, in leafy summer, and in bare and sterile winter.

The visitor who is whirled in a chaise-and-four to the various “Lions” of Wicklow or Kerry, sees nothing but the bright side of the picture, and, for that very reason, but half appreciates the very beauties which woo his admiration: he is sated with sweets; he has not earned a healthy appetite; he glides through woodland and glen, by lake and stream, and he thinks all very pretty indeed; but he has not given time enough to his mind to suit itself to the character of the scenery, and it leaves no stronger impression on him than a diorama; it has pleased his eye, but has not touched his heart; he has looked at the picture, not entered into the reality; but, had he toiled up the steep ascent, ever and anon looking back upon the changing scene—or lain for hours, as I have, on the mountain-side, awaiting the coming of the Spirit of the Mist, or listening to the solemn, eternal voice of the cataract—or watching the dim, shifting shadows, as they fled from the unseen winds along the mirror of the lake—he would feel the deep, overpowering inspiration of Nature, and bow down in reverence before the Genius of the Place.

I remember once suffering a robustious, beef-eating, port-drinking fellow to *over-persuade* me into taking him as a companion on one of my rambles. For the first five or six miles he got on very well; but, when we left the smiling lowlands behind us, and entered on a solitary waste of uninhabited upland, scarcely to be called mountain—a long, undulating succession of hills, rising gradually, and, as it were, step by step—a fitting prelude, a suitable introduction, a kind of overture, in my mind, to the grand and solemn scenery that lay beyond—he began to *sulk*, and protested that he could not see any pleasure or amusement in plodding over moor and waste, without so much as a gun in one's hand: I wished him in a bog-hole, in the bitterness of my heart.

I have gone the same route frequently since, and more than once in severe winter weather, and I declare to you it seemed six times as long that day as ever it did before or after, so much did that man's ill-humour weary me! Not that I attempted to argue the point with him; I

would as soon endeavour to argue a blind man into a knowledge of colours. At last we reached our quarters for the night—a comfortable mountain inn, where a bright fire and a hearty supper restored my gentleman to his good temper, most miraculously; you would be astonished had you heard how lightly he spoke of our past toils. After solacing himself with all the good things our inn afforded, to bed he went, full of agreeable anticipations of the ensuing day. Whether they were realized or not, is more than I am able to say; for I started next morning with the earliest light, while he, in all probability, was dreaming of the Vale of Tempé, and pursued my way alone.—“Pray,” says the Reader, “how long am I to listen to your bald, disjointed chat? You invite me to accompany you into the mountains of Wicklow, to visit *The City of the Seven Churches*—some Irish Pæstum, I suppose; and, by way of inducement, you tell me how you left the last fool you inveigled, in the lurch.”—True, O patient Reader—the last fool; but you, who are the pink of propriety, the mirror of wit and wisdom, can never meet, because you can never merit, similar usage. I know, beforehand—by intuition, as it were—that we shall agree perfectly, and jog along in the most loving fashion to our journey’s end—you in the spirit, and I in the body. Besides, remember that you have the game altogether in your own hands, and can flit away as soon as you please, leaving me to wander over hill and dale, as long as I think fit; but I anticipate no such ungracious usage; so pray address yourself to the road—“exert your energies,” as Bridgetina Botherem says, and, by a peripatetic effort of your fine imagination, carry yourself along with me, once more, into the sequestered recesses of Wicklow.

In my mind, the best of all possible dresses for a pedestrian is the sailor’s: not to speak of its extreme lightness, it leaves you, from its peculiar cut, the full, unfettered use of every limb; and, though personal appearance is a matter of very little consequence on a bog, yet I think it not amiss that even my simple garb should carelessly acquiesce, as it were, in the rude accommodation and simple fare of the unfrequented solitudes among which I love to wander.

At day-break, on a cloudless morning in September, the Italian month of Ireland, when a sky of sapphire, and a calm and Sabbath-like repose of the season, repay us for the scorching heats and drenching rains of summer, I obeyed the call of my restless spirit, and set off for Glendelough.

Thanks to the depopulating policy of the powers that be, the road to that celebrated valley lies through uninhabited mountains—mountains which, in Scotland, would support a hardy and industrious peasantry, but which, in Ireland, under a system analogous to that which created the Great Forest, form an excellent shooting district for the mighty men of the land, when it pleases them to recreate their lordly minds, and brace their manly limbs, exhausted by hard labour in the vineyard of the state. As you travel along the military road, an avenue made after the late rebellion, on every side, as far as your eye can reach, are naked hills, once covered with stately woods,—and green, solitary valleys, once rife with population; but the besom of Destruction has done its office upon them, and, though it is an old broom in Ireland, it still sweeps clean enough.

It must, however, be admitted, that you are now and then assured that you are in a land of peace and good-will, by the testimony of a for-

midable barrack, capable of containing 300 men (there are five within a distance of thirty miles)—a proof of tranquillity, which reminds one of the shipwrecked mariner, who, after wandering for some time in doubt and uncertainty, at last espied a gibbet, and threw himself on his knees in an ecstasy of pious joy, to thank God for having cast him on the shores of a civilized country. The road, however, is an excellent one ; and let us, poor Irish vagabonds, who chance to use it, e'en bless the giver, like honest Sancho, and not look a gift horse in the mouth.

An active pedestrian, however, like your humble servant, need not be under a compliment to the military road-makers ; for he can avoid their Simplon, by making his way through the deer-park of Powerscourt, taking the hill at the foot of the waterfall, and crossing the mountain-ridge a little to the westward of Djouce. Oh, what a view he has from that ridge ! Cliff and lake—forest and pasture—lowland, rich in exuberant fertility, and spangled with gayest-looking villas—Dublin, like a fairy city, in the distance—the Irish Channel, with its mazy tracery of inlet and bay, right before him, flecked with glittering sails, like new-fallen snow—and, afar off and indistinct, where sea and sky seem melting into one, the dim blue outline of the mountains of Caernarvon.

Descending southward from the point of view, an easy slope of between one and two miles, leads you to the head of a wooded ravine, immediately behind the house of Luggela—Luggela !—that realization of the Happy Valley ! The very name is a spell to awaken sweet thoughts of peace, and innocence, and pastoral seclusion. I promised, last month, to describe it for you ; but such promises are more easily made than kept. It is like “gilding refined gold, or painting the lily :” I might as well endeavour to take a likeness of your Lady-love (of course I mean one which would satisfy *you*). I could give you the features—item one lake—item one hospitable cottage, where I have spent many a tranquil day ; but the expression, the nameless grace, would escape me.

It is a valley buried deep among lofty hills—a valley solitary, not lonely, with a dreamy contemplative air about it, as if it lay there to win unquiet wanderers from the steep and difficult mountain, from all perilous and gloomy scenes, to rest their heads upon its grassy lap, and listen to the plaintive, sleep-invoking whispers of its waving trees and lulling waters. It is the property of one of the Latouches ; and to those who know that family, need I say, that all that politeness—the politeness of the heart—and hospitality could suggest, has been done to ensure the accommodation of vagrants like myself, who may chance to stumble on this green spot in the wilderness ?

Southward and eastward, a winding path skirting the shores of Lough Dan (you remember Lough Dan last month), terminates in the hamlet of Annamoe, where the world was near losing Tristram Shandy, inasmuch as its eccentric author once fell into a mill-stream there, and was nearly drowned. In the westward, tower the lofty hills which guard the threshold of the Valley of the Seven Churches. This was the route I chose ; and an early hour, and a clear and tranquil day, found me at Glendalough.

Who has not heard of Glendalough, the far-famed valley of the Seven Churches ; the cradle and the grave of Irish Christianity, the seat of early literature and piety, in the forgotten days, when Ireland gave philosophy and religion to Europe ? You need not stare ; if you know any thing about ecclesiastical history, it is unnecessary to tell you

that previous to the English invasion the Church of Ireland was primitive, and independent; she acknowledged no foreign supremacy, spiritual or temporal, her bishops were nominated by domestic suffrage, and the pious and learned were glad to fly from the anarchy of Europe, to the peaceful retirement of the Island of Saints. Pray have you ever heard of Sir William Betham, Ulster King of Arms?—take my advice, and read his *Essays on Irish Antiquities*; don't puzzle yourself with the rhapsodies of bards, or the solemn Baalam of fabulous annalists, lay or ecclesiastical, but take information from a dispassionate writer (and he an Englishman), who has made the study of antiquity his profession, and you may find that the ancient Irish were wiser than you take them to have been, notwithstanding the follies and vices of some of their descendants in modern times. *A propos*, I warn you that there are impostors abroad; and that a good half of those who now-a-days figure as the “sons of Irish kings,” have no more claim to the title than you have, who, for aught I know to the contrary, may be a hereditary cockney.

The city of the Seven Churches is indeed a “city of the dead;” its pastoral warriors and sages are gathered to their fathers, their far-off history is lost in the dimness of antiquity, their very name is an apple of discord among antiquarians, and nature has resumed the domain which they held at her hands. The eternal mountains are there, unchanged, unchangeable; the deep blue lake still sleeps in the silent valley; and the bright swift stream, that flowed past the ancient city, still slakes the thirst of thoughtful idlers, like myself, who moralize among its ruins. Methinks there is something in this silent triumph over all we love—this decay, and death, and oblivion of all we have fondly devoted to immortality, that reads a deeper lesson to the heart than a thousand homilies.

In the centre of the valley rises one of those tall, pillar-like towers, which have baffled the dark industry of our most indefatigable antiquarians (mind, I do not include the ignorant Ledwich among the number*). Though inferior in height to many that I have seen, it adds much to the picturesque character of the scene: it speaks of a race utterly gone by, of manners and of a religion which the depths of time have buried for ever; we stand upon the brink of the gulf, and cast our little nets into the deep waters, but we draw up no memorials of its primeval architects—we might as well fish for elliptic springs, and chariot wheels, in the Red Sea. For my part, I like to see this confounding of the wise in their own conceit—this stumbling of the race who for ever look back, while they walk forward; the study of the past, when applied to the instruction and improvement of the present, is eminently useful, but I would not give a fig to know who rotted in the great pyramid. I leave the survey of the Garden of Eden to more imaginative engineers. I shall never hunt for the timbers of the diluvian first-rate (I disclaim the pun) among the snows of Ararat. I am not to be found among the busy purblind pack, who would unearth old Time, and run down Antiquity as if she were a fox.

At the same time, I confess a strong—I had almost said a super-

* This poor old gentleman, who did not know one word of the *Irish language*, wrote three d—d square books (one in his own name, the others in Grose's) on *Irish Antiquities*; in which, *secundum artem*, he is very severe upon all who happen to be wiser than himself.

stitious reverence for the memorials of elder times ; I love to peep into the dim nooks of ancient cathedrals, and hallowed crypts, while some hoary-headed peasant tells me reverend lies of their saintly founders. I love to uncover my reason of its tiny cap of knowledge, and to wander bare-headed among the dusky solitudes, where Fable mutters her lulling spells over sleeping History. By Jove, I would duck the officious antiquary who would attempt to awaken her. Peace be with the pleasant days of childhood, when schooled by my simple nurse (a mere Irishwoman, I confess*), I had mysterious knowledge in the genera and species of *fäeries*, and could class them as you would butterflies, by their painted wings. Many a golden day-dream I have lost since they left me. Farewell to the charmed harmony of the lonely Rath—the graceful revelry of the ancient oak—a long farewell to the lively train that peopled the moonlight vigils of the harmless peasant, in better and less enlightened days—before Saint Patrick's Alien Act was broken—before venomous reptiles returned from transportation—before misrule and absenteeism brought forth her noxious brood of middlemen to vex the land. The squireens appeared, and the *fäeries* vanished ; the orgies of the rack-rent votaries of freedom of election smothered them like bees : the Peace Preservation Bill interdicted them ; they dare not appear after night-fall, and vulgar daylight is too coarse for their delicate frames ; I wish I could give them a little dusky corner in my mind, to play at hide and seek with sturdy reason.

It is a pleasant thing to sit in the creative twilight of an autumnal evening, in the ruined strength of some ancient castle, when the season and the hour seem gently to acquiesce in your feelings, and to sadden while you moralize upon the downfall of the strong,—it is then pleasant, I say, above all pleasant things, to bid that jewel of a pyrotechnist, the imagination, light up the scene with the splendour of chivalry and beauty,—to lean from the lofty gallery over the dazzling festival—to listen to the daring vows of the youthful aspirants, “before the peacock and the ladies,” while they bind the golden chain that a valiant deed must loosen, or to watch the heaving of the noble and gentle bosom, and the softened lustre of the downcast eye, “struggling through tears unbidden,” as the high-born maiden, half in fear and half in love, turns from the glittering pledge that devotes her faithful knight, or the brother of her heart, to glory or the grave ; while high above the splendid scene, the gallant minstrel blending poetry and music into a lofty harmony, invokes immortal fame upon the beautiful and the brave.

“ Could I have kept my spirit to that height,
I had been happy.”

But the longest vision will have a close—a moping owl will scare the phantom train ; the uncourteous elements, that would not spare the fairest “queen of beauty and of love,” that ever crazed a troubadour, will wash away the picture in a trice ; or fail all else, the sullen night

* The ignorance of this poor mountaineer would make a cockney's hair stand on end ; the Ionic of Bow bell was to her a fountain sealed ; she would call a teter a “pratie,” or a vinder, a “windy ;” this last corruption was natural enough, however, considering that her mountain cabin was *glazed*, as my memory serves me, with two *caubeens*, Anglice hats, and—how shall I express it—what would have occupied the position of a coat, had the wearer walked on his head, all three stuffed with straw. I cannot, however, deny, that in spite of her ignorance, she had some quaint phrases that a Spenserian would chuckle over. The name of this aboriginal would choke an Euphuist.

will steal upon the autumnal evening, and fling her murky mantle over the pageant and myself, and I may chance to break my shins, as I stumble from the ruined hall.—I will return to Glendalough.

I left the aged Churches, and bent my course to a favourite haunt of mine, "The Burial-place of the Kings." It is a solitary nook, not far from the margin of one of the lakes, from which the valley takes its name, where, beneath the half ruined walls of an antique oratory, roofed with the green old age of a venerable ash, repose the shepherd kings, who swayed the patriarchal sceptre of this sequestered valley, when the golden age was not all a fable, among the pious race who nestled in its bosom. A simple stone, with a simple, but emphatic inscription,* has covered their remains for eight hundred years. Their annals have perished with their kingdom, but tradition, that most affectionate historian, has embalmed the memory of their paternal virtues, and consecrated that stone in the kind and grateful superstition of the inhabitants of the glen.

The far-descended McMthuils have vanished like my faëry dreams, and the hand of a stranger has snatched their fair inheritance. Their seven times consecrated city sleeps in most solitary ruin, and its mysterious tower alone, whose long-sought secret has died perhaps with them, looks down upon the scattered reliques of its younger, but less fortunate brethren. The antique oratory itself has fallen beneath the piety of some holy housebreaker—some Cromwellian iconoclast, who would have heaven a close borough; but the quiet, pious stone escaped his saintly wrath; he had not weeded his mind of those natural and unfashionable feelings that forbid us to violate the repose of the dead, and he spared the humble memorial of the happier days, when religion, and valour, and primeval simplicity, clasped hands together in the consecrated valley.

Well, I have told you that my intended path led me to this tomb, and I had reasons as plenty as blackberries for my choice. I had passed through the ancient gateway of the silent city—I had moralized among what might be the remains of the palace—I had peeped into the ivyed recesses of the reverend Churches—I had theorized upon the lofty tower, and a natural conclusion led me to the tomb, that from the nearest eminence in the neighbourhood, I might gather into one view this miniature of the ruins of empires—this epitome of human ambition, and its reward,—the kingdom—the city—the palace—and the grave.

I was more than surprised when I reached the little sanctuary of ivy and alders that surrounds it, at finding that rude hands had been upon them, marring their green beauty. Hastily, and not without foreboding, I passed on to the tomb—it was defaced and broken. In this era of civilization—in these days of peace and good order—in this Augustan age of art and science, when antiquarians bow down before idols, and worship graven images—when Parliament, having admitted the bankruptcy of the nation, by reducing the interest of the debt, turns receiver of stolen gods—purchases Theseus and Ilissus; and when the grumbling manufacturers ask for bread, gives them a stone—when it is but a little thing to transport a Grecian temple to London—to reconsecrate the

* "Behold the resting-place of the Body
of

Mc Mthuil the King
Who died in Christ 1010."

Parthenon in Montague Street—to snatch from the hands of ignorant barbarians, the mummies and the tombs of the mysterious Pharaohs, and bear them in antiquarian piety to the Panthean shrine of the British Museum ;—a solitary ruffian—he must have been alone—who would have shared the cowardly guilt ?—what two (for villains despise each other) would have encountered the mutual scorn ?—had stolen into the quiet of this so long venerated sanctuary, to destroy the monument, whose pious simplicity six hundred years of desolating strife had spared !

As I was looking on the broken stone, full of a vain wish that I had come upon the mutilator in his spiteful sacrilege, an aged mountaineer approached ; his dark brow, and gaunt muscular figure, would have been a study for Salvator, as he bent over the tomb, and muttered an imprecation that Shakspeare might have copied—it was not needed ; the cold and sordid cowardice which prompted the act is a seven-fold and abiding curse.

I do confess to you, that I am unwilling to commit to paper the full extent of my feelings on the subject, but you shall not tell me that I *have* spoken too warmly. The Christian religion, by affirming the doctrine of the Resurrection, has hallowed the tomb. The grave of her votary is not a pit of rottenness and corruption, but a place of rest ; he closes his eyes in the assurance that he shall sleep but for a season ; his bones, while they moulder, are consecrated to immortality, and the hand that disturbs them is sacrilegious.

One word more, and then farewell for the month. Suffer me to quote, in justification of my own feelings, though “familiar to our mouths as household words,” the emphatic appeal which saved the dust of Shakspeare from translation, and checked the officious hands which would have torn him from his beloved Stratford :

“ Good Friend, for Jesus’ sake forbear
To dig the dust enclosed here ;
Blest be man that spares these stones !
And curst be he that moves my bones !”

I thought on these lines as I left the mutilated tomb.

J. R. O.

TO ***, WITH FLOWERS.

FLOWERS to the Beautiful ! To them belong
The lyre, the garland, and the voice of song—
All that like them are lovely—all the earth
Brought forth to glad them when she gave them birth.

Flowers to the Beautiful ! For thee I save
These opening blossoms from an early grave ;
Snatched from the dark cold earth, to thee they come,
And in thy bosom find their happy home.

All wildly sweet and fresh they fly to thee,
Types of thyself—the innocent, the free :
Beneath thy sunny smile, oh ! bid them bloom,
And yield their kindred tribute of perfume.

Short are their lives, but lovely. Time, who brings
Sickness to us and sorrow, o’er them flings
Sunshine and joy ; and, dying, they bequeath
Their breath to Beauty—to the Muse a wreath !

COURSE AND PROBABLE TERMINATION OF THE NIGER.*

WERE we asked, which of the long-sought discoveries, that of the longitude, or that of the termination of the Niger, we regarded as the least problematical, our reply would be in favour of the former. Indeed, when we reflect upon the fruitless efforts which have been so often made by daring and enterprising spirits to solve this great geographical problem, and on the mystery in which, for upwards of 2300 years, it has been involved, and which has rather increased than diminished, we cannot divest ourselves of the impression that the solution of this perplexing question has, for some wise purpose, been denied to the investigations of man. The more we extend our researches relative to the subject, and examine the various records, remote and recent, connected with the history, geography, and topography of Central Africa, the more intricate the question becomes, and the less disposed are we to hazard even a conjectural conclusion. The conflicting testimonies of ancient and modern discoverers—the disputed position of places—the extraordinary differences in the “laid-down” latitudes, to say nothing of the longitudes of every authority from the time of Ptolemy to the days of Denham, are not calculated to lessen the difficulties with which this interminable subject of speculative science is beset. Nor do we see why the endeavours of African travellers, or of those still wiser theorists, the drawing-room discoverers, should be solely directed to *one* source and *one* termination to the meanderings of this extensive stream.

Sir Rufane Donkin, in his Dissertation on the Course of the Niger, appears to be of a different opinion, and says that he began to suspect that the difficulties which had embarrassed this subject, lay rather in words than in things, and that a little verbal criticism might do much towards clearing away the preliminary difficulties which had hitherto blocked up the approach to the question. When we consider the calamities, and sufferings, and loss of valuable lives which have accrued in the pursuit of this inquiry, we are tempted to exclaim, “Would that words had been the only impediment in the approach of the question;” or, that we could not, with Shakspeare, ask,

“Why should calamity be full of words?”

Our author felt also the necessity of defining and agreeing on the exact terms of the problem to be solved. The desideratum, therefore, appeared to be the finding of “a large river in Central Africa, which Ptolemy and other ancient writers called the Niger, and which we still call so; which river shall either flow into the Atlantic, or into some great central lake or marsh, or lose itself in central sands, or unite itself with the Egyptian Nile, or empty itself by some other channel into the Mediterranean Sea. These,” continues the General, “appear to be all the modes by which a great river, known to exist in Central Africa, but whose termination is unknown, can be disposed of.” In investigating the subject, it appeared that “the failure in settling the question arose from a verbal or grammatical error, in stating the object of the search to be *the* Niger, or rather *the* Nile, (for by the name of Nile the great rivers of Central Africa have been generally known to ancient and Arabian writers,)”

* A Dissertation on the Course and Probable Termination of the Niger. By Lieut.-General Sir Rufane Donkin, G.C.H., K.C.B., and F.R.S.

instead of searching for a Nile, or a Niger; and they have thus been endeavouring to unite and reconcile in some one individual river, qualities which have been predicated of several distinct rivers, and they have thus confounded a specific appellation with a generic and descriptive one." This argument is further illustrated by the General as follows.—

Major Denham gives us a notable instance of the generic application of the word "Nile;" and I only wonder that the question he records did not at once awaken his attention to the fact, that "Nile" was the general appellative of all large rivers, and not of a specific one only. "I had before been asked," says Major Denham, "if the Nile was not in England?"—the real meaning of which was, "have you no Nile or large river in England?" But Major Denham, not understanding it, said, "No, *the* Nile is not in England." Now, if this Moor were a literary man, and kept, as Major Denham did, an account of his travels, I can quite imagine such an entry as the following in his journal:—"On such a day I met a white man called Major Denham, a man of courage, discretion, and truth: he, like all the other travellers from his country, which is far in the north, inquired constantly for a great river, calling it *The Niger*, a name we know not of,—but it is clear that they all want to see a *great river*. From this I conclude that they have no great river in his country called England; indeed I asked him, and he said there was none. I suppose, therefore, that his country must be a dry, bad country, not like ours, watered by a Nile; and I begin to suspect that these men want to discover a country where Niles are to be found, that they may leave their own deserts and come and live by our deep waters.

Indeed it seems singular that Denham should have been ignorant of the application of the oriental word "Nile" to *all* rivers; a philological fact so generally known, as to be found even in ordinary works of compilation. The "Universal Gazetteer," by Walker, published many years ago, contains the following passage under the head of "Niger."—"The Africans have two names for this river: namely, Neel il Abeed, or River of the Negroes, and Neel il Kibeer, or the Great River. They also term the Nile, *Neel, Shem*, that is the Egyptian river! So that the term Neel, whence our Nile* is derived, is nothing more than the appellative of river."

In being, however, over ingenious in his speculations, particularly as to remote etymology, the learned General has rather weakened his argument; for it does not follow that a meaning which is justified at any particular period in the migration (so to speak) of a word, should be equally true of it in all its travels, or even in its origin. Sir W. Jones says that "Etymology has, no doubt, some use in historical researches; but it is a medium of proof so very fallacious, that when it elucidates one fact it obscures a thousand." That this is true is shewn in Sir Rufane Donkin's work; who, not content with proving that the word "Nile" or "Neil" means river, endeavours to ascertain, by inquiries into ancient languages, *why it should be called so?* and here it is, we think, that Sir W. Jones's observation is illustrated, and that our too scrupulous inquirer has stumbled into error. He says that the word Neil, in Hindoostanee means "blue," and that this epithet is applied to rivers, because the

* "This orthography, *Nile*," says Jackson, "has been imported from France: with the French it is pronounced as we pronounce *Neel*; and this is the intelligible pronunciation in Africa." In another place the same author says, that, "it is incorrect to say that the word *Nile* is applied, in Africa, to any great river: the name, I can with confidence declare, is never applied to any river in North Africa; except the Nile of Egypt, and that of Sudan (*Niger*). Whoever has propagated this opinion has mistaken the matter altogether." P. 447.—*Account of Timbucto, &c.* edited by G. Jackson.

water in them is *either blue or black*. Now, it so happens, that in the next page, Sir Rufane Donkin tells us that the Hindoostanee word for black is "Kolla, or Kala." How he establishes the identity between "Kolla" and "Neil" would be inscrutable to any but that learned philologist, who discovered that King Ki and King Atoes were the same person; "for," says he, "you have only to change *K* into *A* and *I* into *Toes*, and you have it." To this, unluckily for the theory of Sir R. may be added the fact in natural history that, with very few exceptions,* the water of deep rivers is black, and that the colour of blue is confined to the ocean.† Hence the saying, or half menace, of seamen, "Wait till I get you into *blue water*."

One of the principal objects of the Lieut.-General's work is the restoration of Ptolemy's text—to show how often he has been misrepresented by translators, and perverted by modern map-makers, and to demonstrate more by "moral than by mathematical proof," that by adhering strictly to what the Alexandrian geographer has said, we rescue him from "gross inconsistencies, and place the geography of Ptolemy on the basis of truth."

Now before we follow our author in tracing the discovery which he *imagines* he has made in the rectification of Ptolemy's first meridian of longitude—namely, through the westernmost of the Cape Verd Islands, instead of through that of Ferro, as has been hitherto done, we ask what good, in a geographical sense, can result from adhering strictly to the authority of a man, whose entire system of the universe was founded in error? It is true that Ptolemy's system, though mistaken, was ingenious. The world, for many ages, was content with it; and until it was, with much difficulty,‡ overturned by what Bailly called "*le véritable système*" of Copernicus, the theory of the Alexandrian was considered to be founded upon irrefragable demonstration, and to be as sacred as truth itself. Sir Rufane Donkin has, however, told us that Ptolemy committed an error of no less than *ten degrees* in the latitude of his own astronomical observatory at Alexandria! If, "with all appliances and means to boot," and in his own native city he could have made so egregious a blunder, how, we repeat, should we be justified in placing the least dependance on the latitude and longitude which he has given to many places in Central Africa? The general himself, in the midst of his vindication of Ptolemy exclaims—"I only wish I could also get rid of an error in *several* of his latitudes; but when he places Mount Mandrus, one of the sources of the Ni-geir,§ in 19 deg. north, he must be egregiously in error, both because that would throw the Mandago Mountains, in which the Niger rises, a great way up the *Great Desert*,

* The *Rhone*, and one or two others.

† "A great intensity, or depth," says Sir R., "is implied by the word "Kolla," or "Kalla," Black, as "Kala Pance," or the "*Black Water*," which is the name given in Hindoostan to the great *ocean*, over which the English pass, say the natives, in going to and coming from Europe."—P. 6.

‡ Speaking of Copernicus, Bailly says—"Son système fit beaucoup de bruit dans l'Europe, et occasionna des merveilles très-vives pendant près d'un siècle."

§ "In regard," says the General, "to the Gir and the Niger, as we now see them written, I must first beg to be allowed to restore them to their original orthography, as given by Ptolemy, from whom we have taken these names of two rivers in Central Africa. He calls them Γαῖς, Geir, and Νίγηρ, Nigeir; or, as I would write the latter name, Νί-Γαῖς, Ni-Geir; for I conceive the Νί, added to Geir, implies some distinctive difference between the two rivers in the aboriginal language."

where there are and *can* be no rivers, but also because it is now well known that the general course of the Niger, that is, Park's Joliba or Quorra, is full *six* degrees and a half to the *southward* of nineteen degrees north."

Not to multiply examples, it may be sufficient to aver that the latitudes of Ptolemy are shewn by his advocate to be frequently *wrong*; and that, too, in places of the utmost importance. This, to us simple-minded folk, seems to be a strange way of rescuing an *ANTIEN*T ally "from gross inconsistencies, and placing his geography on the basis of *truth*."

Upon these obvious miscalculations, the General (altering *one* of Ptolemy's latitudes) has constructed a map of Central Africa.

"The Tchad," says Sir R., "I placed at once in its *proper* latitude and longitude, according to Denham and Clapperton, in order to see what would become of it amidst Ptolemy's geographical conditions and dicta; for, as we are sure about the existence and actual *site* of the Tchad, I wished to put Ptolemy to this *experimentum crucis*, and he has stood it well."—P. 45.

We are somewhat sceptical as to the "actual *site* of the Tchad." We have our reasons for supposing that the geographical computations of, at least, one of the modern discoverers are not to be implicitly relied on. Nor are the published narratives of Clapperton and Denham by any means calculated to remove our suspicions.

In the joint publication of Majors Denham and Clapperton, the following editorial note, by Mr. Barrow, appears on a passage in Clapperton's text, relative to a statement of the captain descriptive of a night's frost in Central Africa:—

"It is much to be regretted, that the state of the thermometer was not noticed, more particularly as a question has arisen as to the correctness of this statement, which is however repeated by Doctor Oudney (Clapperton's colleague) almost in the same words."

It is, we say, much more to be regretted that a register of all astronomical observations made on the mission had not been regularly kept by these intrepid travellers. It is true that Clapperton* sometimes speaks of such and such a latitude having been obtained by means of a "meridional altitude," and has, once or twice, even gone into the minutiae to mention "the sun's lower limb:" but as to the *means* by which the longitude of the various places visited in these inland regions has been ascertained, the captain, or rather his editor, is somewhat silent; and, after parting from Clapperton, the major, on the same subject, is totally mute. How their map has been constructed, and the latitudes and longitudes ascertained of those districts, which had only been *explored* by Major D., we are at a loss to conjecture. In inland countries, to be correct in geographical computations, it is essential that the discoverer be not only a good astronomer, but a first-rate mathematician. Unfortunately for science, Major D. was neither; and, as for Clapperton, though in this respect, the most competent person of the party, he was, at most, no more than an ordinary navigator.

With reference to the single alteration made by the General in the

* In the narrative published jointly with that of Denham.—P. 7.

latitude of Ptolemy* (a difference amounting to only six hundred geographical miles), he says, that "it will receive countenance and perhaps justification from Park's averment, that, 'in that quarter he was told a stream arose, which ran from the south into the Niger.'"—P. 85.

Speaking of the Kong and Mandara Mountains, Sir Rufane says, that "a question has been raised as to the continuity or non-continuity of this central range; but his own opinion is, that this range is continuous, and that it has no opening any where by which a river could pass; nor does he think that any river would ever wear through the immense and elevated mass of granite which, we now know, forms the base of this grand range. That this base," adds Sir R., "is composed of granite, we have the most unequivocal testimonies of Captain Clapperton, when he crossed its western end at the dip in the Kong mountains, and of Major Denham, when he went to the Mandara range, which is at the eastern end."—P. 112.

In our researches upon this subject, we have not been so fortunate as to light upon the "unequivocal testimonies" of these travellers. It is true that mountains, at several hundred miles apart, were at different intervals of time crossed by Clapperton and Denham: but how the intermediate space is known to be continuous, or "the immense and elevated mass of granite which forms the base of this grand range," has been traced through so many degrees of longitude, our author can best explain. Indeed, the General's argument may be here answered, in the same way that Grey Jackson (one of Sir R.'s most revered authorities) replies to Park on a similar question:—

"Mr. Park's annotator may say, that the fact of this stream running to the west towards Wangara cannot be admitted, because Mr. Brown did not ascertain that this was an *uninterrupted* ridge; the river might therefore pass through some chasm *similar to that which I have seen in crossing the Atlas mountains*; or through some intermediate plain."—P. 445, *Account of Timbucto and Housa*, edited by Grey Jackson, Esq., 1820.

And so we say that, until "this central range" has been thoroughly explored, and is proved to be one continuous "uninterrupted ridge" of granite at its base, we shall neither reject as impossible nor improbable that a terminating branch of the Niger takes not a *southern* direction into the Atlantic.

After disputing with great reluctance the theories of D'Anville and Major Rennell, touching the subject in question, our author says—

"In regard to Major Rennell's Map, published in 1798, to show the progress of discovery in North Africa, I have to point out one very great error in it, similar to those I have pointed out in D'Anville's Map, namely, that one of the places which is inserted in it with Ptolemy's name attached, is *not* put down in the longitude prescribed by Ptolemy.

"We are to keep in mind that Major Rennell's first meridian is drawn through Greenwich.

* Speaking of his alteration of this latitude of Ptolemy, the General says, "But this latitude must be wrong, for, any source of the Ni-Geir in 17° N., so far from being a *southern* source of that river, would be several degrees to the *northward* of its whole general course,—and, indeed 17° N. is within the limits of the great desert; I am constrained therefore to suppose, that the transcriber of some MS. must have mistaken some splash of a pen which had fallen before the Greek numeral ζ', or 7, for the Greek numeral ι or 10, and, that in copying, instead of writing, as he ought to have done, the ζιαις to be ζ' or 7, he wrote ιζ' or 17."

Ptolemy lays down the Libyan Lake in 35° E.

This, deducting 25 degrees, to reduce it from Ptolemy's longitude, would place the lake in longitude east of Greenwich 10°.

But Major Rennell has placed it east of Greenwich in 22°.

differing from Ptolemy no less than twelve degrees: and, if we suppose Ptolemy's longitude drawn through Ferro, differing from him five degrees. In my map, in which I have most scrupulously adhered to Ptolemy, the Libyan lake is 13 degrees of longitude from the Geir—whereas Major Rennell in his map makes it only 6 degrees—giving a relative difference of 7 degrees.

“Major Rennell lays down the Chelonidæ in 24° N. latitude, but Ptolemy says they are in 20° N. In short, here, as in other maps, Ptolemy is made to bend to the map, instead of the map being made strictly after Ptolemy, whose name however is attached to these errors.”

So far the detection of the foregoing errors by the Lieutenant-General is highly creditable to his laborious researches—literary and geographical. But in a previous part of our author's dissertation (throughout which no opportunity is neglected to indicate the great mistake into which *all* Ptolemy's map-makers have fallen, in making Ferro his *first* meridian), he tells us that “Lake Dumboo,” which, by most authorities, is admitted to be one and the same with Ptolemy's Chelonidæ,† “is laid down in the map generally, in longitude 22 deg. east of Greenwich—a discrepancy,” Sir Rufane adds, “by no means sufficiently great to destroy the identity of Ptolemy's two lakes of Chelonidæ.”

Now, if by mistaking his first meridian, *all* Ptolemy's map-makers are, by the Lieut.-General's discovery seven degrees in error, a corresponding difference throughout every Ptolemæan map surely should exist; and, therefore, this discrepancy which our author thinks too inconsiderable to destroy the identity of Ptolemy's lakes, ought, to be in keeping with Sir R.'s reckoning, to differ *five* degrees instead of *two*. But it has been well observed, that when once the mind is intoxicated with a theory, it eagerly grasps at every shadow of evidence which seems to favour it, and is frequently the first dupe to the system it has created.

On the subject of auricular evidence, Sir Rufane thus interrogates the reader:—

“Is not the greater part of the information we have relative to Africa ‘hearsay evidence?’—from the time of Herodotus, who gave hearsay evidence from King Etearchus, and so many others; from the time of Pliny, who took hearsay evidence from King Juba's accounts, down to Park, Denham, and Clapperton, who have given us a great deal of hearsay evidence for what they relate?”

Coming, as this interrogation does, from our intelligent author, we cannot but express our surprise, that when it suits his purpose to support his hypothesis, he lends so credulous an ear to auricular evidence. Indeed, the ocular testimony of both ancient and modern discoverers, is quite overbalanced by the hearsay evidence, collected by recent travellers. Clapperton was led astray, and grossly deceived by Bello—Laing was suspected to be a spy, and treacherously murdered. Lander, when, as he imagined, (and which we do not think to be altogether improbable) he was on the right road to trace into the Atlantic a termin-

* Sir Rufane observes, that “the plural used by Ptolemy, referred perhaps rather to the *tortoises* which frequented the Lake, than to the *Lakes*, or *Lake* itself—for there is but one.”—P. 55.

ating branch of the Niger, was arrested in his progress by two horsemen, who were especially despatched after him to prevent him pursuing the route he had so confidently taken. In a word, it is manifestly the policy of all African princes, (if to semi-savages may be applied the royal appellation) to conceal every source of information connected with the solution of this problem. Nothing can remove their natural suspicions, that the periodical visits of the English to the interior of this vast continent, are preparatory to the accomplishment of an object, which they imagine we have in view, namely, to over-run their territories, as we have already done those of the East Indians.

Our limits, for we are really confined to a very short space, preclude the possibility of our entering as fully into our author's work as we could have wished. We have perused it with great attention; but, with the highest respect for the talents and erudition of the Lieut.-General, (for it falls to the lot of few military men to bring so much learning to bear upon the question,) we are compelled to confess, that what with digressive disquisitions on the Greek grammar, appalling prophecies,* and complimentary episodes to the press, and to the political premier of the day, we could hardly keep up with, even, the "rear" of the General's reasoning, or follow him in his march of mystery.

To satisfy the curiosity of our readers as to the light thrown on the question by the learned writer, we extract his own summary of what has resulted from a pursuit of his hypothesis:—

* "In the same way shall perish the Nile of Egypt and its valley! its pyramids, its temples, and its cities! The Delta shall become a plashy quicksand—a second Syrtis! and the Nile shall cease to exist from the Lower Cataract downwards, for this is about the measure or height of the giant principle of destruction already treading on the Egyptian valley, and who is advancing from the Libyan Desert; backed by other deserts whose names and numbers we do not even know, but which we have endeavoured to class under the ill-defined denomination of Sahara—advancing, I repeat, to the annihilation of Egypt, with all her glories, with the silence, but with the certainty too, of all-devouring time!

"There is something quite appalling in the bare contemplation of this inexorable onward march of wholesale death to kingdoms, to mighty rivers, and to nations; the more so, when we reflect that the destruction must, from its nature, be not only complete, but *eternal*, on the spot on which it falls!

"We have, however, in these our days, a broad and inextinguishable flood of light, breaking in on this death-like gloom. The genius of expiring Egypt may point to the *Press*, and say, 'Non omnis moriar;' for, until some *universal* and complete change shall take place in this globe, the records of Egypt and her glories shall be preserved, shall be embalmed, by a far more durable art than any the Egyptians ever possessed—the Art of Printing. That giver of immortality, (as far as such a word can apply to any thing connected with man on this side of the grave,) the Press, has produced, in almost countless forms and languages, from Labrador to Cape Horn, from Lapland to New Zealand, all that ancient and often solitary manuscripts, perishable in their nature, and trembling, as it were, under their trusts, have brought down to us of the renowned land of the Pharaohs; while modern accounts, multiplied almost without end, will convey to the remotest posterity in the completest, the minutest, and the most graphic manner, a knowledge of what Egypt now is and has been for several centuries past. The glory of him who, pointing to the Pyramids, told his victorious bands, 'to recollect that from their summits forty centuries were looking down on them,' shall also descend to imperishable renown in the narratives of all late and of all future writers of the history of modern Egypt; but this glory will now go down dimmed, eclipsed by the brighter star of Wellington; and thus, when all that we now admire and venerate in that classic country shall be irretrievably obliterated by the tremendous footstep of a destroying principle, the name of the great conqueror at the Pyramids shall survive those Pyramids themselves, by the instrumentality of the frail, though infinitely reproducible material on which this record of his glory is now here traced; but the same art which gives immortality to the only once defeated Napoleon, will confer it as imperishably on his great, and always successful conqueror at Waterloo!"

"I hope that, if my hypothesis as to the final disposal of the Niger be sound, I shall have restored to it the 'unique and peculiar character' the supposed loss of which is here deplored; I think that if I have completed what Ptolemy left incomplete, namely, the connection between his Gier and Ni-Gier—that if I have identified these two great streams after they become one with the Nile of Bornou;—if I have placed and established in the course of my Niger the long-disputed position of Ulil—if I have then traced the same Niger travelling for hundreds of miles under the Libyan sands—if I have for a moment disinterred as it were to the mind's eye, the cities, and towns, and people which once probably animated its banks; and if I have laid bare to the imagination, for an instant, the now buried vallies which once smiled on its course; if I have finally shown the 'unique and peculiar' Niger to be the cause of the long-renowned and fatal Syrtis;—I think that if I have been successful in doing these, or some of these things, the Niger will not have suffered in my hands."

As the Lieut.-General has probably overlooked a passage, which, from its conditional nature, ought not to have been omitted, we here extract it for the benefit of the reader.

"If we take four or five degrees" (merely 240 or 300 geographical miles) "off from Ptolemy's evidently wrong latitude as given to Mount Usargola, and bring down that mountain and its northern source of the Niger to where it ought to be," (of course when a "mountain is in labour," it is proof positive that it has been where it ought not to have been) "and then take the eastern source now mentioned, and draw the two streams in the map towards a common point in the Niger, we shall find they will speedily coincide, and turn out to be what I have no doubt they were."—p. 84.

In the foregoing summary, the great prevalence of the "ifs" almost nullifies the conclusion. As the lawyers might say, we do not think the "learned General has made out his case." In such inquiries as the present, mere *belief* is of little avail. A popular flag officer in the service, was wont to say to his lieutenants, when, in their endeavours to distinguish a distant signal, they would state—"We think it such or such a number,"—"I want no thought in matters of sight; I could think with my eyes shut?"

But if we doubt our own theories, we should be still more cautious in placing dependence on what we are told by the natives. What, for example, ought we to think of the information received from individuals who would gravely state, and perhaps believe, the following preposterous tradition to be fact:—

"Sheikh Hamed's grandfather talked of the immense extent of the Tchad formerly to the eastward; but said, that it dried up *miraculously*, after the killing of a certain 'holy man in the neighbourhood.'"

Speaking of the Gulf of Sydra, the ancient Syrtis—in which, by our author's theory, the Niger is lost—Sir R. says, "I have no doubt but that, in very remote ages, the united Niger and Geir, that is the Nile of Bournou, did roll into the sea, in all the magnificence of a mighty stream, forming a grand æstuary or harbour, where now the quicksand is."—p. 64.

"It is a somewhat odd circumstance," says a writer in the Edinburgh Review, on Captain Beechy's published account of the Greater Syrtis, "that though quicksands have been uniformly described as characterising the Syrtis, and the very names have become synonymous, *there should not have been found, along the whole coast, such a thing as a quicksand.* All the general features of the coast seem unaltered; and it would surely have

been strange, if so remarkable a feature had existed, that it should not have left a single trace behind it."—p. 226, *Edin. Review*, No. xcv.

In conclusion, we have only to add, that though we are by no means satisfied with the General's deductions—inasmuch as no man living can be positive that Sir R. is not reasoning altogether from false premises; we nevertheless think highly of his work as a literary production. His treatise on the Digamma of the Greek, would alone entitle it to the earnest attention of the literati of Europe.

THEATRICAL MATTERS.

THE summer theatres have now the world to themselves: and though Brighton, and Dover, Boulogne, and the Land's End, fascinate our thousands and tens of thousands, with the delights of dear lodgings and cheap salt water, the million are left in their strong hold, London; broiling, but alive, destitute of a cool hour, or a breath to draw, but still vivid enough to sit for three hours in a theatre, and yet come out undissolved.

But we fear the Haymarket, once the favourite of pleasantry and the people, has at present as little of the presence of the one as of the other. The *élite* of the old company have disappeared, and, so far as we can tell, Liston and Farren alone sustain the former honours of the drama. Farren is always clever; but all the world is not made up of old men, and Liston, after a third of the season having been struggled over without him, is engaged only for a "certain number of nights," a declaration ominous to the lovers of farce in its best style. The heroine is Miss F. Kelly, a clever person, but certainly not fit for the whole round of the captivating. Miss Kelly's voice is as formidable a drawback on her tenderness, as Macready's, and we have seen enough of that actor to be not too much delighted with any thing that resembles his eternal mannerism. The usual rapidity of production has not less failed the Haymarket this season, and we have heard of no performance but "*Manceuvring*," an ingenious translation from the French, which is played as the relief from such novelties as "*Speed the Plough*," "*Know your own Mind*," &c.: none of them we believe much more than from fifty to a hundred years of age. To make the matter more disastrously complete, new plans have been adopted with respect to the admission to the theatre, which, without bringing an additional shilling to its funds, will have the effect of alienating a considerable number of its most effective friends. But this kind of prudence is not always the way to profit, as the proprietors of the Haymarket have probably discovered to a pretty large extent, even at this period of the season. Nothing can be more childish than to suppose that free-lists and the usual privileges, which have long become customary civilities to men of literary distinction, are any actual deduction from the emoluments of theatres—quite the contrary. Those individuals, perhaps, do not enter a theatre half a dozen nights in a season, but their opinion has a weight in their various circles well worth ten times such privilege; and though it would be perfectly idle and offensive to presume that they can care about such attentions, yet their interest in the prosperity of an establishment is not likely to be made much more ardent by finding a system of pettiness and alienation the order of the day.

The English Opera-House has offered a striking contrast, in every sense of the word, to its former rival. A liberal and intelligent management, a capital company, and a rapid succession of performances, have produced their natural consequence,—a very remarkable popularity. The chief novelty of the season has been an opera by Ries, a distinguished pianoforte player, who was in this country a few years since, and having gleaned his portion of that golden crop, which springs in England for all *artistes*, from Peter Paul Rubens down to Punch, withdrew to enjoy life and cultivate his abilities

on the banks of the lordly Rhine. The plot of the opera, which is entitled, "The Robber's Bride," is of the serious kind. The *Count of Viterbo* has retired from court in disgust; in his retirement he nurtures mutiny and commences a political correspondence, which falls into the hands of an enemy, and is by him given to government. The *Count* has a daughter, charming, young, and fastidious, who has increased the list of her father's enemies, by involuntarily making a lover of a man of abandoned character, subsequently become a leader of banditti. The lover had been contumeliously driven from the *Count's* presence for his presumption in daring to approach the lady *Laura*. But he now returns, makes his terms for the protection of the *Count*, and the hand of his daughter is the proposed price. In the moment of this fatal bargain, the soldiery arrive to seize the *Count*, the commander of the troop is thunderstruck at discovering that the daughter of the rebel is the being with whose captivations he himself had been caught at Palermo. *Laura* is ready to die in despair, at finding herself in this formidable dilemma between the old lover and the new bridegroom. Her oath has been given to marry the bandit; but stage robbers are generally very high-minded persons; the bandit finds himself unable to resist the agony of the lovely *Laura*; his iron nature melts; in the most self-denying style, he absolves her from her oath, and the lovers are made, what all opera lovers ought to be, the happiest of adorers and singers.

There has been for two hundred years such an incessant clamour of complaint raised against the nonentity of opera plots, that we should not wonder if criticism, in its old spirit, should class this plot among the feeble, nor do we know what very effective answer we could make to the charge. But the music is the question; and as nobody expects acting from singers, we see no justice in demanding story from operas. The music exhibits the skill of a master. We have heard no composition richer in the deepest displays of musical science; and we will not hesitate to say that none but a pupil of Beethoven could have produced so stern and solid a proof of scientific labour, nor are we sure, that in any nation but Germany will this labour be appreciated. Ries is said to have bestowed four years study on this opera: we could believe him if he had told us that he had bestowed forty. No composition of our day equals it in the prodigality of science, the mere toil of chromatics and intricacy of the accompaniments. Beethoven might have rejoiced in the completeness of the imitation, for the opera is Beethoven from one end to the other; but the model is faulty and the work is in consequence a failure. There is a signal deficiency of melodies, and without them no opera will be successful in this country, nor in any other. Genius is discovered in melody, science in harmony, and Ries has had the ill luck to discard the infinitely superior characteristic of an opera composer. Miss Betts (*Laura*), Sapio (*the lover*), and Phillips (*the Count*), were the principal support of the piece. A robber's glee, for two tenors and two basses, has the best hope of surviving the general wreck of the opera. The performance was too long, even if the music had been excellent; but it has been reduced since the first night, and the reduction is a palpable improvement. The arrangement of the opera on our stage is by Hawes, who has already superintended the chief popular works at this theatre of late years. But we may ask why, with the whole of the German and Italian stages before him, his collection for the Lyceum is not more varied? There are a hundred operas which have succeeded to high popularity on the continent within the last quarter of a century—why are not these brought out? The work of a composer like Ries, hitherto untried, and without experience of the stage, is at best a perilous undertaking, and we wish the Lyceum too well, to desire to see it repeated.

The "Sister of Charity," a little French melodrama, has been frequently played. The heroine is Miss Kelly, who makes the most of all characters of this class, and whose acting has rendered the piece popular.

The King's Theatre has continued its triumphs. A succession of clever performances have been produced, some *chefs-d'œuvre*, among which

Don Giovanni took the lead, gave peculiar brilliancy to the season, and M. Laporte has established at least the fact, that the public interest in the King's Theatre may be kept up in the blaze of July. His company are certainly superior, as a whole, to any that we remember. He has no Catalani, no sovereign of song, it must be admitted. But since the bright hours of that splendid singer are gone by, he has had the best singers that Europe can supply. Pasta, Sontag, and Milibran, have now no equals; and his Signori are certainly a very able set. Zuchelli, Pellegrini, and Donzelli are highly effective. His ballet alone has been deficient. No dancer of any peculiar merit has figured during the season; and though we may be much charmed with the filial piety of Monsieur Coulon, and his Masaniello, yet since the grand merit in a dancer is to dance, we should not have thought the worse of him for being lighter in the limbs, and a little more graceful in his use of them. One and but one dancer of the whole corps, we should ever desire to see again—a little Italian *sauteuse*, who exhibits no grace whatever, but a vast deal of spirit and activity. She would make a capital *grotesque* dancer, and her style realizes the vividness of her native stage, between which, and the measured and formal dulness of the French dancing, there can be no comparison.

The principal performers of the winter theatres are careering it through the country, and even through Ireland, in spite of Captain Rock. Vestris has returned from a Cossack expedition to Dublin, with 700l. for a dozen nights, a plunder which has notoriously diminished the circulating medium of the metropolis, and will make no small figure among the items of the national bankruptcy. She has returned safely however upon English ground, and is flying through the provinces, raising contributions upon the amateurs to an alarming degree, and has already raised funds that would put any three of her acquaintance into parliament.

Some of the papers, have startled the world by an account of Miss Foote's having been "robbed and murdered on her way to Liverpool." We disbelieved the report at the time, and have had no additional reliance on it since the accounts that Miss Foote is playing in Manchester to applauding and mutually melting audiences. But this is the murder-season with newspapers, and an accident sufficiently tragic is in the hot weather months invaluable. Wallack has returned from America: we suppose to resume the theatrical sceptre from Cooper, who has wielded it with great activity, and yet with great decorum, during his year of delegated sovereignty. His marine propensities are still strong upon Wallack: he rushed instantly to the first shore where he could find a company. Brighton was the fortunate spot, and Russel the fortunate manager; and at Brighton Wallack and a corps de théâtre are preparing to captivate the bathers.

Miss Love has thrown the Nottinghamites into irrecoverable confusion. After "delighting them," as their own Chronicles say, with all her acting, singing, smiles and *beaux yeux* for one night, and raising the expectations of the whole shire to the height of rapture for the second, one of those fatal complaints which are so epidemic among pretty and popular actresses, seized her. She was *indisposed*: the disease baffled the physicians, paralyzed the manager, and outraged the audience. All the fashion and beauty of the stocking weaving world were assembled, but no Miss Love appeared; her illness had become suddenly so overwhelming, that it had carried her off, as rapidly as if she had been attended by four King's physicians, and was entitled to a dozen bulletins a day. The stage was a blank, where all the world expected to have found a prize. The manager was summoned—he resisted long, and the summons was repeated in that tone, which no one could mistake for entreaty. At last he came forward, like the man who drew Priam's curtain at the dead of night, pale and speechless. The reason of the catastrophe was fiercely demanded. Several ladies proposed that a general extermination of the company, manager included, should take place on the spot; and three aldermen of the town fainted, and were carried out in strong hysterics. At length, the manager's (Mr. Manly,) words found their way, and he informed

the audience that Miss Love was seen to go off, not in a hearse from the stage door, nor on the wings of one of her mother Venus's doves, but in a post-chaise and four from the Blackmoor's Head, doubtless, to try the effect of change of air for her head-ache. Next day various reports of the most embarrassing nature were circulated through the town. The disappearance was attempted to be accounted for on the various grounds, that this captivating actress, and affectionate spouse had pined at the distance that intervened between her and Mr. Granby Calcraft, her husband, could endure absence no longer, and in a sudden paroxysm of fondness, had rushed back to him and happiness, in London. Other and conflicting authorities had their opinions too. But the formidable reality visited the manager, in the shape of returning the admission money. Sheridan, who understood professional feelings on this subject in the most acute degree, was in the habit of saying that he could give words to the chagrin of a conqueror, on seeing the fruit of his victories snatched from him; or the miseries of a broken down minister, turned out in the moment when he thought the cabinet at his mercy; or a felon listening to a long winded sermon from the ordinary; or a debtor just fallen into the claws of a dun; but that he never could find words to express the sensibilities of a manager compelled to disgorge money once taken at his doors. "*Fund*," says this experienced ornament of the art of living by one's wits, "*fund* is an excellent word; but *re-fund* is the very worst in the language." The manager, however, honourably made the proposition, which was accepted by a considerable portion of the audience, another performance was substituted, and next day came forth a more formal explanation in the papers. We have not heard that any of the wells in the neighbourhood of Nottingham were dragged, nor that rewards have been offered for any tidings of the fair actress, stolen or strayed, living or dead: we therefore hope the best, and remain in gentle expectation.

The Anglo-Parisian company are again forming their battalions for a French campaign. Abbott, whose management has shown him so perfectly fitted for the task, is recruiting and drilling with all imaginable assiduity. Egerton, Charles Kemble, Miss Smithson, and Mrs. West, are to lead the van, and the Parisians are to be stormed by a rapid succession of heroes and heroines before the year is over. We applaud all these efforts, and wish them every success. Now that the war is over, and the Bourbons have flung Bonaparte's bitterness with his sword into the great deep, there is no reason why we should not be on the best terms with Messieurs les François that we can. They have tried us in fighting, let them now try us in playing; let our pikes and pistols be turned into stage truncheons, and daggers with neither edge nor point; and all our killed and wounded be kings, queens, and lovers.

Miss Mitford is said to be busy on a new tragedy, for the opening of Drury Lane. New comedies are threatened, but we have grown too familiar with threats of this kind to feel any peculiar alarm. The comedies will, of course, degenerate into farces, and the farces into 'translations from the French.' However, we will not admit that the genius of comedy is dead without hope of revival. There are brains enough in England for other things than stockjobbing and steam engines. Even the Peerage does not absorb all the national intellect; and we may see clever things in prose and verse, though Lord Holland and Lord Harborough were no more.

The theatrical companies are undergoing various changes. Drury Lane has bade its farewell to Gattie and Mrs. Davison, Miss E. Tree, and some other performers whom we lament, more or less, and whose places we are by no means certain that the manager will easily supply. Miss E. Tree is an unquestionable loss in all the parts that require youth, acuteness of conception, and are not the worse for a handsome face. She may take with her the consolation of being by much the prettiest actress in face and figure of her time, and while characters fit for her period of life are supplied to her, she will be one of the most pleasing. The enormous size of the winter theatres is injurious to delicacy of feature, and sweetness of voice: the one is lost in the distance, and the other is forced into violence, by the space which it labours to

fill. But in the Haymarket, or in any other theatre of no more unnatural dimensions, Miss E. Tree must find her powers completely at home, and her popularity completely secure.

Fawcett, it is said, is about to quit Covent Garden, and even quit the stage. Why he should do either we are not acquainted. If he have felt the toils of government too much for him, he has only to give up the sceptre. But he is still as good an actor as he ever was; he is better than any one in his own line, and rough as he is, Fawcett would be a loss.

The condition of both the great theatres during the last season, has been disastrous enough. At the meeting for the annual report to the creditors of Drury Lane, a remission of 1,800*l.* was made to the manager on the ground of ill luck. The improvident bargain by which he was to stand the damages for Farren's retreat from Covent Garden might have had its effect. But the manager protested against the surmise, and contended that the true evil was in the contempt of all theatrical privileges exhibited by the minor theatres, in playing whatever they liked, in taking away popular plays and performers, and in exhibiting them at rates which beggar the principal theatres. We do not agree with the manager in all this, for we hate monopoly, and are fully satisfied that the winter theatres would not lose their audiences, if they deserved to keep them. But what have those theatres produced during the year? Nothing. Has there been any one new performance worth the bills that placarded it, except such as were taken wholesale from the French, and which, in all fairness, every minor theatre had as good a right to take as they. Has there been a single original work of any value? Not one. And the reason is plain. The means by which men of a higher order than the mere workmen of theatrical writing can be attracted, are *not* used. The productiveness of theatrical writing keeps no equality with that of every other species of popular literature. What writer, who can obtain from 500*l.* to 1,000*l.* by a novel, will run the risks that attach to all theatrical writing; for the paltry sums, the slowly paid sums, or the sums liable to a hundred miserable drawbacks, if paid at all, that the present management of theatre look upon as prodigious liberality? We by no means desire to see those men plunging into rash expense. But we will tell them that they plunge into more than the expense of authorship, and in a much worse way. They give a couple of thousand pounds for some affair of tinsel and trombones, some Easter foolery, which does not repay them five shillings per cent. Let them offer one of those thousands for the best comedy that will be presented to them during the next six months; and the results will set them to rights, as to the idleness of supposing that dramatic ability is dead in England. They will probably receive a vast quantity of dullness; but they will find that there is applicable and vigorous ability in the land. But what man of popular powers will devote himself to stage writing without feeling that it is placed by the public on an equal rank with any other department of literature, and that its emoluments justify him in devoting himself to it? It is difficult, unquestionably the most difficult, of all kinds of writing. A good comedy exercises the understanding in an overwhelming degree, and the old difficulties are increased by the undoubted increase in public refinement, the decay of the love of caricature, and the departure of all external distinctions of professional and public life. It requires a happiness of language, a dexterity of wit, and a knowledge of the odd currents and eccentricities of human thought, which not one man in a million ever possesses. The produce being rare, the emolument ought to be high.

A great tragedy has been in every age acknowledged to be the first and most brilliant labour of poetic genius. The famous tragedians of Greece were but three, and those are the brightest stars to this hour in the constellation of Greek glory. The age of Louis XIV. is forgotten in the age of Corneille and Racine. The crowning splendour of the age of Elizabeth is the name of Shakspeare. And shall it be thought that the powers which may be gifted to raise the future tragedy of England to the height of this immortal rivalry, are to be awoke by the paltry compact which degrades alike the giver and

the receiver? Till this is altogether reformed, managers must expect to struggle on with a pittance of translations and adaptations, and to have every year of their lives to complain of the plunder of minor theatres, and the defalcation of popularity and revenue.

Covent Garden seems to be suffering still more deeply, or, at least, its acknowledgments are more open. A meeting of creditors was lately called, at which a resolution was come to of empowering a committee to let the theatre to the best bidder. Chancery has precipitated the results of mismanagement. Harris and Const, against Kemble, Willet, and Forbes, have figured too long in the courts not to have fatally pressed upon the establishment. The operation, however, is now ripe, and the theatre will be shortly in the public hands.

The true theatrical gold mine is the Adelphi. Matthews and Yates have there closed a most flourishing season. One so much more flourishing than they had anticipated that they had made their provincial engagements too early, and were forced to close their doors while the audiences were still crowding in. Matthews' final speech is worth recording; but to feel its full pleasantry, his recitation of it should have been heard.

"Ladies and Gentlemen—As this is the last time I shall have honour of addressing you, I request permission to address a few words to you on taking leave. The longest journey must have an end; and the more pleasant our progress on the road has been, the more painful our parting with our fellow travellers. Such are my present feelings, when, after having travelled so long in your company, the time is at length arrived when I must reluctantly bid you farewell. Accept, ladies and gentlemen, for my partner and myself, our grateful thanks; and be assured that it will be amongst the proudest recollections of our lives, that during near forty nights of the same entertainment, we have been honoured not only by full houses, but also by your approbation and applause. If we may be allowed to judge from the cordial smiles with which our labours have been received, we may venture to hope that you will participate in our regret at parting. If this world be, as we are told, a world of trouble and care, how gratified must he be who can, for a few hours at least, banish those demons from the hearts of his friends; and, believing as we do, that we have the happy means of accomplishing so desirable an end, we may assert, what few individuals can assert so truly, that we have passed several weeks with unmixed pleasure, for we have seen nothing around us but cheerful friends and happy faces, and it is as gratifying to reflect that our own modesty has brought us to so sudden a conclusion of our pleasures. Perhaps you will smile at the word *modesty*, and doubt its being an attribute of a public performer; but I may truly venture to assert that a want of confidence in our own attraction, rather than any doubt of the steadiness of your kind patronage to us, has brought us to an untimely end—(laughter)—or rather a premature close. But be it as it may, we had formed country engagements, which we are compelled to fulfil; and we have discovered too late that, through your unbounded and almost unlooked-for patronage, we most decidedly might have continued to open our doors, and remain "At Home" during the whole of the summer. As it is, we can only lament that we must part, in the pleasing hope of meeting again for our regular season in October, till when, ladies and gentlemen, we most respectfully bid you farewell."

These amusing partners then set off for Portsmouth, where all the world are on the "*qui vive*" for their pleasantries, where they will cheer the nautical stupidities of the yacht club, battle the moroseness of the methodists, and make the solitudes of a seaport in peace echo the festivities that have extracted the shillings of the thousands and ten thousands of London. From the shore those travelling Adelphi take to the sea, and from the sea emerge at Calais, and thence proceed to Paris. Reports extend their tour to St. Petersburg, from which nothing will be more natural than a run in sledges to Tobolski; and when Siberia has rendered up its dollars, a turn down to the South will bring them into Wallachia, across the Balkan, resting for a night or two, and giving an "*At Home*" in Shumla; then making a single stage of it across to Adrianople, a week in Constantinople will convert the sultan and the ladies of

the Seraglio to the pre-eminence of British merriment ; and from the sea of Marmora, nothing will be simpler than to step into the steam boat, touching at Gibraltar for a night, and leaving their cards for Don Miguel at Lisbon on their way home.

The last intelligence of the theatrical world is, that Sontag is *not* Countess *Clam*, the singer having altered her ideas as to the title, which her Oxford correspondent told her meant in Latin something of privacy. Nor is she Lady *Clanwilliam*, nor the Marchioness of Hertford. The only approach, we are told, that she will now suffer to discovery, is the "enigmatical declaration" that she is privately married, (very privately indeed, we should suppose) to "a prince of her own country, residing in London, a very poor man, but very proud ; very much shocked at the idea of his being allied in matrimony to a singer, but very much pleased with her salary." This may be called an enigma by those who are fond of puzzling themselves, but to our apprehension, as Lord Hutton says, "Stop my vitals, it is as plain a description of a plain person as any plain gentleman in England would desire."

NOTES OF THE MONTH ON AFFAIRS IN GENERAL.

THE Turk and the Russian are still tearing each other in pieces ; and whether the bear or the tiger rips up the flank, is the grand question of our politicians. The Vizier has been beaten among the mountains, in a general affair, on the 11th of June, and the Russians laid hold on his cannon and baggage in the flight. Man is man after all, and we cannot rejoice in the wretchedness and agonies that follow the triumphs of the bullet and the bayonet ; but if war must be somewhere or other, let it be, we say, between Russians and Turks. If slaughter were to sweep away the generations of both for a century to come, probably not one human being worth saving would be extinguished. Neither science nor arts—neither philosophy nor freedom, would lose a single champion ; and the only difference would be, that instead of plains covered with sullen and furious barbarians, we should have plains covered with sheep and horses, that might be turned into some use to the world, and that certainly would not go to war with each other, nor any body else. The character of the Russ differs from that of the Turk in little more than in the quality of his barbarism. The Turk loves blood ;—the Russ loves craft ;—the Turk takes at once to the dagger ;—the Russ begins by the snare ; but when the matter presses, he will use the steel as readily as any Turk on earth. The ferocity of the Turk flourishes in the streets, in his own house, in the seraglio—every where that he has a victim within his reach, and that it pleases him to destroy that victim. The Russ knows something more of the law, and is by no means so domestic a cut-throat ; but his mercy in the field or in the stormed city, is massacre.

There are rumours of peace ; and if the battle bring it to bear, then we rejoice that the Vizier has taken to his heels ; that his squares were turned into circles, and his kettles, the only rational point of honour that war ever exhibited, are boiling buffalo hides, and stewing pack-saddles for the dinners of the Russian staff. But if Sultan Mahmood shall think fit to fight it out, the youngest born of our cabinet politicians may have all the sagacity that at least another half century can give him, before he sees the Emperor Nicholas within a hundred miles of the city of the Crescent.

Earthquakes have been lately practising upon the sensibilities of the people of Jamaica. One of the newspapers imputes them to Lord

Belmore's having a fit of the gout, which disabled his lordship from attending to them with due vigilance. Government is, undoubtedly, responsible in all cases of the hazard of life or limb, and we must expect that the home secretary will not suffer the negligence of the colonial secretary, in appointing a gouty governor to an earthquake island, to be his example. Unluckily the thing has been too often done to allow of an impeachment, and the subsequent decapitation; otherwise we should call public attention to the fact that Ireland, as shattered and crazy a spot as any crust of a volcano in the Atlantic, has had a succession of remarkably gouty governors within the last dozen years. His grace of Northumberland has a twinge every month, that would shut up his soul and body in flannel, though Ireland were in one convulsion, from Carrickfergus to Cape Clear, as that learned and moderate person, Dr. Doyle, says. We have a good deal of gout at home, and in high places too. Yet we have no treasonable feelings, when we aver that we cordially wish GOUT to be abolished, as an appurtenance of office, both at home and abroad. In our travels, we learned to abhor the very name. Wherever anything was to be required of a British ambassador, which the ambassador was too lazy, or too insolent, or too fiddling, or too flirting to do, he had instantly a severe fit of the gout. The envoys followed the model. There were days when it was impossible to have so much as a passport signed by one of those foot-bound functionaries; the clerks and porters were actually beginning to discover the convenience of the disease, and nothing less than a handsome *douceur* could effect their recovery.

The Thames Tunnel has always appeared to us a project so worthy of British intelligence and enterprise, and holding out a rational promise of such extensive advantages, not merely to England but to Europe, that we have advocated it from the beginning, even under all its difficulties. It has all along appeared to us in the light of a great national effort to add to the command of man over nature, and we should have considered its abandonment by the country, as not merely the failure of an ingenious scheme of individual profit, but as a loss of public honour. We are, therefore, glad to see that the general interest in it exists still; that it is visited by great numbers, and that exertions are still made in the higher quarters to perfect this most admirable and daring labour of British science.

A meeting was lately held to take into consideration the feasibility of a new proposal for completing the excavation, and a report has been published. Mr. Vignoles, a civil engineer, has offered to dig the tunnel to the opposite bank, at a sum not exceeding 250*l.* a yard, to advance 5,000*l.* of work, and give security for the general performance, by a bond for 10,000*l.*, and a reserve of ten per cent from all payments, until the work is completed. If the engineer shall be able to get through the ground, those terms form certainly a very considerable temptation to employ him. Mr. Brunel's estimate is heavy, and we give it as at once a curious engineering document and a warning to those who rush into great works on the first estimate. If we recollect rightly the first estimate for the whole was not quite 300,000*l.* But now after the expenditure of 170,000*l.*, we find that nearly twice as much more will be required.

Mr. Brunel being requested to furnish an estimate of the probable expense of its completion, gave in the following estimate—

Remainder of the tunnel, calculated on the cost of the first half	90,000 <i>l</i> .
Cost of new shield	5,000 <i>l</i> .
Expense of removing the old, and placing the new shield	2,000 <i>l</i> .
Pumping well, and drain from the Wapping shore	6,000 <i>l</i> .
Diving-bell, with a suitable vessel: also additional covering over the bottom of the river to the extent of 300 feet, if it should be required	7,000 <i>l</i> .
Salaries for three years	8,000 <i>l</i> .
Shaft at Wapping	7,000 <i>l</i> .
The descents	60,000 <i>l</i> .
Purchase of premises at Wapping	15,000 <i>l</i> .
	<hr/>
	200,000 <i>l</i> .

It was considered, however, that it would not be safe to take the calculation at less than 300,000*l*. The calculation of income that had been made, out of which the principal and interest were to be repaid, was 15,000*l*.; and supposing that government were to lend 300,000*l*. at four per cent, that would take 12,000*l*. a-year to pay the interest, leaving only about 3,000*l*. a-year as a sinking fund, to pay off the principal, and until that was done, the proprietors could not expect to receive a penny principal or interest of 170,000*l*. they had paid.

Of Mr. Brunel's ability there is no doubt on the mind of the directors: But the calculation is clearly against him. If 15,000*l*. a-year is to be the whole revenue of the tunnel, the loss must be serious; and experience tells public bodies, that to estimate their profits at one half of the projector's calculation, and their expenses at twice the amount, is in general a fair approximation to the truth. Yet we cannot but think 15,000*l*. a-year much below the income that the tunnel, in the course of a very few years, would produce. Its situation is in the centre of the most active communication of the metropolis, and the most populous and opulent counties; at one end receiving the commerce of the whole of the docks, East Indian, West, London, and all the canals trending into them, and at the other conveying the goods, provisions, cattle, &c., of Kent, into the city. But it is not merely to the present state of the intercourse that we should look. Wherever there is such a communication, there will soon be a town; the beggarly buildings that now stand in the Deptford end of the tunnel, will soon be forced to give way to spacious streets, warehouses, and the other contrivances and conveniences of a great mart. We shall have canals cut up to the mouth of the tunnel; and if the noble project of the Portsmouth canal, a project which would add to the security and rapidity of our Channel trade, to the value of ten times the largest sum that it could cost, should be effected, the communication from the coast would pass through the tunnel. The tolls of Waterloo Bridge are said to be not less than 12,000*l*. a-year; we should conceive that the traffic and passage through the tunnel would be, at least, four or five times as much, and that the revenue might reach nearer 50,000*l*. than 15,000*l*. But we hope that Mr. Vignoles will sufficiently consider the lives of his workmen, to commence his operations on the Essex side. The excavation is already so long, that in case of a sudden burst of the water, it would be almost impos-

sible to avoid loss of life. The workmen would have to run nearly two thousand feet before they could reach a place of safety, and the only wonder is, that when the river broke in last, they were not all drowned. By commencing on the opposite side all danger of this kind will be avoided for some time, and, at the worst, the run will not be more than half the present distance. Mr. Brunel had, evidently, made two grand mistakes, the first was his engaging in the work at all without a thorough examination of the bed of the river, a performance which seems to have been most carelessly and discredibly done by the managers of the diving bell; and next by striking his excavation too high. A dozen feet lower would have made but little difference in the descent, while it might have kept the tunnel within the solid clay, and prevented all the successive failures of the undertaking.

There are half a dozen profound secrets which keep the brains of the curious so happily busy, that we sincerely hope they will never be discovered. What would become of the whole old generation of male blues, one part pamphlet and three parts snuff, if by any misfortune Junius avowed himself? Twaddle would receive a shock in every pump-room and whist-club, &c., through the land; nonsense yet unborn would rue the day, and hundreds of monthly "Conjecturers," "Investigators," "Inquirers," and "Constant Readers," would be lost to the wondering world.

The writer of the "Whole Duty of Man" is one of those salutary secrets;—woe be to the man or woman who shall ever strip it of the charm of obscurity;—may the dust of their own shades be all their portion, and may they be never thought worthy of a place in the Annual Obituary!

The Eikon Basilike, too, has had the honour of raising literary convulsions, scarcely less furious than the struggles of Charles and Old Noll. There have been twenty revivals of the war for the honour of Charles's authorship, and for that of Gauden. The war, "that for a space did fail," during the last quarter of the last century, "has, in our day, trebly thundering swelled the gale;" and Dr. Wordsworth, master of a Cambridge College, has for his own warning, been as soundly cuffed by Mr. Todd, as ever was fat master of a college. Still, though we may be amused by the summary castigation of a round stomach, dignified, and very angry doctor, flagellated in the presence of his own delighted pupils by the cat-o'-nine-tails of a vigorous veteran, we sincerely hope that no body will be merciless enough to the generation of twaddle, to pronounce the doubt at an end. An infinity may be still said on both sides, and we hope will be said for these hundred years to come. Whether Gauden was more a knave, or the poor monarch more the contrary; whether the Bishop told a falsehood, or the King forged; whether the book was written by either of them, or whether it is not a miserably long winded, canting, and dull book, that might have been written by any one dull enough for the purpose, are points which we hope will never be decided, but remain fuel for the fires of controversy, "to the last syllable of recorded time."

In the physical world, some of our secrets are disappearing; and though Captain Parry failed to find out the pole, and we believe, with that worthy navigator, that the world have been dreaming from the beginning, and that there is no pole; and though Captain Ross will go further and

fare worse, yet things are turning up now and then that our most benevolent scepticism cannot resist. The fact, for instance, of building a palace in the shape of a lazaret or bedlam, and the expenditure of half a million of money on it, without producing an insurrection, is no longer a matter of denial. The fact is clear, and we have nothing to do but to cry with the poet, "'tis true 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true." But among other plunders of the imagination, they are going to rob us of the unicorn. For two thousand years and upwards, a short date in the history of human quarrel about nothings, the sages of this world have been doubting and deciding on the existence of this showy creature. Pliny would have sworn to his having all but seen it, and he would have sworn that too, if any one had taken the trouble to ask him. Kircher, and a few of the German naturalists, and black-letter fools—every naturalist and black-letter man being more or less a fool—dug up the question out of the pit of Teutonic dulness, and ever since, every traveller beyond the Needles, has had his theory, which was quite as good as his fact, and his fact, which was quite as good as his theory.

The topic perished in Germany, being stifled under Professor Bopp and Sanscrit, Professor Semler and Scepticism, Professor Jahn and Jacobinism, and the whole vast feather-bed suffocation of Professor Kotzebue and Comedy. But in England it was endeared to us by associations "deep in every truly British heart," as the chairmen of our tavern parties say over their third bottle. We had seen it for ages gallantly climbing the slippery heights of the kingly crown on show boards, carriages, transparencies, theatres, and the new, matchless, hydropuric, or fiery and watery fairy palace of Vauxhall. It met us in every material, from the gilt *confitures* of Bartholemew fair, to the gold plateau of the "table laid for sixty," at St. James's. All the dilettanti were immersed in the great national question of its shape and features. Mr. Barrow, in a journey of exploration, which extended to three miles beyond the Cape, believed that he saw it, but strongly doubted its existence. M. Vaillant never saw it, nor believed that any one ever did, but was as sure of its existence as if it had slept in his bosom, and been unto him as a daughter. Mr. Russel had one, which he milked twice a day, and drove in a curricule to visit the queen of Madagascar. Doctor Lyall is writing a quarto from Madagascar, to deny the statement in toto; admitting, however, that there is a rumour of the being of some nondescript of the kind in the mountains, somewhat between the size of the elephant and the Shetland pony; but that he and we think the subject-matter will turn out asinine. But now a Mr. Ruppell, after a long sojourn in the north-east of Africa, comes at once to cheer and dishearten us by the discovery, that in Kordofan, if any one knows where that is, the unicorn exists; stated to be of the size of a small horse, of the slender make of the gazelle, and furnished with a long, straight, slender horn in the male, which was wanting in the female. According to the statements made by various persons, it inhabits the deserts to the south of Kordofan, is uncommonly fleet, and comes only occasionally to the Koldagi Heive mountains on the borders of Kordofan. This, it must be acknowledged, is a sad falling off from the rival of the lion, that we have honoured so long in the arms of England. But we sincerely hope, that by the next arrival, it will not degenerate into a cow, or worse, a goat. But he tells us, that to our knowledge of the giraffe he has added considerably. He obtained in Nubia and Kordofan five specimens, two of which were males and three

females. He regards the horns as constituting the principal generic character, they being formed by distinct bones, united to the frontal and parietal bones by a very obvious suture, and having throughout the same structure with the other bones. In both sexes one of these abnormal bones is situated on each branch of the coronal suture, and the male possesses an additional one placed more anteriorly, and occupying the middle of the frontal suture. The anomalous position of this appendage furnishes a complete refutation of the theory of Camper with regard to the unicorn, that such an occurrence was contrary to nature, and proves at least the possibility of the existence of such an animal. Professor Camper is an ass, of course; but when are we to expect any thing better from the illustrissimi of the land of sour-kROUT? Give a Doctor Magnus his due allowance of the worst tobacco, and the worst beer in the world, with a ream of half-brown paper, and a Leipsic catalogue to plunder, and he will in three months write any subject dead—smother the plainest truth with an accumulation of absurdity, astonishing, as the work of a creature with but two hands—and prove that the earth is but a huge oyster, in which Germany is the pearl; or that man is only a reclaimed baboon, of which all the wit is centred in Weimar.

The Cork election has terminated in the triumph of Mr. Gerard O'Callaghan. The papists insist, and truly enough, that their defeat was merely the result of want of time to prepare their levies; that the great agitator was too busy with his briefs, the priests with their triumphs, and the populace in general not sufficiently masters of the new doctrine, that a forty-shilling freehold is to all election purposes a ten-pound one. Sir Augustus Warren, too, the rival candidate, never appeared; evidently shrinking from a contest, which, with all the purity of papist zeal, would have involved him in a heavy expense, and in short, with a degree of wisdom, memorable among the annals of Irish politics, leaving their patriotism to be its own reward.

Still the patriots are not without hope of a second trial on the purse and principles of some dupe or other, and a petition is to be presented, charging the new member with being a pork butcher, and, as such, a contractor. If so, he has certainly wasted his eloquence and his whiskey. But the papists, we may rely on it, will have the garrison in time, and not merely in the capital of the ragged South of Ireland, but in every corner of its shores. The true brunt of the election was in the preliminaries. We are no professed warriors, but we are strongly inclined to think that Mr. Gerard O'Callaghan is, in some points, below us in the belligerent scale, if he suffers the "Great Agitator" to have the habit of "agitating" his character in the following style. We give some of the nice touches which this painter of things and persons has laid on the picture. "Gerard Callaghan is an ignorant creature, and his style of speaking is truly ridiculous; his accent is mongrel cur, half Blackpool, and half Cockneyshire. (Loud laughter.) He is the oozing of a butter firkin. It was only in a poisoned and fetid state of society, that such a *thing* could have crept into public notice. It was easy to conceive that it was in a period when society was torn up by the roots that such a creature as Gerard Callaghan, who had stamped with scorn on the grave of his father, and cursed the creed of his mother, could have anticipated the slightest chance of success in his canvas of the electors of an independent and wealthy city. It was only during such

a black and dismal epoch that so contemptible an animal as Mr. Gerard Callaghan could have presumed even to think of success. It was monstrous to suppose that a worm which could have crawled only in the storm, should now be allowed to assume an important air in the calm." This we quote from the account in the papers, of the meeting at the Corn Exchange, Dublin. This we conceive to be as pleasant a specimen of papist opinion as ever was visited on a candidate; and unless Mr. O'Callaghan shall find some method of vindication, we shall vote him one of the most tranquil persons imaginable. But the speech contains public matter as well as private; and to this let the Dictator look. "A Cork Election Committee is to be formed," says Mr. O'Connell, "in Dublin immediately; and this will be the fore-runner of a PERMANENT ELECTION COMMITTEE, for every county, city, and borough in Ireland, which will sit in Dublin, having the use of the Exchange rooms for one year"—or, of course, for two or ten, as the occasion required.

And we are now to be told that Mr. Peel's bill extinguished the Association! we shall next see how it has extinguished the Rent. "Although the collection of the Catholic Rent is illegal," says Mr. O'Connell, "yet the funds for carrying on the present contest *can be easily procured* without violating any law; and the moment a liberal candidate would announce his intention of contesting the election, that moment the *necessary funds would be procured*."

Of course this boon is not the privilege of Cork alone, but would be extended to every election; and we presume that the funds would not come out of Mr. O'Connell's pocket. The name of the Rent is easily cast aside, and the "Election Fund" will do just as well—a fund which, we will tell Mr. Peel, may be, and will be reinforced by the money of every popish state in Europe. Let the Dictator look to the consequences. Somebody or other ventured to say that the "old Rent" ought not to be touched for the purpose. On this Mr. O'Connell pledged himself, once more, that "whenever the funds for the election should be required, they should be forthcoming." (Cheers.) And there can be no doubt that they will be forthcoming, and that, in the course of a few years, the Irish representation will be as much in the hands of popery, as if the whole island were a college of cardinals, and the Pope sat in full conclave in his good city of Dublin. All that the papists want is a little time. When their finance is once arranged, the subsequent steps will be as easy as any other bargain. The member for Sir Masseh Manasseh will, we have no doubt, be horrified at the idea of this parliamentary commerce. But we have already supped too full of this kind of horror to be startled by the advance of the sums which are deemed essential to the grand victory of the faith. This is the day of popish triumph, and why should it not be followed up? We know the moral life and the sublime Christianity of the cabinet; but notwithstanding our homage for them, and our utter disbelief of the stories that they amuse themselves in their gayer hours with telling of each other, we rely upon Mr. O'Connell's pledge that he will establish a permanent meeting in the Irish metropolis, which some will be invidious enough to call a defiance of the grand duke and his law, and some will call an Irish parliament; that he will raise a regular revenue, which will rapidly secure the delicate conscience of every county, city, and borough in Ireland; that a few sessions will have discovered to the minister that he has brought a troublesome levy of orators into the English House, and

that he would be much more at his ease if they were three hundred miles off. Then the first fragments of the "Great Agitator's" dream will be realized: and the dissolution of the Union will be demanded. The realization of the next fragment will follow with the same regularity of cause and effect, and with still more speed. But this we leave to the contemplation of our cabinet, which, lamb-like as it is, we cannot believe to be blind to any one of those consequences.

The rogue who set fire to the temple of Diana knew the nonsense of mankind well. Nothing brings a man so much into the recollections of the world as some excessive scoundrelism. Rowland Stephenson is talked of still with a freshness scarcely tarnished by his being three thousand miles off. He has done more than constitute himself the topic of English conversation—his notoriety has made new conquests across the Atlantic; to Europe he has added America; and enjoys, what the Macedonian wept to enjoy, the possession of all the gossip of a supplementary world. The American papers give us, as the most interesting intelligence from the "ten millions" of what Cobbett calls the most powerful, free, ambitious, cunning, and circumlocutory set of knaves on the face of the earth, a dialogue, something in this strain, between that Ex-patriot, Ex-sheriff Parkins, and the Ex-Banker.

P. You have robbed me and others of £100,000.

S. Pardon me, my dear Sir, I did not rob you, I only converted your money to my own objects.

P. What have you done with my money?

S. Upon my life, all of it that I disposed of was, I have no doubt, laid out to the best advantage.

P. Aye, your own advantage. My money went on pictures, and picnics, villas and shooting boxes, shares in canals, your three buggies, and your four barouches.

S. Never object, my dear ex-sheriff, to a superfluity of coaches; but for them you would not have the happiness of being my creditor. The lottery wheel is not the only wheel that has turned up a prize for you.

P. Poh, there's no arguing with you. You deal in personalities and paper alike: both pushed off with a prodigious deal of impudence, and both of a class that ought to bring you before a jury. Will you go back and be tried for your life?

S. Yes, if you'll bet on my acquittal; I'll bet fifty sovereigns to one against you, and double the odds as often as you like.

P. No; you are too sure of winning. Confound you! why did you rob me? Why did you not *rob somebody else*?

The papers proceed to state that Rowland attracts the most universal interest; and that Lloyd is "quite a favourite!" So much for congeniality!

We feel infinite honour for the spirit of investigation that characterises our country. The newspapers announced that the father of Maria Marten, the wretched profligate who was murdered by Corder, lately paid a visit to the assassin's skeleton which hangs up in the hospital. "Mr. Marten's arrival in the town attracted much curiosity, and he was followed to the hospital by the principal philosophers of the place."

The workmen in digging a conduit in some indescribable part of London, towards Whitechapel, found the remnants of a body. Public curiosity instantly brought the amateurs of the romantic to the spot. It

was ascertained that it was the body of a suicide who had committed burglary and then anticipated the law. Curiosity was now intense. The landlord of an inn immediately purchased the skull, which is announced to be now visible "at the tap of the Fiery Dragon and Ale-barrel." The landlord is *making a rapid fortune*.

The skeleton of the Exeter 'Change elephant has drawn weeping groupes of spectators to the King's Mews. Chuny was never so honoured in his life-time. We fear that his death will be long felt as a stain on national justice. He died for his over eating. Where was our impartiality, when so many aldermen were left alive?

A delightful little work is on the eve of publication, with the captivating title (in itself irresistibly indicative of the writer's knowledge of the public taste)—*LIES OF THE DAY*; under the heads of Windsor lies—Downing-Street lies—St. Stephen's lies—London lies—Westminster lies, &c. We give a few fragments of those fine fabrications.

"Lord Grey has declared himself satisfied with the conduct of the present cabinet in the negociation for his alliance, and he looks upon the Duke of Wellington, in particular, as behaving in the most straightforward, dignified, and unequivocal manner.

"An order has been issued to the Board of Works to fit up Buckingham-palace forthwith for the residence of the Duke of Wellington until the completion of the Piccadilly palace.

"Messrs. Chantry, Wilkie, and Wyattville are to be immediately raised to the baronetage, and the Messrs. Fitzclarence are to be created dukes at the same time.

"Lord Castlereagh's appointment to the Admiralty Board has excited neither surprise nor disgust in the navy: on the contrary, the universal opinion is, that his lordship's tactical knowledge, general intelligence, and mature understanding, will do the highest honour to the influence which has appointed him; and show that under the ducal government votes are never purchased by pensioning incapacity upon the public purse, and that jobs are in fashion no more.

"The tranquillity of Ireland is completely established, and the papists have abandoned all attempts at breaking down what remains of the Constitution. No declaration of abolishing the Union, separating the two countries, or overthrowing the government, will be listened to any longer. The dignity and activity of the British Cabinet have been communicated to the Irish Council-chamber, and 'Catholic emancipation' is acknowledged on all hands to have been the only cure for the six hundred years of Irish quarrel.

"The winter theatres have closed a most prosperous season, which they fully merited by their production of an unexampled variety of able performances, by their utter abjuration of plundered farces, by their zealous inquiry for able authorship, and by their open and liberal conduct towards it when found.

"The efforts of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests to improve the metropolis are every where witnessed with public admiration. The reservoir in the Green-park, cleared at the expense of £13,000, is considered an instance of the wonders that may be done by taste at a trivial expence; its shape, that of a horse trough, suggesting the most classic ideas; and its use, that of a recipient for the superfluous kittens of the neighbourhood, with depth for occasional suicides, being obviously worth ten times the money.

"Sir Thomas Lethbridge is to be raised to the peerage without further delay; the objections to him in certain high quarters being totally removed, to the great regret of his constituents, who naturally lament the loss of an individual so eminent for good sense, urbanity, and political principle.

"Wilkie's style is considered to have exhibited a decided improvement since his tour. Nothing can be more unfounded than the opinion so generally spread, that his present colouring is a compound of treacle and turtle soup, that his Spanish heroines breathe of Billingsgate, and that his Italian designs are to be rivalled only by the wood cuts that blazon Hunt's blacking, and Monsieur Ducrow riding fourteen horses at a time.

"Mr. Peel and Lord Eldon are on the best terms, personal and political. The Home Minister has fully cleared up his character, and has wiped away his stains. Tergiversation is to stick to his name no longer. His friends are to be equally received into popular respect. Mr. Dawson is to be scoffed at no more in Derry or elsewhere. Mr. Brownlow is to be honoured as a man braving public indignation from a sublime sense of duty, and the name of Judas Iscariot is no longer to be fixed on them in bipartite scorn.

"The Duke of Wellington thinks with high respect of Lord Grey's abilities and principles, and is prepared to take him into full partnership of power without loss of time.

"Lord Grey thinks with high respect of the Duke of Wellington as a statesman, applauds his oratory wherever he goes, panegyrises his management of the foreign cabinets, &c.; but feeling a due sense of political obligation, is determined *not* to accept the first offer that is made to him from any party that can give a chance of place.

"The National Gallery is rapidly approaching to perfection. Its pictures are first-rate specimens of the great schools; its late purchases have been made with the most judicious regard to economy, and the intervention of the whole race of picture dealers and jobbers has been vigorously and successfully prohibited. One hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling could not have been laid out more to the honour of national taste and judgment.

"Dr. Philpotts is to be the next bishop. A monument is to be erected to Bishop Lloyd, testifying the sorrow of all honest men for his premature extinction; and Knox, Bishop of Derry, after justifying himself in an able pamphlet against the stigma of voting for the Papists, is about to give five shillings per annum in alms and other charitable purposes, out of his already too narrow income of *twenty thousand pounds* a year!"

What would the world do for pleasantry without *La belle France*? Old La Fayette, the hero of the time, when "*La mort est un sommeil éternel*," was the grand maxim of the "*grande nation*;" La Fayette, who with the best powdered head, the softest smile on his sallow lip, and the most graceful bow in France, took leave of his unhappy king on the memorable evening of the 6th of October, 1792, recommending king, courtiers, and guards to go to sleep, and going to sleep himself!—this perfumed republican has taken into his head that he is to quit this bustling world at last, and nothing will satisfy him but a grave of American clay, brought from Bunker's Hill. We are well aware that nothing is so idle as an attempt to rectify a French journalist upon any point of history.

He has formed "son système," and conviction is labour in vain. But the journalists who worship this servile foolery of the old republican, should learn that Marquis Citizen-General Royalist Republican La Fayette, might have found a grave of American clay long ago, if he had felt so inclined, and that too of Bunker's Hill clay; that the boasted battle was a skirmish, and the supposed British defeat a British success; the hill having been stormed, the entrenchment taken at the point of the bayonet, and the Americans sent to the right-about as fast as their heels could carry them. The loss of life was severe on the British side, for the hill was steep, and, during their efforts to ascend it, the troops were exposed to the enemy's fire without the power of returning it. But they were not to be repelled; they at length reached the entrenchment, and at the first charge the struggle was at an end. The heroic La Fayette should send for a little supplemental earth or water from the Brandywine Creek, where there was a *battle*, and where he certainly made no exception to the general flight of his fellow philosophers.

These remarks we make in no invidious feeling to the Americans. The angry recollections of the war have long died away. Other feelings have followed, and the longer we are at peace with them, the better for us both. But we have an undying scorn for the quacks and La Fayettees, wherever they are to be found. The condemnation of meanness is a tribute to common sense and manly feeling, and the sooner the Citizen Royalist has to make use of his Bunker's-hill barrel, the better!

We have uniformly declared ourselves friendly to every improvement that can take place in the condition of the slaves in the British colonies, and it is for this reason that we have as uniformly resisted the quackeries of pretended philanthropists on the subject. We know that all improvement is hopeless unless the means proposed for it are seconded and sustained by the good will of the planters themselves; and equally knowing that no laws can coerce a man into more than nominal obedience in those matters, we have repelled, as injurious to the cause of negro amelioration, all attempts to hurt the feelings of the planters, by either stigmatizing their motives, or plundering their property. The question is no longer of the slave trade—the question now is, whether the West India islands shall be a source of strength to the British empire in the face of a growing and jealous antagonist, or a source of weakness. Whether the colonists shall be sustained in their rights by the laws which established those rights, or the negroes delivered to their own ferocious violences, and the colonists massacred. If we wanted additional grounds of suspicion in the conduct of those affected philanthropists, we should find it in the character of the individuals. Who are they? Do we find the established clergy, the leading characters of the bar, or other learned professions, or any of the honourable and long-trusted personages of whose righteous zeal, knowledge, and attachment to the constitution in church and state no doubt can be entertained, among the supporters and pleaders of this cause? No. But we find the very same names that for the last twenty years we have found foremost in every vulgar attempt to unhinge the national feeling, the fellow-workers of tavern Hunt and Tower Burdett, the Humes, the Macauleys, the Broughams, the whole race of radical clamourers, who are ready at all seasons, and upon every subject, to make a tumult on public questions. With those are joined a feeble yet busy alliance of females, wandering out of the decorous path of the sex, rambling and itinerating among strangers of all unlucky descriptions, forming committees, taking secre-

taryships upon them, and foolishly and presumptuously imagining themselves into important public personages. How men will suffer their wives and daughters to do these things, we cannot conceive; but the majority of these bustling spinsters are ladies who, having passed the period when domestic ties or the cares of families might fall to their share, have nothing better to employ their leisure than lap-dogs and negro emancipation. A meeting of this heteroclite kind was some time since headed by Mr. Otway Cave: that gentleman has some little arrangements resting on his hands since his last election, and the recovery of his popularity with the Leicester patriots may be no bad policy. He proposed the emancipation of the whole rising generation of negroes. We wish it had occurred to Mr. Otway Cave to make them fit for it, or to ensure the planters that the first results of freedom would not be to run the imminent risk of having their throats cut.

The spirit has now started up in the new shape of a circular, of formidable length and perplexity, from *The Leicester Ladies' Anti-Slavery Society, established in 1826, being a branch of the Birmingham Female Society, for the Relief of the British Negro Slaves!*

The objects of this female branch being—

“To circulate through all classes authentic information of the present wrongs and sufferings of our West Indian slaves; to awaken a lively sense of the guilt and danger of continuing to hold our unoffending fellow creatures in a state of bondage, ‘which outrages every recognised principle of the British Constitution, and of the Christian religion.’

“2d. To extend *present* relief to the aged, sick, deranged, and maimed negroes, who are left by their masters to perish. 30*l.* were sent last year by the Birmingham Society, to the Committee for the relief of the Distressed Negroes in Antigua.

“3d. To strive to promote the formation of *Ladies' Associations* in every part of his Majesty's dominions, to which their influence may extend, for the above purposes, or any other which may tend towards the great object of emancipation.

“4th. To enforce, by example and influence, the resolute rejection of West Indian sugar, and to substitute that which is the genuine produce of free labour.

“Note.—*East* Indian sugar is sold by many of the Leicester grocers—moist 8*d.* and 9*d.*, and loaf at 1*s.* per lb.

“N.B. *East* Indian sugar would be considerably cheaper than *West*, if the duties on both were equal. The duty paid on coming into this country is—

“On *West* Indian sugar, 27*l.* per ton.

“On *East* Indian sugar, 37*l.* per ton.

“There are also higher duties on all *East* Indian articles than on *West* Indian. By six families using *East* Indian instead of *West* Indian sugar, one slave less is required.

“Her leisure and her influence in the domestic department, enable her to be a most efficient auxiliary in discountenancing the production of slave labour, which appears the most certain means of extinguishing slavery, were it once to engage a zealous and extensive co-operation.”

To the “intelligent” the whole of this must seem a mere puff of *East* India sugar. To the sincere among those ladies we must say that they are dupes, innocently assisting a branch society of male radicalism; and perfectly certain to be at no great distance of time undeceived by the awkward discovery, that they have been unconsciously doing their best to forward the designs of a faction as base and venomous as ever abused the confidence of the giddy and enthusiastic, no matter whether in a female committee in Leicester, or at a tavern dinner in the glorious cause of “reform” and Westminster.

The Londoners are not aware that they are on the eve of being starved. This would be a revolution, indeed! The Peels, Eldons, and Wellingtons, the feuds of King's college, and the triumphs of Brougham's college; the marriage of the little Queen of Portugal, with her uncle or her father; the "family jars" of Lord Ellenborough with his friseur or his pretty wife; and the drowning of the Horticultural Society with Secretary Sabine, daffodill in hand, would be all forgotten in this overwhelming calamity. The statement has reached the alarmed corporation in the shape of evidence, that in the course of another twelve months of the Lowtherian system, the corporation system will be no more; that Lord Mayor's day will be a nullity; the world be put on short allowance, and the only beings capable of existence will be those delicate creatures who dance all night at Almack's, and who live all day upon the recollections of a boiled chicken. The fact is, that the "improvements," such is the preposterous abuse of words, are knocking down all the markets with a ten-thousand-man power, as Professor Spurzheim would say. St. James's Market is long since powder of quick lime and dust of bricks; turbot is to be looked for there no more. Westminster Market is as the glories of Baalbec, and even as the ruins of Palmyra, a bewitching relique, but in utter overthrow. There men, and women like men, congregate no longer; the lamb bleats no more in its folds, and the ox is as unknown as the camelopard. Westminster Market is, like the member for Westminster's popularity, down to the ground, irrecoverably down! Another noble mart, interesting not less to the curious in topography, than to the curious in turnips, Carnaby Market, the grand vegetable depot of the whole province bounded by the north of the metropolis, is faded as a flower of the field! Fleet Market is tottering to its fall; the word of fate has gone forth against it;—hath not Alderman Waithman spoken his anathema, and have not the Common Council in their folly responded to his absurdity? Hungerford Market is crushed into non-existence between new protuberances of half baked brick, and old piles of dilapidated stone; and the next six months will see the Antiquarian Society pasturing a committee upon its site, and in the due course of years afterwards giving the learned an accurate report of the number of herrings and watchmen supposed to have been seen at one time lying on its pavements. But it is not to be supposed that this catastrophe has approached unobserved: the friends of fish have at length erected themselves into an attitude of proud resistance to the general system of public spoliation; this, however, they have not done by the more natural or certain mode of tying Lord Lowther, neck and heels, and sending him in the first herring buss to Holland, or *elsewhere*; but by projecting a general reconstruction of the market, of which, in fairness, we give their own statement:—

"The site of the ancient Hungerford Market affords every facility for the supply of all water-borne commodities, particularly fish; whilst its convenient approaches give free access to the public from every quarter.

"Besides the accommodation of a general market, this site will present another popular benefit of great importance. When the old London Bridge shall have been removed, the numerous *steam-boats* which daily arrive and depart from the river will be easily brought to Hungerford wharf; and there (almost in the centre of the metropolis) to land and embark passengers from a jetty to be erected for that purpose; by which means the remote and inconvenient distances, and dangerous embarkation at the Tower and Custom House, will be avoided.

"The circumstance of the Hungerford estate being the *freehold property* of

one individual, and nearly all let to yearly tenants, greatly facilitates the purchase; and the difficulty and uncertain expense of making purchases from several proprietors, and of compensating various possessors and tenants, which in most cases of public improvement have operated so unfavourably, will in this instance be almost wholly avoided.

"Under those considerations, an association has been formed for the purpose of carrying the above objects into effect; and arrangements have been made with the proprietor for the conditional purchase of the whole of the estate of Hungerford Market, extending from the Strand to the river.

"There are two charters by which the market was originally established; but it will be further necessary to obtain an Act of Parliament during the next Session, to authorise the establishment of the company,—to limit the liability of the proprietors to the amount of their respective shares,—and for other necessary purposes.

"Plans and estimates of the whole expenditure for carrying this measure into effect have been prepared and approved; by which it appears, that the sum of 210,000*l.* will be sufficient—and this amount it is proposed to raise in shares of 100*l.* each.

"The Hon. George Agar Ellis, M. P., Alexander Baring, Esq. M. P., and William Courtenay, Esq. Clk. Parl., have accepted the office of Trustees, who, together with a provisional committee, have undertaken to carry forward the necessary measures until the company is so far matured as to justify the calling together a general meeting of subscribers to determine as to its future and permanent government.

"Having thus far explained the nature and purposes of the proposed undertaking, it only remains to observe, that its pretensions are grounded, first, on the great public benefit to be effected; and further, that, as an investment of money, it possesses undeniable security, and is calculated to produce a profitable return."

To this paper is annexed a list of the acting committee, in which we find the highly respectable names of Lords Essex and Clarendon, Messrs. Agar Ellis, Alexander Baring, Courtenay (clerk of the Parliament), Dr. Richards, the Hon. Mr. Bouverie, Hon. W. Ponsonby, Hon. F. Byng, and others. We are still more gratified by seeing to it as secretary, the name of John Britton, the very meritorious and active antiquarian, a man who deserves well of the community in all points, and whose indefatigable activity, good humour, and good sense, have conducted undertakings much more difficult than this to a prosperous conclusion. Once again we congratulate the committee on having Mr. Britton for their secretary.

To the plan itself, or rather its proposed advantages, we see no objection but in point of the steam-boats. If by these are meant the large Margate steamers, never will the smoke of one of them blacken the fair visages of the syrens and nereids of Hungerford Stairs. The committee might as well expect to see one of the pyramids floating under Blackfriar's bridge. But we will allow that all steamers are not necessarily of this enormous size, and that in all probability the chief use of the steam engine on the river will at no great distance be that of a *tug*, certainly its simplest, most powerful, and most comprehensive application. A barge carrying an engine of twenty-horse power will draw a ship that an engine of forty-horse power on board of that ship would scarcely stir; and the tug might draw not merely one, but twenty. The large passage vessels will not be able to get through Blackfriars Bridge; but the conveyance of passengers to those steamers from Hungerford Stairs would be a highly productive work, as in the filth and distance of the Tower from the west part of London, they are nearly inaccessible. Let them go on and prosper.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

c. Locke's Life and Correspondence, by Lord King. 4to. 1829.—Of so eminent a man as Locke—filling so large a space in the literary world as he did and does, and not unconnected with political matters—it is singular how little has ever been known and written. The only account of any authority the world has of him was written by Le Clerc, in his “*Bibliothèque Choïsie*,” and that is as arid and meagre as any thing the annals of biography can furnish—significant of nothing so much as the lack of adequate information in the writer. Le Clerc was a personal friend of Locke; but his friendship commenced late in life, at a period after which every thing relative to him is well known, and every thing which he tells of his early life, except a few bare facts, seems to rest on little authority—and no competent motives are supplied for half he says.

Locke's papers, which were exceedingly voluminous, fell into Lord King's hands by inheritance—his ancestor, the Chancellor King, was a nephew of Locke—and the possession seems to have prompted the present publication, which consists, mainly, of extracts from a Journal kept during a Tour and Residence in France—others from his common-place books—and some from his extensive correspondence—all so arranged as, by the help of a few connecting statements and explanations, to make him, as Lord King happily phrases it, “his own biographer.” The Journal supplies abundant proof of Locke's activity of observation, but nothing, we think, it may be said, of particular importance. Nor in the extracts, which concern his opinions on more weighty matters—government, economy, morals, religion—have we observed, in glancing over the contents, any thing to make a fuss about, which was not worked up afterwards by the author himself, in one place or other, in his printed labours. Some of them, apparently, are the first sketches of what was afterwards matured—interesting, and highly so, as literary history—while others are more full and finished discussions; but, by any person at all familiar with his works, scarcely any thing *fresh* will be recognized. The sentiments are every where old acquaintance, and often the very language is the same. Nor is any, or very little, light let in upon his personal history, or his literary career, or political actions.

He was educated, as is known, at Westminster, and his Master's degree was acquired at Oxford in 1658. At Christ Church he resided as a “Student,” apparently without much interruption, till 1665, when he accompanied Sir William Vane as Secretary of Legation to the court of Brandenburg, on a special mission. His letters, written to his friends, during his residence at Cleves of about three months, are quite

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amusing, from the vigorous struggles he makes to be *funny*! Just peep at a specimen:—

The place where the Elector commonly eats is a large room, into which you enter at the lower end by an ascent of some few steps; just without this is a lobby: as, this evening, I was passing through it into the court, I saw a company of soldiers very close together, and a steam rising from the midst of them. I, as strangers used to be, being a little curious, drew near to these men of mettle, where I found three or four earthen fortifications, wherein were entrenched pease-porridge, and stewed turnips or apples, most valiantly stormed by these men of war. They stood just opposite to the Duke's table, and within view of it; and had the Duke been there at supper, as it was very near his supper-time, I should have thought they had been set there to provoke his appetite by example, and serve, as the cocks have done in some countries before battle, to fight the soldiers into courage; and certainly these soldiers might eat others into stomachs. Here you might have seen the court and camp drawn near together—there a supper preparing with great ceremony—and, just by it, a hearty meal made without stool, trencher, table-cloth, or napkins, and, for aught I could see, without bread, beer, or salt; but I stayed not long, for methought 'twas a dangerous place, and so I left them in the engagement.—*Æt. 34.*

For some reason, quite unknown—for though Locke talks of the matter in his letters, he does not explain—he declined more than one offer of appointment in the diplomatic ‘line,’ and also the acceptance of preferment in the church, and returned quietly again to Oxford, where he seems to have been occupied with the study of medicine. Certainly, as a person esteemed qualified to give medical advice, he was introduced, while at Oxford, the following year, to Lord Shaftesbury, with whom he soon became very closely and permanently connected, and stuck to him, through all that very cunning statesman's changes, with a fidelity or a tenacity, not now perhaps explainable. Versatile, as at least Lord Shaftesbury must be allowed to have been, it surprises, and perhaps shocks the admirer of Locke, whom we all consider as a man of the most inflexible principle—as the very personification of prudence and wisdom—to find in his epitaph on Lord Shaftesbury these grounds of encomium: “*Constantia, fide, vix parem alibi invenias, superiorem certè nullibi.*” But this *might* refer solely to private connexions, and especially to his treatment of Locke himself. To see him, however, described as “*Libertatis civilis propugnator strenuus, indefessus,*” is too much for gravity. Locke never could have been deceived to this extent—he must have known he sat on the trials of the regicides—was one of the Cabal whose infamous aims are notorious, and a persecutor in the affair of

the Popish Plot. The truth must be—Locke at the commencement was flattered by the attentions and the confidence of so conspicuous and so commanding a personage; Shaftesbury became his patron, and, when Chancellor, gave him two appointments of some value; and good feeling, and moreover party-feeling, made him wink at his grosser offences. He, doubtless, also considered it justifiable to conceal the frailties and faults of a patron and a friend; and the reader will recollect, it is quite a modern conviction that truth *ought* to be told even in biography, and that instances are still rare where it has been honestly pursued. It must be difficult too; the fittest writers, apparently—those who know the individual best—are generally the friends, and friends will not, and cannot see with the same eyes as indifferent persons—nor scan closely what a lurking consciousness whispers will not bear scanning.

Locke's "Letter from a Person of Quality," detailing the parliamentary proceedings of 1675, was written at the request, and under the direction of Shaftesbury, and gave so much offence to the Lords—it was ordered by them to be burnt by the common hangman—as to make it expedient for the author to withdraw to the Continent. In 1679, Shaftesbury came again into office, as President of the Council, and Locke, as soon as he found his patron in a state to protect him, returned to England. This, however, was attended with no apparent advantage—Shaftesbury soon broke with the Court, was committed to the Tower, tried for treason, and died in Holland early in 1683; and in the course of the same year, Locke was again an exile in Holland, nor did he return till he came with the Dutch fleet, and landed with William.

Locke's talents and value were now duly appreciated—an embassy to any court in Europe was at his command, but he declined active and above all foreign employment, and confined his public services to the labours of his pen. Though nearly sixty, he had hitherto published nothing but the letter alluded to; but feeling himself now at perfect liberty, he brought out, in quick succession, his *Essay*, which had engaged his best thoughts for years—his *Letters on Toleration* (by the way, he *had* published the first letter, Latinè, in Holland)—his *Essays on Civil Government*—on the *State of the Coin*, &c. In 1696, when his old friend Somers was in office, he was made a Commissioner of the Board of Trade, with a salary of £1000, which, however, he resigned the following year, from the state of his health, and then withdrew to the seat of his friends, the Mashams, at Oates, in Surrey, where his last years were spent in peaceful retirement—engaged still, for he could not be idle, in composing his *Reasonableness of Christianity*, and in defending both that and his other works at great length. He left a *Commentary* on some of St. Paul's

Epistles, ready for publication, at his death, which, of course, first appeared as a posthumous work. He died in 1704, at 72—dates are indispensable in the history of persons connected with political history.

Among the correspondence, now published, are some letters from Newton, one of which, for the sake of Locke's gentlemanly reply, was printed once by Dugald Stewart. In matters of opinion, Newton was narrow and unenlightened, but desirous of being just. He had taken alarm at some of Locke's doctrines, but feeling some remorse for hasty expressions on that and other accounts, he made the following *amende honorable*.

Sir—Being of opinion that you endeavoured to *embroil me with women* (what in the world could he imagine Locke had done?), and by other means, I was so much affected with it, as that, when one told me you were sickly and would not live, I answered, 'Twere better if you were dead. I desire you to forgive me this uncharitableness. For I am now satisfied that what you have done is just; and I beg your pardon for having had thoughts of you for it, and for representing that you struck at the root of morality, in a principle you laid down in your book of ideas, and designed to pursue in another book, and that I took you for a Hobbist. I beg your pardon also for saying or thinking that there was a design to sell me an office, or to embroil me.—I am, &c.

I. NEWTON.

Locke had put his paraphrase of the Corinthians into Newton's hands, to give an opinion upon the unbelieving husband being sanctified by the wife—and had some difficulty in getting either his opinion or the papers again. The following directions, unique in their kind, are given concerning the matter to his cousin, King; he desires to discover the reason of Newton's long silence about them:—

I have several reasons to think him truly my friend, but he is a nice man to deal with, and a little apt to raise in himself suspicions where there is no ground; therefore, when you talk to him of my papers, and of his opinion of them, pray do it with all the tenderness in the world, and discover, if you can, why he kept them so long, and was so silent. But this you must do without asking why he did so, or discovering in the least that you are desirous to know. You will do well to acquaint him that you intend to see me at Whitsuntide, and shall be glad to bring a letter to me from him, or any thing else he will please to send; this perhaps may quicken him, and make him despatch these papers, if he has not done it already. It may a little let you into the freer discourse with him, if you let him know that when you have been here with me, you have seen me busy on them, and the Romans, too, &c. Mr. N. is really a valuable man, &c.; and, therefore, pray manage the whole matter so, as not only to preserve me in his good opinion, but to increase me in it; and be sure to press him to nothing but what he is forward in himself to do.

This is choice!

Adventures of a King's Page. By the Author of Almack's Revisited. 3 vols. 12mo. 1829.—Recollecting the writer's bent, the reader may expect from the title a surfeit of professional loyalty, and enough of it he will find; but the truth is, it is merely a bait to catch gudgeons, and very hungry gudgeons they must be to be so caught now-a-days. One dull sketch of one of the old queen's dull evening parties, at which the hero in his boyhood is present, and you have all that has any thing to do with him in his capacity of "page," or with the "court." To compensate for this, the book is full of other personalities, but for the most part relative to persons whose vices and follies are in every vulgar fellow's mouth, and contribute to the coarse garbage of a Sunday paper. In addition to these interesting topics, the reader will of course look for magnificent fêtes, boudoirs, and drawing-rooms—much learning on cooks and cookery-matters—wines and wine-cellars—the turf and the gaming table, with a touch or two of the Spanish Campaigns, and he will not be disappointed. All these topics, and, on every possible occasion, every member of the royal family, dead and alive, are paraded and twisted into the story, often in a manner, according to our old fashioned notions of good taste, exceedingly offensive—but it suits some, of course, or we should not have so much of it.

The tale itself is one of the commonest construction—we cannot readily recal one, where the whole course of contrivance is so certainly, at every step, anticipatable. A General Beverley, next heir to one of the oldest peerages of the land, and in possession of a splendid fortune, has an only son, who is of too much importance to be trusted out of sight, and is consequently tutored at home, and turns out wayward and wilful. He marries the only daughter of a French house of still greater antiquity and distinction than his own, clandestinely, though nobody would have been better pleased with the match than his parents. This occurred at the commencement of the French Revolution, and to get out of the way of impending danger, the Beverleys remove to Rome, where, in a few weeks, the young man is found murdered, and on examining his papers, his connection with Mademoiselle D'Avrancourt is discovered. The lady is understood to be in the family way, and to save the scion of their son, no time is lost in flying to Paris. Though too late to save the mother, the child is miraculously rescued and identified, marked on the breast with a bloody hand, stamped by the mother's terrors before its birth, at the sight of her father's murder. She herself was guillotined, betrayed by a near relation, for the sake of the estate and title. This ferocious wretch has rushed into the worst horrors of the revolution, and was conspicuous among the most ruffianly of the reign of terror. Here then are laid the foundations

of mystery; and the materials for unraveling it, obviously prepared. The child is brought up by the Beverleys, as the heir of their title and estate, without proofs of legitimate birth; and as to the French property, here is one whose interest it is, no legitimate heir should appear, with villany enough to dare the worst to prevent it.

For a time, however, all goes smoothly. The boy, apparently the grandfather's successor, is educated by the curate of the parish, who has a lovely daughter of young Arthur's own age, and as they grow up, naturally fall in love with each other. Luckily *her* mother had been of the noblesse, and the Beverleys, now Earl and Countess of Roxmere, are liberal, and care not for fortune. They are willing it should be a match; but as the parties are yet young, Arthur prepares to join the army for a campaign or two, and Lady Roxmere adopts Lucy, the parson's daughter, and takes her home. Still, restrained by Lady Roxmere, Arthur has given no pledge—he may change his mind, and it is right, young as he is, he should leave himself at liberty. Suddenly, on the very eve of his departure, he is seized by a party of ruffianly fellows, and carried, in a most tempestuous night, on board a boat, which, after long tossing, is capsized, and he is thrown back upon the shore, apparently lifeless. The source of this seizure was of course the treacherous and blood-thirsty Frenchman.

Recovering, however, the youth now sets out a campaigning, and in his absence folks are busy at home—especially a match-making dame of quality, who has two girls to dispose of, to prevent his marriage with the parson's daughter, and secure the prize for one of her own. She continues to keep up a little interesting correspondence with him, and so successfully, that, on his return, two or three years after, he immediately snaps at the bait. Lord and Lady Roxmere are excessively annoyed, and Lucy of course still more—by the way, she is a very charming girl, and has not been handsomely treated—but luckily, by the greatest chance in the world, a day or two before the intended marriage, at a masquerade, Arthur discovers the bride elect to be engaged with a man of notorious profligacy in an intrigue, which had been carried beyond the common limits of discretion. This discovery of course puts an end to the marriage, and to divert his chagrin, Arthur resolves to return to the peninsula, and, making previously a confidant of the Duke of York, he departs, in spite of all remonstrance on the part of the Roxmeres, who would have had him stay at home and take to Lucy again. But his destiny must be run. In Spain he is taken prisoner, and while with the French army, he comes in contact with his French enemy, who, being in favour and power, readily gets him into his own hands, but instead of killing the youth at once, and thus getting rid of his

fears, he chooses to torture him. He is a very atrocious villain, and must glut his revenge after his own method. He accordingly plunges him into a dungeon, and feeds him on bread and water for three years, when he is finally rescued by the arrival of the Russians.

The commander-in-chief of the Russians, Count W., furnishes the supplies, and Arthur starts for England, where strange news awaits him. Lord Roxmere was dead—the heir at law had established his claim, and was in possession—and the lawyer announced the fact of his illegitimacy. Not sufficiently steeped in horrors, at the same moment he is arrested for ten thousand pounds, for which he had been security for a friend, and clapt up in a sponging-house. He has nothing left but a few poor thousands, which he destined for the recovery of his rights; but his old tutor and Lucy discover his condition, and Lucy, who had been bequeathed precisely the sum by Lady Roxmere, pays the debt, and releases the man to whom, in defiance of his neglect of her, she is still devotedly attached. Instead of throwing himself at her feet, he flies to the continent, after an interview with the queen and the princesses, Mary and Elizabeth, (the latter of whom dispatch an invitation to Lucy, to compliment her on her heroism) enters the Brunswick service, and determines never to return till he proves his legitimacy, and lays his coronet at Lucy's lovely feet. This legitimacy, as the reader will suppose, he does establish—dropping upon the proofs in a most extraordinary manner. All now goes swimmingly, in a flood-tide—he recovers the French property and title—witnesses his old enemy smoking under the branding iron for speculation in office—comes to England—finds the new Lord Roxmere, that very night, shot by somebody in resentment for an act of seduction—takes possession of the English title and estate—and thus, with an English coronet in one hand, and a French one in the other, he throws himself at the feet of Lucy—and, in little more than a year, the guns from the batteries of Beverley announce the christening of a son and heir, which ceremony was performed by the right Rev. H. Delmere, D.D. Bishop of ———, grandfather to the young Viscount ———.

The Alpenstock (the long, iron-spiked pole, in common use in the Alps), or *Sketches of Swiss Scenery and Manners*, by Charles Joseph Latrobe; 1829.—A volume of no inconsiderable size, almost wholly occupied with descriptions of mountain scenery, and of the sensations excited in the bosom of an individual roaming among the scenes and revelling in them, of whom we know only what he tells us—with scarcely a word about the labours of art, and not very many about the habits of man, compared with the mass that concerns the works of

nature—such a book, on the face of it, must be the production of no common spirit to make it tolerable. But the book is not merely tolerable, it is often admirable; and though presenting a succession of scenes, the main features of which are similar, and even the details, from the very infirmity of language, bearing often more resemblance upon paper than in fact, it is rarely, and very rarely, wearisome. Particular spots are exquisitely sketched, though vividness and conspicuousness are not precisely the general characteristics: a kind of haze envelops the prospect often, and reminds the reader occasionally of the vapours and mists that frequently obstructed the observer himself. The tone of sentiment—and he indulges in the expression of it—is full of good feeling and deep feeling. Seldom in them, or in his physical descriptions, is any force employed, which is a guarantee for the faithfulness of the transcript; for had not nature prompted in so long a performance, art and effort would have glared upon the pages. The simplicity and ease which reigns through the whole production throws an interest on the commonest details; for the reader feels the collection is natural and just, and his sympathy insensibly follows.

The writer spent two summers, and part of a third—wintering twice at Neuchâtel—in perambulating on foot, and for the most part alone, and deviating from the common tracks, almost the whole of Switzerland—cutting it, indeed, in all directions—stretching to all its boundaries, save only the extreme east and the edge of the Valteline—and twice crossing the confines of Italy, but driven back in disgust by the troublesomeness of the gens-d'armes: in Switzerland, he was free as air. The book is incomparably, and far beyond all competition, the only one calculated to give a stranger any thing like a conception of these astounding regions; and the mere traveller of the beaten roads will find he knows comparatively little of the country he has traversed.

Such a country is not to be known in any other way than that which the author pursued; but he had youth, health, vigour, and enthusiasm—a rare union of indispensable qualities; and, careless of accommodation, with his alpenstock in his hand, and a wallet at his back, furnished with some invigorating kirschwasser, he was ready to meet rough and smooth with, if not equal unconcern—for he talks occasionally of the trials of temper—at least with a disposition to make light of difficulties that led to what was to him intense enjoyment—to scenes that elicited the most thrilling feelings, and struck him profoundly with a sense of the grand and the beautiful.

We can only give the reader a taste of the writer's quality, in a mutilated extract or two: and those, perhaps, if we looked over the leaves again, would seem to ourselves among the least effective passages of the book.

The panorama from the Niesen is one of the most brilliant and graphic pieces of description we remember to have ever read:—

I cannot hope (says he, remarking upon the description he had given) to communicate to any other bosom, by the mere details of description, the glowing sensations excited by the contemplation of scenes like these. It is possible to give the outlines—to throw the sunshine over them—to separate the broader masses of light and shade—to picture forth the wide expanse of smiling country, stretched like a map beneath, farther and farther, to the dim horizon—the glistening river, and white-walled town—the blue lakes embosomed in hills, and piled-up mountains, overtopped by the vast glaciers;—but to describe the height, the depth, and space of the vast picture—to paint the blending of innumerable colours, and of lights and shadows—to embody in words the spirit and the feeling that rest upon the whole, and to give it its harmony and beauty—that neither the tongue, the pen, nor the pencil can do adequately.

We had worked a passage of some power on the feelings, excited by the last short and tranquil days of autumn;—but this must give way to one of another cast, awakened by Tell's Chapel:—

There is something in the grandeur and magnificence of the scenes which surround you in this classic country, which gently, but irresistibly, opens the heart to a belief in the truth of the page upon which the events which have hallowed them are recorded. Whatever a man may think, and however he may be inclined to question the strength of the evidence upon which the relation of these facts rests, while in his closet, I should think there are but few sufficiently insensible and dogmatical to stand firm, and bar their hearts against the credulity which steals over them, while contemplating the spots themselves. You feel that those deeds and those events are in strict keeping with the scenes around you, and are precisely of the kind you would look for in the history of the country, whose stern and awful features are presented to your eyes. You feel that the air you breathe, the lofty mountain-pastures above you, those gloomy forests, the blue, unfathomable lakes, and the sweet, smiling valleys, which ever and anon peep out from the deep recesses of the mountains, must indeed have nursed and cradled heroes. I own that this feeling was warm within me as our boat touched the rock.

Except in the more remote and unfrequented districts, the author, however, found the people of Switzerland fast departing from their ancient simplicity and independent spirit. The country—wherever the main roads pass—throngs with beggars, tempted obviously by the effects of importunity upon passing travellers. In the Catholic cantons—from a different cause—misery appears in its worst extremes.

Neuchâtel is the only town and district of which he speaks in detail. His winterings there, with his personal activity, gave him abundant opportunities of becoming thoroughly acquainted with its concerns. Even the common political circumstances of these countries are little known; and any thing

coming authentically has novelty as well as value. We quote his account of the actual government:—

The King of Prussia, as Prince of Neuchâtel and Count of Vallengin, has a resident governor at the castle, the nomination of the mayor, and of a resident chaplain. The governor may be a Prussian, at the king's pleasure: the two latter must be natives of the canton. He has not the power of putting any foreigner in office in the country; and, except the presence of his governor, a yearly levy of a certain number of men for military service at Berlin, and a few trifling imposts, there are but few marks of his sovereignty. As a member of the body of confederate cantons, the Neuchâtelois send a representative to the Diet. The weightier processes are determined at general councils, called "*Les Trois Etats*," held periodically at Neuchâtel and Vallengin. The districts into which the open country is divided are governed for the time being by bailiffs, or Chatellans, who decide all trifling causes. The town itself has its Grand and Petit Conseil; the former holding its sittings at the *Hôtel de Ville*, under the presidency of the mayor; and the latter at the castle, under that of the governor. The population of the canton is between fifty and sixty thousand;—one fourth, descendants from refugees or foreigners, settled in the country.

We have no space for the blanchisseuses, and the repasseuses of Neuchâtel—two privileged, or at least quite uncontrollable bodies: the author's account of them is humorous enough.

In his roamings to the head of the Simmenthal, his encounter of a family party will give no unfavourable impression of his descriptive powers in another walk:—

Just before I reached Seven Fountains, I met an English party, with their halos of guides and provision bearers, on their return. John Bull marched in the van with a kind of pet air, as if he thought he had been humbugged, and had not seen enough for his money and extra exertion;—no salutation, except that conveyed by a stare, passed between us. Ten paces behind him came my lady's maid, hopping, and slipping, and sliding among the loose fragments, with her under-lip thrust out, and every mark of offended delicacy, as she accepted the service of a brawny Swiss guide, to make this or that unusual hop or stride. About ten paces farther appeared the rear of the party, in the person of a young lady, probably the daughter of the elderly gentleman. Had I followed the humour in which I happened to be, I should perhaps have passed by the daughter with equal nonchalance with the father; but when I caught a glance of a clear, bright, speaking English countenance, beaming with that beautiful expression of vivacity and sense which characterizes my countrywomen, I could not avoid tendering my homage, by moving my cap; and when our backs were turned, after our mute salutation, I can hardly say why or wherefore, but my heart ached with the remembrance of my distant home and country. It seemed to me unnatural, too, that those to whom God had given a common country, language, and perhaps feelings, should thus pass each other, in the wilderness of a foreign land, with indifference.

We were sorry to observe a prediction of the speedy ruin of the road over the Simplon—unless a sum for its timely repairs be assigned by those who are most interested in its preservation, which they are apparently inclined not to do. Even the monks of St. Bernard are likely to fail, from the severity of the noviciate. Seven young peasants presented themselves suddenly, some time ago, as candidates, after a considerable space had elapsed without a single individual offering himself, and not one of them could stand the rigours of it.

Sketches and Anecdotes of Dogs, by Captain Thomas Browne; 1829.—This is a very complete volume, and must surely exhaust the subject of dogs. It embraces not only the natural history of the genus, but the personal one of numerous individuals, many of which have been the property, and of course have come within the range of observation, of distinguished persons, whose names lend at once interest and authority to the details.—Sir Walter Scott and Hogg, for instances. The writer's experience convinces him that dogs have intellectual qualities, of a much higher nature than mere instinct—"many of their actions," he says, "must be ascribed to the exercise of reason, in the proper sense of the word." This is obviously loose language. Certain acts are done obviously *with* reference to circumstances, and others *without*. The first are strictly acts of reason—the latter of instinct, in the common sense. The slightest observation must convince every body that not only dogs, but all animals, perform acts of both kinds. All the writer must be supposed to mean is, that he thinks dogs have a greater share of the reasoning faculty than is generally believed. He adds, what is better worth attending to—"That all the varieties of the canine species are not endowed with equal powers of reflection and sagacity; but, on the contrary, that they differ in this respect according to the purity of their lineage, and the care which is taken in improving their respective breeds."

The arrangement—technically we mean—is based upon that of M. F. Cuvier. The author adopts that naturalist's three groups or divisions, but subdivides them into sections, according to what he conceives to be their natural affections and propensities—and confers "scientific" appellations on certain varieties, too, Cuvier omitted. In the introduction, too, the history of the dog is traced from the earliest times; but the bulk of the book is filled with anecdotes—forty of which have never, it seems, appeared in print before. *Ne quid nimis* is an excellent maxim—unluckily, the author has either forgot it, or knows not its value. He has no mercy. The eternal succession of instances of the "extraordinary" is wearisome beyond endurance. Numerous facts are produced to show that dogs *understand*

spoken language; but with all the gallant Captain's researches, only one has been known to articulate, and that only one word—but then the word was a *dissyllable*.

The animals of Dumfries-shire are a good deal celebrated, and not, it would appear, without reason. A speaking dog actually exists at the house of Mr. —, writer in that town. His name is Wellington, his size moderate, his shape handsome, and he is usually denominated the Dutch Pug. The editor of the Dumfries Courier declares most solemnly that he heard him repeatedly pronounce the word William, almost as distinctly as ever it was enunciated by the human voice. About a fortnight ago (January 1829), he was lying on a rug before the fire, when one of his master's sons, whose name is William, to whom he is more obedient than to any body else, happened to give him a shove, and then the animal ejaculated, for the first time, the word William! The whole fireside were as much amazed as Balaam was when his ass spoke; and, though they could hardly believe their own ears, one of them exclaimed, "Could you really find it in your heart to hurt the beast, after he has so distinctly pronounced your name?" This led to a series of experiments, which have been repeated for the satisfaction of various persons; but still the animal performs with difficulty. When his master seizes his fore-legs, and commands him to say William, he treats the hearer with a gurring voluntary; and, after this species of music has been protracted for a longer or a shorter period, his voice seems to fall a full octave before he comes out with the important dissyllable.

D'Erbine, or the Cynic. 3 vols. 12mo. 1829.—D'Erbine is *not* the Cynic. D'Erbine is finally the conspicuous personage—he marries the heroine, and is therefore strictly the hero, and entitled to give his name to the piece; but the Cynic plays a very inferior part, and contributing nothing to its development or dénouement, has of course no claim to any such distinction. But we are not going to depreciate—nor, because the production is very irregular and unequal—begun apparently with one object, and concluded with another, are we going to say it is the work of a fool. It is, on the contrary, that of a very intelligent person, though probably of no great practice in scribbling. The first volume was written, it seems, some seven or eight years before the others; in the interval, probably, the original purpose cooled, and the writer's attention was turned by intervening experience to a different set of circumstances. The difference of style and sentiment is striking; and, fatigued as we were by the first volume, we were greatly surprised and relieved by the vigour and masculine tone of the second and third, which still shews, however, little or no amendment in the qualities of a story-teller.

The first volume introduces us to the country-house of a lady-leader of the fashionable world, who has collected a number of persons of distinction to spend the Christmas holidays. Characters in

crowds are presented to the reader—with more or less claims upon his notice:—one, the Countess of Fountainby, a sort of widow bewitched, of the most fascinating qualities, all of the lighter cast, deserted by her husband for no reason, but left, at the same time, with ample means for display—another, a leader of Bible societies, and a writer of evangelical tracts—a third, a savante, accompanied by her daughter and a governess, which latter is, surely a very unusual thing, introduced—very young, of surpassing loveliness, and indicating at times superior accomplishments, but not very visibly destined to figure in the story. Of the gentlemen, the greater number are nothing in description, and the rest are nothing in fact, with one or two exceptions, particularly a Lord Fitzgerald, who lives in the neighbourhood, and seems drawn to the scene chiefly by the fascinating widow-bewitched aforesaid, but once or twice, we catch him paying a passing compliment to the accomplished governess. The whole volume is occupied with the breakfasts, and dinners, and drives of the party day after day, with the most merciless rapidity, save and except the visit of the converting lady, in which some of the guests accompany her to the cottages, and a bible meeting. The visit to the cottages is admirable, and shews up, to the life, the busy importance of the patronizing great, and love of interference with the arrangements, feelings, pursuits, &c. of the poor, whom they affect to guide and instruct. No advance seems made towards a story.

The next volume changes the scene, in the abruptest manner imaginable. We are now in Italy with two gentlemen, perfect strangers to us—one of five-and-thirty, rather moping and melancholy, and disposed to quarrel with existing circumstances—the other as alert and wise as five-and-twenty can make him. They are travelling through Italy, and in their way call to pay their respects at the house of a Contessa, where they meet with a young lady, the life and soul of a large party there assembled. The younger gentleman, D'Erbine, is suddenly and irresistibly fixed by her charms and accomplishments. Though, mingling like a native with the Italians, she is English, nor is her face altogether new to D'Erbine, though he cannot recollect where he has seen her. By and by he discovers a friend of his, Count Valteline, a distinguished political person—a Bonapartist—is himself in love with this accomplished lady, and he in consequence, discreetly and considerably retreated; but, again and again in spite of all resolves, he returns to catch an occasional glance, or only to discover who she is. Once in company with his 'Cynic' friend at the residence of the contessa, the young lady opens an English newspaper, just arrived, and reads a paragraph aloud, relative to the Countess Fountainby, and some fête she had been giving.

This introduces some conversation relative to the Earl, who had so unaccountably deserted her, when D'Erbine's friend, the Cynic, takes up the case, and exculpates both parties, and then abruptly, and to the surprise of D'Erbine and the lady, announces himself to be the deserting Earl. He had left her solely because their tastes did not agree. She loved gaiety, and he retirement, she was frivolous, and he philosophical, and so he chose to quit her, and roam over the world, and grumble at its perversions.

Though at every interview the English lady is more and more fascinating—exhibiting fresh and fresh accomplishments, and proving, in short, an universal genius and rivalling Corinne herself, D'Erbine at last forces himself away, and goes to Russia, without making the discovery he had been so intent upon. After an absence of some few months, he comes again to Italy, and encounters his old friend Valteline, who informs him his hopes, with regard to the English lady, were all extinguished. She had frankly told him she loved another, which other he has discovered since by circumstances, but refuses to tell D'Erbine. With no suspicion of the enchanting truth that was soon to break upon him, he now visits the lady at her own charming villa, and, in the intensity of his admiration, in spite of his previous resolutions, he declares his love, and, to his amazement, is answered, "I have lived long enough, since Fitzgerald thinks me not unworthy of his love." For this D'Erbine, who, like his friend the Cynic, travels under a *nom de guerre*, is actually the Earl Fitzgerald, and the lady, the young and beautiful governess whom he had seen at Lady somebody's two or three winters before, and could not recollect where. The understanding is presently mutual and complete, and arrangements are made for the marriage; but a short absence on the part of Fitzgerald is imperative. In the interval, the lady, who had distinguished herself by her poetical productions, had been elected a member of the College of Milan, and was called upon to undergo the ceremonies of inauguration. She accordingly makes a splendid speech, in the style of Corinne, on the glories of Italy, and winding up with a brilliant peroration, she catches the eye of Fitzgerald, who had unexpectedly returned in time to witness and enjoy the raptures this extraordinary exhibition excited. The marriage now follows, and the arrival in England of the new countess excites no little sensation in the fashionable world. Every set is eager to get her, and the reader expects some distinguished scene at her entrée, but the whole terminates in the talk of others, and the curtain drops upon nothing. Through the latter volumes are interspersed sundry discussions of a literary and political cast, conducted with some skill and force. The author is the advocate of liberal, or rather of radical sentiments, and

laughs at the whigs for their imbecility, &c. The Cynic of course takes a leading share in these discussions; but as to his personal and domestic story, he is left as he was found—no change or conciliation being attempted, and his lady continues to figure in fashionable circles, and commits no indiscretions.

Family Library, vol. 4. Allan Cunningham's Lives of British Painters; 1829.—Allan Cunningham is himself no painter, but he is a man of good sense and sound cultivation, and of too much intrepidity to be deterred by the sarcastic complaint to which he alludes—will nobody write a book about what he understands? His business is to write lives, not to paint them—to gather and record events—to trace the rise and career of artists—to examine principles, and judge of execution, and why can none but a painter do this? Nay, is not the artist the very man *least* likely to do justice to such a subject? He is sure to have his bias and prejudice, and will be guided more by his own tastes, than general judgment. We question if there exists a painter with pluck enough, suppose him unprejudiced—to speak his mind freely of the British school. It is not long since, that we heard a distinguished artist, in a lecture, talk about the “dear, delightful Sir Joshua,” obviously, a mere clap-trap—it is so liberal to extol *established* authorities, good or bad.

The end and aim of painting is not, it is to be presumed, to please painters, but the public; and what is to prevent a cultivated person, though he knows nothing of the manipulation of the art, from judging correctly of its effects? He, as well as the best artist in the world, can surely decide where a man fails or succeeds. He can tell, as well as he, what is a likeness—yes, and what is a likeness represented with taste or grace. He may know when a thing is *well* grouped, or a tale *well* told. He can see what is nature and what is not. He can discern where ornaments are incumbrances, where appliances are appropriate, and judge too of the value of what proceeds from current practice and academic habit, and what springs direct from internal promptings, unshackled by rules and authorities.

All this, any man of cultivation, who gives his attention duly and steadily to the subject, can do; and this Allan Cunningham has done. He has not been alarmed by great names, nor constrained by fixed rules, which are fixed fetters, which every free man longs to shake off. Artists, some of them at least, will exclaim at his heresies and his temerity, but we have no doubt his example will unseat other lips, and teach them to speak out. The lives of Hogarth and Reynolds are good specimens of manly judgment; the latter is calculated to place Sir Joshua in his distinctive and true position, which is, we take it, somewhat below the niche he *now* occupies.

The work will extend to three volumes. The present contains an introductory view of the state of the Art, and some account of the Artists of England, and of foreigners employed and popular in England, up to the days of Hogarth. The earliest British painter entitled to individual distinction is Hogarth. In his sketch of this extraordinary artist, Mr. C. has pursued his career step by step, marked his peculiarities, and discussed all his main performances. In his early works he observes, there is little of the spirit which distinguished his afterwards, but they are well worth examination, were it but to learn, he wisely adds, the lesson which genius reckons ungracious—that no distinction is to be obtained without long study and well-directed labour. Self-taught, as he was, Hogarth had probably more than a just contempt for academies and authorities. The taste of his time was gods and goddesses, and especially allegorical figures, and for these Hogarth, whose eye was fixed upon the coarsest scenes of actual life, who had not been bred in the clouds, and had no ambition to soar thither, entertained the most sovereign contempt. Nor was his respect for the older painters, especially those who indulged in grave or fanciful subjects, and beyond all, the “dark” ones, as he called them, much greater. The truth is, he had cut out his own path—succeeded eminently—was naturally satisfied—indifferent about others—and contemptuous when bothered about others’ merits. The absurdities of the conceited and fastidious Walpole, as well as the prejudices of Ireland and Nicholls, are well exposed. “Hogarth, as a painter,” says Walpole, “had little merit.” “What,” asks Mr. Cunningham, with spirit and eloquence, “is the merit of a painter? If it be to represent life—to give us an image of man—to exhibit the workings of his heart—to record the good and evil of his nature—to set in motion before us the very beings with whom earth is peopled—to shake us with mirth—to sadden us with woeful reflection—to please us with natural grouping, vivid action, and vigorous colouring—Hogarth has done all this—and if he that has done so be not a painter, who will shew us one? I claim a signification as wide for the word painter as for the word poet,” &c.

Wilson’s is a short but spirited sketch. That able artist was unlucky enough to be unappreciated in his own day, and forced to labour for bread, which he could scarcely get. Hogarth sold some of his early plates by weight, half-a-crown a pound: Wilson parted with his Ceyx and Aleyone for a pot of porter and the remains of a Stilton cheese. His view from Kew Gardens was *returned* by the king, for whom it was painted. In the full consciousness of superiority, he nevertheless worked on, and confidently predicted his pictures would sell for high prices, when Barrett’s (a man then making two thousand pounds a year) would not fetch

a farthing. Reynolds depreciated him, as he did many others; but once, when he proposed, at an Artists' dinner, Gainsborough's health, as the "best landscape painter," Wilson started up with—"Yes, and the best portrait painter too." Generally, however, the coarse and unskilful vehemence of poor Wilson, as Mr. Cunningham remarks, was no match for the cautious malignity of the president, who enjoyed the double advantage of lowering his adversary's talents in social conversation, and, *ex cathedra*, in his discourses. In his old age, he came unexpectedly into the possession of property—which, however, he did not live to enjoy any considerable time.

Of Reynolds more is known, and of course more is told. He was a prosperous and prudent man, and courted literary men and great men. He was one of a coterie, and of course got well bepraised by the squad. The jealous spirit of this most unamiable person peeps out on all occasions, though veiled decorously under the cloak of moderation and fairness. He was himself almost nothing beyond a portrait painter—but in this branch of the Art his merit was supreme: he had the sense and courage to shake off old forms, and introduce a freer and more natural style. His efforts in historical painting, it must be acknowledged, were, for the most part, ineffective. He had little fancy, and no flexibility of imagination—to tell a story was painful to him, and cost him many efforts. Though he received a thousand pounds for *Macbeth*, and five hundred pounds for Cardinal Beaufort, he declared "it cost him too dear." That is, he could have painted portraits that would have paid him better, and cost him less trouble. In his discourses he was for ever preaching up the *grand style*, as the proper object of study and labour, while, in his own performances, he was intent upon the Venetian school, of which he never said any thing. This looked like *policy*. Barry, by listening to his injunctions, was brought to a garret and a crust, and many another, from the same stimulus, prosecuted fame, and missed his bread. Sir Joshua destroyed many capital paintings of the Venetian school, to get at the mystery of the colouring. "It may be questioned," adds Mr. C., "if his discoveries were a compensation for this loss." Alluding to Sir Joshua's solicitude in concealing his own preparations, Mr. C. asks, naturally enough, "What was the use of all this secrecy? Those who stole the mystery of his colours could not use it, unless they stole his skill and talent also. As a public and private teacher, he was surely bound to tell, not conceal, whatever he thought of importance to Art."

The account of Gainsborough is short, and, for the same reason as Wilson's, less is known; but his merits are very justly discriminated by Mr. C. His landscapes and portraits are equally and wholly his own.

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He was no imitator of any man. He belonged to no school. Mr. C. correctly observes, "he has not steeped his landscapes in the atmosphere of Italy, like Wilson, nor borrowed the postures of his portraits from the old masters, like Reynolds. No academy schooled down into uniformity and imitation the truly English and intrepid spirit of Gainsborough." He left a large mass of sketches and drawings. Lane, his great nephew, some time ago, published four-and-twenty of them, why does not he publish more? Gainsborough worked with a brush with a handle six feet long, and studied distant effect, rather than elaborate niceness, fitted for close inspection, which, however, he boldly challenged. In this dashing vigour of his hand he has had many imitators, but no equal. Reynolds remarks upon the manner very justly, if he did not conclude with a sneer: "It is certain," says he, "that all those odd scratches and marks which, on a close examination, are so observable in Gainsborough's pictures, and which, even to experienced painters, appear rather the effect of accident than design—this chaos, this uncouth and shapeless appearance—by a kind of magic, at a certain distance, assumes form, and all the parts seem to drop into their proper places, so that we can hardly forbear acknowledging the full effect of diligence, under the appearance of chance and hasty negligence." That Gainsborough himself considered this peculiarity in his manner, and the power it possesses in exciting surprise, as a beauty in his works, may be inferred from the eager desire which we know he always expressed that his pictures at the exhibition should be seen near as well as at a distance. The imagination supplies the rest, and *perhaps more satisfactorily to the spectator, if not more exactly, than the artist, with all his care, could have done.*

Though both landscape painters, Wilson and he differed essentially. Gainsborough made his landscapes for the figures—while Wilson as obviously made his figures for the landscapes; by which, however, we only mean the figure was the main object with the one, and landscape with the other.

Elements of Natural History, by J. H. Hinton, M. A.; 1829. This is simply an introduction to *Systematic Zoology*, comprising no more than the classes and orders of an arrangement of his own, though taken for the most part from Linnaeus. The classes are six, I. Beasts, consisting of nine orders; II. Birds, of eight; III. Reptiles, of two; IV. Fishes, of five; V. Insects, of seven; and VI. Worms, of two. This arrangement, he considers, under all circumstances, the least objectionable, for, do what you will, the animals of one department will run unto those of another. But besides his new arrangement, the ingenious contriver has another object—a mechanical, an artificial assistance for fixing

it in the memory of the student. Dividing the floor, sides, and ceiling of a room into compartments, he encloses a specimen in each, very neatly engraved, of the several classes and orders, with the names also of two, three, or four others in the corners, and thus cleverly manages to exhibit at full his introductory arrangement. The mechanism is exceedingly simple—Feinagle's, in short, somewhat modified—and not calculated, like many others, more to encumber than assist. The author has given English names to his orders, as well as classes; thus the birds are called, Runners, Perchers, Scratchers, Tearers, Waders, and Swimmers. He suggests, moreover, a new division of the animal world into three more comprehensive departments, according to the structure of the heart. I. Compound Heart, consisting of beasts and birds, with blood warm and red; II. Double Heart, fishes and reptiles, with blood cold and red; III. Single Heart, insects and worms, with blood cold and white. The distinction, he adds, though not strictly universal, is nevertheless worthy of observation.

Oldcourt, 3 vols. 12mo.; 1829. If this be the production of a *new* candidate for distinction in the 'lists' of fiction, the battle is won by the first onset—he may freely challenge all competitors of his class, the author of '*Anglo Irish*' not excepted, to whom indeed the '*manner*' inclined us at first to assign it. But the writer speaks in the tone of a Catholic, and much too naturally to be said to *take* it. He does so, with perfect ease and unobtrusiveness—not at all contentiously or offensively, but simply as occasions arise, and precisely as if the claims of Catholicism to superiority were universally admitted among rational persons, and required no enforcing, pleading, exculpating, or palliating. The Reformation is spoken of as the prolific manufactory of creeds, and as *humorously* so called—but still there is no bitterness, though perfectly unrestrained. The scene and characters are wholly Irish, and the story often merely a vehicle for conveying the writer's sentiments on the political condition of Ireland, where every thing is given in the undoubting but not unreasoning style of a person who is uttering nothing but unquestionable truths. They are indeed delivered with a degree of vigour and freedom that irresistibly fixes attention. Considered as a novel, the writer pours forth his reflections much too profusely, not to say overwhelmingly; but if the reader have time to weigh them fairly, they are well worthy of his distinct and deliberate perusal. The style is brilliant and felicitous, though occasionally too nicely laboured—ringing with alliteration, and glittering with antithesis. The story itself is somewhat rudely constructed—the author being far more intent upon his sentiments, than his plot or his characters.

A family of Irish antiquity—a true Mi-

lesian stock, in Connaught, contributes the chief materials; consisting of the Squire, his wife, three sons and a daughter. The Squire's estate, though once of boundless extent, has been from time to time cut down, by the thriftlessness, or the forfeitures of his ancestors—he himself, kept down by Protestant ascendancy, and unable to repair the ruin, is finally content to make himself as comfortable as he can, and live hospitably at home, and at peace with his neighbours of whatever communion. Though devoted to field sports, he is now too gouty to do any thing but eat and drink, and *dine* all comers and goers—high and low—friend and foe, down to the hearth-money man, to suspend his career of distractions among the miserable cotters. The eldest son is looking, as young Irishmen were then (the scene is laid during the revolutionary war of America) obliged to do, to the Austrian service; one to the bar, and the third takes after the Squire, and loves dogs and horses. The daughter, Grace, is a beauty of the first water, enchanting for her simplicity. Brought up with her brothers and a foster brother, and far away from all fastidious refinements and fashionable accomplishments, she has nothing but nature, cultivated by an old and liberal-minded priest, to enhance her personal charms. The whole country admire the beautiful girl, and she has offer upon offer from the bumpkins around her, whom, though she has seen nobody else, she instinctively rejects. In this state of domestic and peaceful existence, in the absence of all materials of excitement, suddenly is introduced, in consequence of a fall from his horse, a Sir William D'Arcy, a young gentleman of some distinction, whose estate lies in the neighbourhood, but of whom the Oldcourts knew nothing. He was himself, indeed, almost a stranger to the country, though the descendant of an old Irish family. His father had succeeded to a wasted property; and driven to his wit's end for the reparation of his fortunes, had renounced his religion—worked his interest in the county to court the favour of the prevailing party—screwed up his tenants, and was hated and detested, but, and that was all he cared for, he succeeded in the object of his ambition—he got into parliament and place. This Sir William, his only son, was destined by him to run the same noble career, and was, accordingly, to rub off the rust of Irish manners, and anglify completely and legitimately, sent to Eton and Oxford, and then into the dragoons. Though possessed of qualities, which, judiciously cultivated, might have redeemed, in some measure, his worse propensities, yet educated, as he was, with an utter disregard of all serious obligations, he grew up a profligate as to religion, politics, and manners—still not utterly abandoned or unimpressible: he would not, for instance, like his father, cheat his creditors by plan and design—only by carelessness; if he had money,

he paid it promptly; if he had not, he could not; and he had never been taught restraint. The history of this hopeful personage, as well as that of his foster brother, a random, but warm-hearted fellow, and devoted to his master, are traced very minutely, through England, and Ireland, and an American campaign, where D'Arcy gets into many critical positions, from most of which he is rescued by the zeal and sagacity of his attendant — and all this, to the long suspension of the story, began in the first volume, and the entire oblivion of the Oldcourts, of whom not a word is heard through nearly two of the volumes. At last the arrears are brought up, and Grace Oldcourt re-appears. Sir William, struck by the enchanting loveliness of this rural beauty, resolves, to his own amazement, to reform and venture upon matrimony, gains her affections, and the wedding is fixed. On the bridal morning, assembled in the barn-chapel, for Catholics had then nothing but barns for chapels, the ceremony is suddenly interrupted by the coming forward of Grace's foster brother, (who by the way was passionately attached to Grace, but was supposed at the time to have quitted the country) accompanied by his sister, to forbid proceedings. The youth challenged the bridegroom with seducing his sister, and in the agony of his exasperation — embittered by rivalry, he snatches a pistol from his bosom and snaps it at him. He is prevented from turning another upon himself; but to make all sure, at least as to himself, he had taken poison, and dies on the spot. This harrowing event of course suspends the ceremony. D'Arcy makes every effort to conciliate Grace, but in vain, her delicacy is wounded past cure, and she peremptorily refuses a renewal of intercourse. The elder brother now challenges the profligate Sir W., and a duel is fought in the true style of Hibernian butchery. Sir W. gets a bullet through his heart, and Grace buries her charms in a convent.

As we cannot afford to quote at any length, we must be content to direct the reader's attention, to a comparison of English and Irish character, somewhere in the first volume — the discrimination is at once subtle and distinct — a very superior performance.

A Discourse on the Revolutions of the Surface of the Globe, by Baron G. Cuvier; 1829. Fossil bones discovered in positions, where no ordinary changes of the globe could have thrown them, have long been an object of inquiry and speculation. Cuvier has the merit of more closely and fully investigating these than any of his predecessors — of assigning single bones to their species — of tracing the whole animal from a scrap — of separating the unknown from the known — of applying, moreover, these relics of remoter times to detect the theory of the earth, and the successive revolutions

on its surface; — and of accomplishing all this with a severity and soundness of judgment, which we venture to say has no parallel among philosophical naturalists. The horizontal strata of the earth contains marine productions, therefore they have once themselves been the surface. These strata are found up the hills *oblique*, therefore they have been lifted up. On the tops of many hills are found again horizontal strata, therefore they are of later origin than the oblique ones. Here is evidence then of numerous revolutions — every layer is apparently one. Some of these layers preceded the creation of living beings, for in the deeper ones no indications whatever are discovered. The masses which now form the highest hills were once in a state of liquefaction, and covered with waters without inhabitants. The first organized matters which appear are mollusca and zoophytes, and even these present themselves only in the later layers of *transition rocks*; but are like nothing *now* existing. The nearer we approach the present surface, the more *shells* increase, and the more also these shells resemble existing species, till the very latest have some which are undistinguishable from existing species. *Bones* are all, comparatively, in the very latest layers, and no human bones are found even in the very last. But Cuvier does not hastily conclude there were *then* no human beings, for they might have inhabited some confined tracts — countries not yet geologically examined, and from thence have peopled the earth.

The general results of Cuvier's researches are, that more than 150 oviparous and viviparous quadrupeds have been determined and classed. Of these, considered as species, more than ninety are no longer found alive; eleven or twelve approach so nearly to known species, that there can scarcely be a doubt of their identity, and others present many points of similarity with known species. Considered as genera, among the ninety unknown species, sixty belong to *new* genera; and of the whole 150, about a fourth are oviparous; and of the rest, the viviparous ones more than half belong to non-ruminating hoofed animals. What specific relation these species bear to the several strata in which they are found, the carelessness with which they have been generally collected precludes the possibility of ascertaining, with entire satisfaction. Still something has been done; for instance — the oviparous appear more frequently than the viviparous, and they are more abundant, larger, and more various in the *older* strata. Tortoises and crocodiles are found immediately *below* the chalk, and *in* the chalk. These are marine oviparous animals. Marine viviparous ones, lamantins and seals, are first visible in the thick *shelly* limestone *above* the chalk, in the neighbourhood of Paris. It is not till after this limestone that *land* animals, oviparous or viviparous

are found; nor are there any traces of them prior to the layers deposited on the coarser limestone. In these, however, the bones of land animals appear in abundance. The limestone strata are the last, which mark a long and peaceful flowing of the sea over the continents. Above these are found layers filled with shells and other marine productions; but these are *shifting* layers, sands, marles, clays; and the few stony layers that present themselves betray marks of being the deposits of *fresh* water. Now almost all the bones of viviparous animals are found in these fresh-water deposits, or alluvial deposits; and the more obvious conclusion, of course, is, that *these* quadrupeds had not begun to exist, or at least to leave relics in the layers that we are able to fathom, till after the last retreat but one of the sea, and during that state of things, which had preceded its last eruption. But there is an arrangement traceable also in the order of these bones, bespeaking a remarkable succession of species. The unknown genera, the palæotheria and anoplotheria belong to the oldest of these layers—to those which rest immediately above the coarse lime-stone, composed generally of sand and round flints—apparently the *oldest* alluvial deposits of the ancient world. With these are found, but in small numbers, certain lost species of known genera, and some oviparous quadrupeds, and fresh water fishes. The more celebrated of these unknown species, which belong to the known genera, or to genera very much resembling the known, elephant, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, mostodons, are not found among the oldest layers. It is only in the shifting layers that these are discovered; and finally, it is only in quite the upper layers, or in the last alluvions formed on the banks of rivers, or in the beds of old ponds, dried marshes, or turf layers, that appear the bones of species, which are the *very* same as ours. The existing continents are in fact of recent formation, and all examination tends to establish general tradition, and all historical records of any credibility. The author has examined this evidence with great care and candour, and with Deluc and Dolomieu concludes, if there be any thing determined in geology, it is, that the surface of the globe has been subjected to a vast and sudden revolution, not farther back than from five to six thousand years—that this revolution has buried and caused to disappear the countries formerly inhabited by man, and the species of animals now most known—that, on the other hand, it has left the bottom of the former sea dry, and has formed on it the countries now inhabited—that, since the revolution, those few individuals whom it spared have been spread and propagated over the lands newly left dry—and, consequently, it is only since this epoch that our societies have assumed a progressive march, have formed establishments, raised monuments, collected natural facts,

and combined scientific systems. But the countries now inhabited, and which the last revolution left dry, had been before inhabited, if not by mankind, at least by land animals; consequently one revolution, at least, had overwhelmed them with water; and if we may judge by the different orders of animals whose remains we still find there, they had, perhaps, undergone two or three eruptions of the sea.

The great object to which Cuvier now directs the attention of geologists and naturalists is no longer the primitive formations, the uniform march and regular succession of which he considers as very fairly ascertained—but the *secondary* ones, the study of which he justly thinks is scarcely begun—that wonderful series of unknown zoophytes and marine mollusca, followed by reptiles and fresh water fish, equally unknown, and these, in their turn, replaced by zoophytes and mollusca, more akin to those of the present day—those land animals and mollusca, and other fresh water animals, also unknown, which next occupy the places, to be again displaced, but by mollusca and other animals similar to those of our own seas—the relation of these various beings with the plants whose remains accompany theirs—the relations of these two kingdoms with the mineral layers which contain them—the more or less their uniformity with one another in different basins—“all these are a series of phenomena, which appears to me,” says Cuvier, “to call imperiously for the profound attention of philosophers.”

Shreds and Patches of History, in the Form of Riddles, 2 vols; 1829. The author met with a circle of young people finding amusement in proposing to each other historical questions, and guessing at the answers. That is, one of the party stated a set of circumstances, reserving names, places, and dates, which the rest were called upon to supply. This idea he or she adopted, and in the first of these volumes has drawn up nearly two hundred events and anecdotes, in this enigma form; most of them relative to popular and well-known subjects—such as are described in the common histories put into children's hands; and in the second is given the key, with occasional remarks and explanations. It is admirably calculated to promote the common purposes of instruction, by setting young people to work to recal and apply their readings, and thus fixing facts in the memory. It is indeed the only really useful application of the riddle we have ever seen; and calculated as the scheme of a riddle is to draw and force attention, it has often struck ourselves it might be applied to other purposes, than the nonsensical and idle ones on which it is usually employed. Dates are incorrectly given, we observed, in several places, and other little inadvertencies occur which may readily be corrected.

VARIETIES, SCIENTIFIC AND MISCELLANEOUS.

American Dogs.—Dogs have been transported to America since the second voyage of Columbus; it may even be remarked, that at the time of his first battle with the Indians of Saint Domingo, he had in his little army a troop of twenty bloodhounds. They were subsequently employed in the conquest of different parts of the terra firma, particularly in Mexico and New Granada. Their race is preserved without apparent alteration on the table land of Santa Fé, where they are employed in stag hunting: in this they display extreme ardour, and still employ the same method of attack which formerly rendered them so formidable to the natives. This method consists in seizing the animal by the lower part of the stomach, and upsetting it by a quick movement of the head, by availing themselves of the moment when the weight of the body is thrown upon the fore legs. The weight of the stag, thus thrown down, is frequently six fold that of the dog. Some dogs of the pure race also inherit, without being taught, the instinct necessary for hunting the peccari, in which they are employed. The skill of the dog consists in moderating its ardour, attacking no animal in particular, but keeping the whole herd in check, without allowing itself to be surrounded. Now, among these dogs, some are met with which, the first time they are taken into the woods, make their attack in the most advantageous manner; a dog from other parents springs on at once, and, whatever its strength may be, is devoured in one instant.

Law of the Phenomena attributed to Magnetism in motion.—From a series of valuable experiments, made with discs of copper, tin, zinc, and lead, M. Saigey has found that their action on a magnetic needle may be thus expressed: Calling x the distance of the needle from the disc, and y the number of oscillations which it loses by the action of the disc, or the difference between the number of its oscillations while oscillating alone, and while oscillating under the influence of the disc, and a and b , two constant quantities, $y = a b 1 - x$ that is, the oscillations lost form a progression by quotients, when the distances of the needle from the discs form a progression by differences. Two numbers expressing the losses are necessary for calculating all the others, for we must determine the two constants a and b in the formula which expresses them, the first of these, a , indicating, for example, the loss at the unit of distance, and the second, b , the quotient of one loss divided by the following. The constant, a , varies for different amplitudes in the oscillations, but the ratio, b , is invariable for all amplitudes. The constants, a and b , increase in an inverse order, not only for different metals acting on the same needle,

but even for the same metal acting upon different needles.

Geology.—The striking difference in coal fields, as to inflammable gas abounding in one district and not being found in another, is a matter upon which no satisfactory theory has as yet been formed. In some of the Newcastle coals the inflammable gas is so very easily disengaged, that there have been several instances where coals recently drawn from the mines, and instantly shipped, have, by the fall and breaking of the coals descending into the ship's hold, disengaged such a quantity of inflammable gas as to ignite from the flame of a candle, by which the hatches were violently blown up, and the sailors severely scorched. This circumstance shews how very easily this gas is in some instances emitted from coal; and it must be in great abundance when we know that one pound weight of some coals will yield five cubic feet of this gas when exposed to fire in a retort.

Effect of an Earthquake.—On March 30, 1828, H. M. S. Volage was lying moored with two chain cables in the Bay of Callao, at half-past seven o'clock a light cloud passed over the ship, at which moment the noise usually attendant on earthquakes in that country, resembling heavy distant thunder, was heard; the ship was violently agitated, and felt as if placed on trucks and dragged rapidly over a pavement of loose stones. The water around hissed as if hot iron was immersed in it, immense quantities of air bubbles rose to the surface, the gas from which was offensive, resembling rotten pond-mud; numbers of fish came up dead along side; the sea, before calm and clear, was now strongly agitated and turbid, and the ship rolled about two streaks, say fourteen inches, each way; at this moment the earthquake which overthrew the town ensued. The Volage's chain cables were lying on a soft muddy bottom in thirty-six feet water, and on heaving up the best bower anchor to examine it, the cable thereof was found to have been strongly acted on at thirteen fathoms from the anchor, and twenty-five from the ship. On washing the mud from it, the links, which are made of the best cylinder wrought iron, about two inches in diameter, appeared to have undergone *partial fusion* for a considerable extent. The metal seemed run out in grooves of three or four inches long, and three eighths of an inch diameter, and had formed (in some cases at the end of these grooves, and in others in the middle of them) small spherical lumps, or nodules, which, upon scrubbing the cable to cleanse it, fell on the deck. The other cable was not injured, nor did any similar occurrence take place among the numerous vessels then lying in the bay. That the phenomena of earthquakes are

produced by volcanic explosion there can be little doubt, and that they are frequently accompanied by powerful electric action has long been known: to which of these causes are we to look for the powerful effects here witnessed?

Organic Remains.—A paper has been communicated to the Geological Society by Dr. Buckland stating that he has ascertained that the bony rings of the suckers of cuttle fish are frequently mixed with the scales of various fish, and the bones of fish and of small ichthyosauri in the bezoar-shaped feces from the lias at Lyme Regis. These rings and scales have passed undigested through the intestines of the ichthyosauri. Dr. Prout has also found that the black varieties of these bezoars owe their colour to matter of the same nature with the fossil ink-bags in the lias; hence it appears that the ichthyosauri fed largely upon the sepiae of those ancient seas. He has also ascertained, by the assistance of Mr. Miller and Dr. Prout, that the small black rounded bodies of various shapes, and having a polished surface, which occur, mixed with bones, in the lowest strata of the lias, on the banks of the Severn, near Bristol, are also of fecal origin: they appear to be co-extensive with this bone bed, and occur at many and distant localities. He has also received from Mr. Miller similar small black fecal balls from a calcareous bed nearly at the bottom of the carboniferous limestone at Bristol: this bed abounds with teeth of sharks, and bones, and teeth, and species of other fishes. Until they can be referred to their respective animals, the author proposes the name of *Nigrum Græcum* for all those black varieties of fossil feces. They may have been derived from small reptiles, or from fish, and, in the case of the lias bone bed, from the molluscous inhabitants of fossil nautili, and ammonites and belemnites. In a collection at Lyme Regis there is a fossil fish from the lias which has a ball of *Nigrum Græcum* within its body: for this the author proposes the name of *Ichthyocopros*. He also proposes to affix the name of *Sauro-copros* to the so called bezoar stones of the lias at Lyme Regis, which are derived from the *Ichthyosauri*, and the name of *Hiainocopros* to the *Album Græcum* of the fossil hyæna. The form and mechanical structure of the balls of *Sauro-copros*, disposed in spiral folds round a central axis, are so similar to that of the supposed fir cones or Iuli, in the chalk and chalk marl, that the author has concluded that these, so long misnamed Iuli, are also of fecal origin. On examination he finds many of them to contain the scales of fish, and Dr. Prout's analysis proves their substance to be digested bone. The spiral intestines of the modern shark and ray afford an analogy that may explain the origin of this spiral structure, and the abundance of the teeth of sharks and palates of rays in chalk, renders it pos-

sible that the Iuli may have been derived from these animals. For these the provisional name of *Copros Iuloides* is proposed. The author has also recognised two other varieties of these fecal substances in a collection of fossils brought from the fresh water formations near Aix, in Provence. Dr. Buckland concludes that he has established generally the curious fact, that, in formations of all ages, from the carboniferous limestone to the diluvium, the feces of terrestrial and aquatic carnivorous animals have been preserved, and proposes to include them all under the generic name of *Coprolite*.

An English Stew.—An Engineer, of the name of Vazie, has taken out a patent for various processes connected with food. Among them is a dish which he denominates an "English Stew." We know not if our readers are at liberty to make it, or can do so without infringing his patent; but the proportions are, one pound of rump steak, and one pound of a leg of mutton cut into slices: put these in the stove, (his own peculiar one, but any other would answer) and place thereon two full grown onions shred small, two table spoonfuls of rice, one desert spoonful of salt, and one tea spoonful of pepper, together with a slice of bread, and as much cold water as will rise to one third the height of the boiler.

Force of running Water.—An interesting communication of facts and observations as to the power which running water exerts in removing heavy bodies has been communicated to the Geological Society. The heavy rains which fell during three days of August, 1827, swelled to an unusual height, the small rivulet called the College, which flows at a moderate declivity from the eastern water-shed of the Cheviot hills, and caused that stream not only to transport enormous accumulations of several thousand tons weight of gravel and sand to the plains of the Till, but also to carry away a bridge then in progress of building, some of the arch stones of which, weighing from half to three quarters of a ton each, were propelled two miles down the rivulet. On the same occasion the current tore away from the abutment of a mill-dam a large block of green stone porphyry, weighing nearly two tons, and transported the same to the distance of a quarter of a mile. Instances are related to occur repeatedly in which from one to three thousand tons of gravel are in like manner removed to great distances in one day, and whenever four or five hundred cart-loads of this gravel are taken away for the repair of roads, one moderate flood replaces the amount of loss with the same quantity of rounded debris. Parallel cases of the power of water are stated to occur in the Tweed, near Coldstream.

Substitute for Oil in Clocks, &c.—It is well known that the gradual change of oil, when applied as a lubricating medium to

those parts where friction takes place in clocks, watches, and other fine mechanical arrangements, has induced numerous persons to endeavour so far to purify the oil as to prevent or retard the injury occasioned to the going of the machine as much as possible. Mr. Hebert appears to have overcome this difficulty all at once, by discarding the oil altogether, and using instead well prepared plumbago. He first prepares the plumbago by repeatedly grinding and washing it over, by which means the gritty particles that occur, even in the best black lead, are removed, and which, if allowed to remain, would neutralize every advantage the pure plumbago is found to give. This done, the prepared substance is applied with a camel hair pencil, either in the state of powder, or mixed up with a drop or two of pure spirit of wine. It readily adheres to the surface of a steel pivot, as well as to the inside of the hole in which it runs, so that the rubbing surfaces are no longer one metal upon another, but plumbago upon plumbago. These surfaces, by their mutual action, speedily acquire a polish only inferior to that of the diamond, and then the retardation of the machine, from friction, is reduced almost to nothing, and wear and tear from this cause is totally prevented. An astronomical clock of Mr. Hebert's own making, of which the pivots, and holes, and teeth of the escape wheel, had been covered, on their rubbing parts with fine plumbago fourteen years ago, was taken to pieces by a committee of the Society of Arts and examined; the surfaces of plumbago were found to be for the most part unbroken and highly polished, and neither the pivots nor sockets appeared, on examination with high magnifiers, to have undergone the slightest degree of wear.

Origin of the Solar System.—M. Nic. Cacciatore, the eminent director of the observatory at Palermo, has endeavoured to assign the cause of the movements of the celestial bodies by combining the idea of his predecessor Piazzi with those of La Place. He supposes that the planets owe their origin to an explosion which took place in the mass of the sun. In his system, the matters projected in an aeriform state, must have first formed round the sun an immense atmosphere, subjected to follow the rotatory motion of this body. These, condensed into different zones by cooling, the parts of this fluid most distant from the sun must have separated themselves from the rest of the mass without removing from the solar equator, and without ceasing to move in the same direction. Their mutual attraction has united them, and formed of them solid bodies, the movements of translation and of rotation of which are composed of all the particular movements of the aggregated particles.

Account of the Explosion of Slickensides.—Slickensides is a singular formation, occurring in some perpendicular mineral

veins, consisting of two imperceptible specular surfaces joined together without cohesion; they are sometimes composed of a mixture of fluor carbonate of lime, galena, blende, &c.; at others, these surfaces are thinly spread over with galena, as smooth and shining as if polished by art, and are then termed looking-glass ore: they are sometimes flat, at others waved; sometimes the waves in the same specimen are both perpendicular and horizontal. often in wedge-shaped nodular masses of various sizes dispersed in the veins. When their edges occur in the face of the vein, on the miner striking his pick into the vein they separate in some districts without, in others with a slight report, and in some of the mines in the neighbourhood of Eyam, in Derbyshire, with loud reports, particularly in Cracking-hole Vein in Haycliffe title, situated in the shell limestone beneath the shale stratum, where, in the centre of the vein termed a slack vein, was a small white impalpable (not effervescing) powder, called a mallion, a quarter of an inch thick, which on being scratched a loud explosion immediately ensued, before which explosion a singing kind of noise was heard. By setting a blast in the vein, at a short distance from the mallion, after the blast was fired, in a few minutes an explosion took place, when a large quantity of the vein fell down. In the year 1790, a loud explosion took place from a slide joint of Slickensides, going across, but not into the cheeks of the vein containing the mallion, which caused, on its being stirred, the loudest explosion, and the largest quantity of vein materials to come down. The vein there was four feet wide, and three hundred yards from a dike vein. The last great explosion was in the year 1805. It has sometimes happened that persons have been maimed, and even killed by this phenomenon; which, however, has not been noticed in Slickensides, where no shale is incumbent. Are not these explosions occasioned by combining by friction carbonic acid gas with the hydrogen gas, which probably descends down a vein from the shale, and which hovers in the roofs of many subjacent caverns, and which instantaneously ignites with a tremendous explosion on the approach of the flame of a candle, and instances have occurred in which they have proved fatal to human life?

Zoological Weather Glass.—In the southern parts of Germany there may frequently be witnessed an amusing application of zoological knowledge, for the purpose of prognosticating the weather. Two frogs of the species *rana arborea* are kept in a glass jar about eighteen inches in height and six inches in diameter, with the depth of three or four inches of water at the bottom, and a small ladder, reaching to the top of the jar. On the approach of dry weather the frogs mount the ladder, but when wet weather is expected they descend into the water.

These animals are of a bright green, and in their wild state climb the trees in search of insects, and make a peculiar singing noise before rain. In the jar they get no other food than now and then a fly, one of which will serve a frog for a week, though it will eat from six to twelve in a day if it can get them. In catching the flies put alive into the jar the frogs display great adroitness.

Botany.—The deficiencies of the ancients in studying natural history are very striking, if we compare their attempts in this department with their glorious productions in poetry, eloquence, history, and morals. It is surprising what little progress they made in their investigations into nature, and it is the more remarkable that they should not have made more progress in botany, if we consider their extreme partiality and almost reverence for flowers. The secret which explains the whole is their want of system. That has been the great engine of advancement in modern times, for, as we understand the term, the ancients had no system in their study of nature. The three great names among the ancients, as professed naturalists, are Theophrastus, Dioscorides, and Pliny. But in none is there the smallest attempt at what we now understand by classification. Theophrastus describes about six hundred species, Dioscorides about seven hundred. But the contentions among commentators to ascertain the plants alluded to, are endless and irreconcilable. Pliny's work is valuable, as collecting all that had been done by Greek authors before his time; but the descriptions are so vague, taken from such uncertain marks, and, from comparison with other plants, of which we know nothing, that as a system of plants it is perfectly useless. Thus botany went on, till Lobel, in 1570, adopted something like a system of classes. This was improved by the two Bauhines, who published their works, the *Pinax* and *Hist. Plant. Univ.* in 1623 and 1650. But the first really systematic form given to botany was by Ray, the great English botanist, the second edition of whose *Synopsis*, his great work, was published in 1677, and is, strictly speaking, a systematic work, having an arrangement into classes, genera and species, though in this respect still very imperfect. Ray was unquestionably a great naturalist, and among the fathers of natural history, ranks only second to the illustrious Swede Linnæus.

Oriental Archery.—In the life of Jehan-gueir, written by himself, occurs the following account of a feat of archery performed at his court, which may serve as a stimulus to our modern fashionable practitioners with the long bow. "Another of the ameers of my court," says he, "distinguished for courage and skill, was Bauker Noodjum Thauri, who had not in the world his equal in the use of the bow. As an instance of the surprising perfection to which he had carried his practice, it will be sufficient to

relate that one evening, in my presence, they placed before him a transparent glass bottle, or vessel of some kind or other, a torch or flambeau being held at some distance behind the vessel, they then made of wax something in the shape of a fly, which they fixed to the side of the bottle, which was of the most delicate fabric: on the top of this piece of wax they set a grain of rice and a peppercorn. His first arrow struck the peppercorn, his second carried off the grain of rice, and the third struck the diminutive wax figure, without in the slightest degree touching or injuring the glass vessel, which was, as I have before observed, of the very lightest and most delicate material. This was a degree of skill in the bowman's art amazing beyond all amazement; and it might be safely alleged that such an instance of perfection in the craft has never been exhibited in any age or nation."

Vegetating Fungus in the Stomach of a Cod.—A French naturalist relates that a fisherman brought him three pebbles about the size of the first joint of a large thumb, on which were implanted, by adhesion (*empâtement*), plants and rudiments of plants of a fucus kind, which was identified as the fucus confervoides described by Bertolini in his *Amantates Italiae*. On one of the three stones was found an unique plant, of considerable size, and nearly two feet in length, in active vegetation. The colour was a deep bottle green, except in one part, which formed the ramified summit, and which protruded by the *arrière bouche* of the animal. This part, nearly two inches long, was transparent, of a pale violet red, brittle, and more swollen than the lower branches, which are green, flexible, and sufficiently tenacious: above a second stone, a plant, two thirds shorter than that on the first stone, was growing. To this was attached a plant about three inches long, to the two sides of which, and at from one and a half to two lines distance two adhesions, not much smaller than that of the principal plant, were visible, and from which issued, in the shape of points bent back into hooks, and two lines in length, the rudiments apparently of two new plants. Another adhesion, placed laterally, and of less extent, bore, as the germ of a third plant, a straight point, one line and a quarter in length. Opposite to the plant which was developed, and in the direction of the length of the stone, was the germ of a fourth plant, two lines long, and also bent into a hook. The two other stones had no similar germs of new plants, but they might have been detached without leaving any traces behind. Drying produced the spontaneous separation of the others, and the plant itself then came off with the least touch; the place it had occupied could not then be discovered. The method of attachment resembled an adherence by excluding the air. One of the

stones was of gneiss, with amphibole, another of gneiss only, the third of a sort of quartz. One of them was found in the curvature of the stomach of a cod, the two others in the large diameter of it. All adhered strongly to the substance of the stomach, and were obliged to be cut out. This focus then can grow and spring from its seed, whatever that may be, in the stomach of a cod fish; also its force of vegetation prevails over the digestive force of the animal, unless it be that the fish, being entirely carnivorous, does not digest herbs. In one only, according to the testimony of the whole body of fishermen, a piece of wood the size of a man's fist was found imbedded in the substance of the stomach of a cod.

Improved Flux.—The chemist will find a flux composed of equal parts by measure of crystallized borax and common salt of tartar very serviceable for removing from his crucible, or other vessels of platina, those ferruginous scales with which, after long use, and particularly after being strongly heated in a coal or coke fire, they become incrustated. In the analysis of earthy minerals the late Dr. Wollaston was in the habit of using a similar flux, composed of two parts, by weight of crystallized carbonate of soda, and one of crystallized borax, well ground together. It has the advantage of not acting like caustic alkali upon the platina crucible, and is a powerful solvent of jargon and many other minerals, which yield with difficulty to other fluxes. If the mineral to be operated upon requires oxidation in order to decompose it, a little nitre or nitrate of soda may be added.

The Brain.—Dr. G. Spurzheim, one of the fathers of phrenology, has made a communication to the Royal Society respecting his peculiar views of the brain. The following is the substance of it. He contends that the human brain should be viewed not as a single organ, but as an aggregate of many different nervous apparatuses, each destined to the performance of a special function. What the peculiar function is

which each of the cerebral organs performs, cannot indeed be at all inferred from its anatomical structure, but must be gathered from other evidence. In comparing the brains of different animals this process must be reversed, and whenever we find organs performing the same functions in different animals, we must conclude that they are in reality the same organs, however they may differ in their size, structure, appearance, or situation. The brains of animals belonging to the same class resemble each other in their general type, although the special apparatuses appropriated to each function may vary in their size and number. The author next attempts to establish the proposition that the parts of the healthy human brain are essentially the same, although somewhat modified in their size and quality in different individuals. In support of this doctrine he endeavours to show that the several convolutions on the surface of the cerebrum may be identified in different brains, and that their identity may be recognised in the two lateral halves of the same brain. On examining the brains of some idiots he found that certain convolutions, which he believes to be capable of being thus identified, are defective, and others entirely wanting. He makes a similar observation on the brain of an Ourang-Outang, which exhibited a closer analogy to the human structure than that of any other of the mammalia, and in which he could not discern some of the convolutions which exist in the brain of man.

The Great American Bittern.—A most interesting and remarkable circumstance we learn from the Magazine of Natural History attends the great American Bittern; it is that it has the power of emitting a light from its breast equal to the light of a common torch, which illuminates the water so as to enable it to discover its prey. As this circumstance is not mentioned by any naturalist, the correspondent of the Journal in question took every precaution to determine, as he has done, the truth of it.

WORKS IN THE PRESS AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WORKS IN PREPARATION.

Mr. Reynolds, Writing Master, Christ's Hospital, has in the press, for the Use of Schools, the Scholar's Practical Introduction to Merchants' Accounts, upon an Improved Plan.

The Golden Lyre, or Specimens of the Poets of England, France, Germany, and Italy, for 1830.

Mr. E. H. Barker is about reprinting Dr. Webster's American Dictionary of the English Language, in 2 vols. 4to.

Illustration of the Parts concerned in the Late-ral Operations of Lithotomy, with a Description of the Mode of performing it. By Edward Stanley, Assistant Surgeon, and Lecturer on Anatomy and Physiology at St. Bartholomew's Hospital. Royal 4to.

M.M. New Series.—VOL. VIII. No. 44.

Historical Recollections of Henry of Monmouth, the Hero of Agincourt, and other Eminent Characters.

Mr. Swan is preparing for publication a Demonstration of the Nerves of the Human Body, founded on the Subjects of the Two Collegial Anatomical Prizes adjudged to him by the Royal College of Surgeons; the first Part exhibiting the Nerves of the Thoracic Viscera in large Plates, will be ready in January, 1830.

Messrs. Dymond and Dawson, of Exeter, are about to publish a Map of England and Wales upon a new Plan, in which Numerals and Letters are substituted for the Names of Places and Rivers: the former being used to denote the Places, while the latter designate the Rivers. With an Explanatory Key, enclosing a brief De-

scription of the Counties, Places, and Rivers laid down in it, &c. &c.

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A Treatise on the Value and Application of Bones as a Manure. By the Doncaster Agricultural Association.

The Second Volume of the Remains of Wilmot Warwick, by Henry Vernon, will appear in August.

The Author of "Reginald Trevor" has a New Novel in the press, entitled "Lawrence Mertoun, or a Summer in Wales."

Memoirs of the Life and Works of George Romney, the celebrated Painter, with various Letters and Testimonies to his Genius. By his Son, the Rev. John Romney, B.D.

The Heraldry of Crests, containing 3,500 Crests, from Engravings, by the late P. P. Elven, with the Bearers' Names alphabetically arranged.

Mr. Kendall announces for publication a full and illustrated Statement of his Hypothesis of a Circulation in the Sea in Analogy with the Circulation of the Blood.

LIST OF NEW WORKS.

AGRICULTURAL AND BOTANICAL.

A Complete History of Dairy Husbandry. By William Harley, Esq., of the Willow Bank Dairy, Glasgow. Plates, 21s.

The Tenancy of Land in Great Britain, Part the Second, comprising the Highland and Grazing Districts. By L. Kennedy and T. B. Grainger. Plates. 15s.

The British Farmer's (Quarterly) Magazine, No. XII. 4s.

Conversations on Vegetable Physiology, comprehending the Elements of Botany, with their Application to Agriculture. By the Author of "Conversations on Chemistry." 2 vols. 12mo. 12s.

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3. Pierre Pelletan, for his new method of making sulphuric acid, commonly called oil of vitriol.

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BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

SIR HUMPHREY DAVY, BART. L.L.D.;
F. R. S.; M. R. I. A., &c.

AN extended memoir of the life of that distinguished experimental philosopher, Sir Humphrey Davy, would be little else than a record of the state of chemical science and discovery for the last five-and-twenty or thirty years. Very slight and cursory must be our sketch.

Humphrey Davy was born at Penzance, in Cornwall, on the 17th of December, 1779. His family is ancient and respectable. He received the rudiments of his education at the grammar schools of Truro and Penzance. At Penzance, he resided with Mr. Tomkins, a surgeon, a benevolent and intelligent man, who had been on terms of intimate friendship with his maternal grandfather. The youth was remarkable for his early talent: at nine years of age, he began to compose verses; an amusement to which he was addicted till he was fifteen; and the Annual Anthology of that period may be advantageously consulted for specimens of his ability.

At the age of fifteen, young Davy was placed as a pupil with Mr. Borlase, a descendant from the celebrated Cornish antiquary of that name. Mr. Borlase was an excellent surgeon, and a man of sound, general, and extensive information. It was intended that, under his auspices, Mr. Davy should prepare himself for graduating at Edinburgh. In addition to the regular studies of his profession, he was fond of natural history; and, residing in a part of the island rich in mineralogy, he collected a

number of fine specimens. He also began to extend his views to the various combinations, decomposition, and recombinations of nature—to examine the different systems of the philosophers, both ancient and modern—and to form theories of his own. At length, he laid down for himself a course of study, which he followed with such perseverance, that, by the time he was eighteen, he was master of the leading principles of botany, anatomy, and physiology, the simple mathematics, metaphysics, natural philosophy, and chemistry. At this period, experimental chemistry was just beginning to afford results honourable to the genius of those by whom it was practised. The discoveries of Dr. Black, Mr. Cavendish, Dr. Priestley, and others, were matter of notoriety in this country. In France, too, Lavoisier had begun to propound his new theory, and to form a new nomenclature for the science. Mr. Davy's strongest predilections were for chemistry; and an experiment which he made proved the fortunate means of drawing him from obscurity. He had ascertained that sea-weed performs the same part in purifying the air contained in water that vegetables perform with respect to atmospheric air. This fact he communicated to Dr. Beddoes, of Bristol, who had projected the publication of a course of philosophical contributions from the west of England; and who was endeavouring to found an institution, the main object of which was, by means of dephlogistigated air, or oxygen gas, to cure, or at least to alleviate, the

horrors of phthisis. To effect this, an extensive apparatus became necessary, and for its regulation and superintendence, an able and ingenious practitioner was required. A correspondence ensued, in which Dr. Beddoes proposed to Mr. Davy, who was then only nineteen, to suspend his intention of going to Edinburgh, and to assist him in the prosecution of his scheme. Mr. Davy consented, on condition of having the sole management of the experiments; and he, in consequence, removed to Bristol, and resided for some time at the Pneumatic Institutions, Dowry Square, in the immediate vicinity of the Hot Wells.

It was about this period that Mr. Davy contracted a friendship with Davies Gilbert, Esq. (now President of the Royal Society), who strenuously exhorted him to persist in his clerical pursuits. In those pursuits he was frequently assisted by another of his friends, Mr. W. Clayfield; and at Bristol—where he discovered the respirability of the nitrous oxide—he was already considered as a very extraordinary young man. The result of his inquiries into the gaseous bodies was afterwards published, with the title of *Researches, Chemical and Philosophical*. This work introduced him to Count Rumford, who had lately returned to England, and become one of the patrons and promoters of the new school of experimental philosophy. Through the introduction of the Count he was elected Professor of Chemistry in the Royal Institution; succeeding in that office Dr. Young, the nephew of Dr. Brocklesby.

The new Professor now found himself amidst philosophical information and resources of all kinds; and, at the Institution, he had the advantage of possessing more extensive means of electrical and chemical experiment, than had perhaps ever before been collected under one roof.

In 1802, Mr. Davy commenced a course of lectures before the Board of Agriculture, shewing the dependence of agriculture on Chemistry. These lectures were continued for three years. His talents were already so well known that, in 1803, he was chosen a member of the Royal Society; in 1805, a member of the Royal Irish Academy; and, in 1806, he was appointed Secretary of the Royal Society. He was also in habits of intimacy with most of the British literary characters and men of science, and in correspondence with the principal chemists in every part of Europe.

Mr. Davy had for some years been diligently employed in making experiments with the galvanic battery. In 1806, when he delivered his first Bakerian Lecture to the Royal Society, he began to communicate the result of his labours. This lecture related to some new and interesting chemical agencies of electricity, particularly with respect to acids and alkalis.

The subject of his next Bakerian Lecture, delivered in 1807, was "Some New Phe-

nomena of Chemical Changes produced by Electricity, particularly the Decomposition of the Fixed Alkalies, and the exhibition of new substances which constitute their bases, and on the general nature of alkaline lodies." In this he brought forward his great discovery of the metallic bases of potash and soda, to which he gave the names of potassium and sodium. By employing the same means, he also succeeded in decomposing other substances, and obtaining their metallic bases. His attention was next turned to the oxy muriatic acid, which he demonstrated not to be a compound, and to which he gave the name of Chlorine.

Notwithstanding the war which then existed between England and France, the prize of the French Institute was, in 1810, awarded to Mr. Davy; and, in 1814, the same year in which he was elected a Vice-President of the Royal Institution—he was elected a corresponding member of that body.

It is not unamusing to remark, that, in a Memoir of Mr. Davy, published about the year 1809, we find the following advertisement-like paragraph:—"To such of our readers as have not as yet seen him, we beg leave to observe, that the professor exactly resembles other men, affecting nothing rude, vulgar, or extravagant, either in his person or address, and to the ladies, in particular, it would be unpardonable to omit, that he is still unmarried. He possesses great animal spirits, is gay, conversible, destitute of the jargon of science, the common refuge of little minds, has a pleasing face, a good address, a person rather slender, and is from thirty-two to thirty-four years of age." Whether it was in consequence of this "gentle hint," we know not, but, in the year 1811, Mr. Davy became attached to Mrs. Apreece, a widow of large fortune, and, in 1812, he made that lady his wife. A few days previous to his marriage, he had the honour of being knighted by the Prince Regent. He was the first person on whom His Royal Highness conferred that dignity.

Sir Humphrey Davy's next discovery was of great importance. In 1815, a Committee was formed at Sunderland, to investigate the cause of fire-damp in mines, through the explosion of which so many lives had, from time to time, been sacrificed, and to seek for a preventive. His assistance having been requested, Sir Humphrey explored the principal collieries in the north of England, and undertook a series of experiments on the nature of the explosive gas. The result was the invention of the safety lamp, which the coal-owners of the Tyne and Wear considered to be of so much importance, that they presented him with a service of plate worth two thousand pounds. Within these few months, however, some essential improvements have been effected in this lamp.

In 1817, Sir Humphrey was elected one

of the Associates of the Royal Academy. In 1818, and 1819, he visited Italy, where he analysed the colours used by the ancients, examined the Herculaneum Manuscripts, and invented a solvent, which has proved partially successful, to assist in the difficult task of unrolling them.

On the 20th of October, 1818, (during his absence from England,) Sir Humphrey Davy was elevated to the dignity of a Baronet. About the time of his return, an opening was made for his further advancement, by the death of Sir Joseph Banks, on the 19th of June, 1820. The Chair of President of the Royal Society having thus become vacant, Sir Humphrey Davy, and Dr. Wollaston, (whose death also has recently occurred) were looked up to as the persons most proper to fill it. Dr. Wollaston, however, refused to oppose his friend; and, though an attempt was made to seat Lord Colchester, Sir Humphrey was elected, by a majority of nearly two hundred to thirteen. He continued to fill his high and honourable office till about two years since, when, finding a residence upon the Continent necessary for his health, he resigned, and his old friend, Davies Gilbert, Esq. M. P. was elected as his successor.

Sir Humphrey Davy remained abroad, but without obtaining the permanent advantage he sought. His death had long been regarded as an inevitable event at no distant period. Accompanied by Lady Davy, he arrived at Geneva on the 29th of May. He was then in a state of great suffering, but no immediate danger was apprehended. During the night, however, he was attacked with apoplexy, and he expired at three o'clock on the morning of the 30th. The instant that the news was known his afflicted widow received offers of services from the most distinguished individuals of the place, particularly Mr. A. de Condolle, the eminent botanist, and Mr. Sismondi, the historian. Mr. Condolle took charge of all the details of the interment; and the government of the canton, the academy of Geneva, the consistory of the Genevian Church, and the Societies of Arts and Natural Philosophy and History, together with nearly all the English resident there, accompanied the remains to the burying ground, where the English service was performed by the Rev. John Magees, of Queen's College, and the Rev. Mr.

Burgess. In the procession were many of the most eminent manufacturers of the city, and a large body of mechanics.

Sir Humphrey is the author of *Chemical and Philosophical Researches*; *Electro-Chemical Researches*; *Elements of Chemical Philosophy*; *Elements of Agricultural Chemistry*; several pamphlets of importance, and a variety of scientific papers in the *Philosophical Transactions*, and in the *Journals of Nicholson and Tilloch*.

WILLIAM STEVENSON, ESQ.

William Stevenson, Esq., of the Record Office in the Treasury, a gentleman of considerable eminence in the literary and scientific world, was born about the year 1772. He was the author of an elaborate and useful work, entitled "*Historical Sketch of the Progress of Discovery, Navigation, and Commerce*." This production, published in the year 1824, contains, in addition to much other valuable information, a *catalogue raisonnée* of books of Voyages and Travels, omitting only such as the compiler had ascertained to be inaccurate or unimportant. Having devoted much of his time to agricultural pursuits, he wrote the *Agricultural Survey of Surrey*. He was also the author of the article on Chivalry in Dr. Brewster's *Encyclopedia*; and of the *Life of Caxton*, published by the Society for the Diffusion of Knowledge. During the latter part of his life, until the commencement of a severe indisposition, he was occupied, on the suggestion of Mr. Brougham, and under the auspices of the Society for the Diffusion of Knowledge, in preparing for the press a series of treatises, intended for the edification and improvement of the agricultural classes. It is understood that these treatises have been left in a state nearly, if not quite, ready for publication.

Mr. Stevenson had for some time laboured under repeated attacks of illness. On the 20th of March, however, he was apparently so much recovered, that his friends entertained the hope of his speedy restoration; but, two days afterwards, when sitting at tea with his family, he suddenly became unable to raise the cup to his mouth, sank back in his chair, and never spoke again. Mr. Stevenson was a man of profound research, of extensive knowledge, of scrupulous integrity; and he was universally respected.

MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE present year has assuredly exhibited specimens of the most troublesome, vexatious, and expensive seasons to the farmer, within the longest recollection; and this equally in respect to the variable and anomalous state of the weather, and of the markets for almost all kinds of produce. Complaints, in consequence, of the deepest tenour, and to an accumulated extent, are reiterated in the late letters from every part of the country. It is repeated that, in many parts, particularly of the poor land districts, the tenantry are beginning to give way, and that Sheriffs' officers have been employed in too many parts. All the wheat of tenants of this unfortunate description has been already turned into money; and much

apprehension is entertained by them, not only on account of their rents, too many of them in arrear, but of the needful for securing the approaching harvest. The opulent farmers also, who held their wheat for a market, have made a most unfortunate speculation, the generality being losers to the amount of from six to twelve shillings per quarter. The complaints of the tradesmen, even in the best and most popular districts, are almost equally loud and general. Money, if the Reporters may be credited, has nearly vanished, and payments for cattle at fairs, are said now to be currently made in promissory notes. This disastrous state of country affairs, at no rate to be totally discredited, appears, however, to us to be assigned by the complainants to wrong causes, and the remedies, which they deem infallible, namely, a re-issue of paper, and the old restrictions in the commerce of corn, we really apprehend would be utterly delusive. The fact is, the universal national interest was in so dangerous a state, in both those momentous concerns, that some prompt and important steps could be no longer delayed, whatever temporary inconvenience and distress might be the result; and the immense populousness, prosperity and accumulated capital of this country, leave no doubt of timely improvement, although no very exalted degree of that can be expected, under the wasteful and profligate system of government to which the nation has so long been exposed, and which, if not timeously remedied by the besotted people themselves, will remedy itself in thunder.

As to the crops, and first, of the wheat, we adhere to our former opinion: that golden grain has, no doubt, received signal benefit from the late warm showers, but not in so great a degree as was at first inspired by the favourable change of the weather. We have never known so large a drought at a critical season, attended with cold and blighting winds, which did not induce radical, though perhaps not immediately apparent mischief on the wheat crop; and we have ever been accustomed to entertain apprehensions for the wheat, whenever we saw the beans and hops pining under the inflection of vermin. In Scotland, the blight-insect (to use a very unfashionable, yet expressive term) seems to have made the greatest ravages; and the Scots rural philosophers, as usual, to avoid the disgrace of equivocal generation, have mistaken, or chosen to take the effect for the cause; for surely, had there been no blight, they would not have had to complain of insects. Thence they are gravely dissertating on the probability of finding a *remedy*, which, no doubt, they might find, were they constituted atmospheric directors. Too much of the wheat throughout the island is infested with those insects, which will much retard the growth and vitiate the quality of the grain. How or whence these insects come, whether *equivocally*, or in the ordinary course of generation, *ab ovo*, it concerns us little to ascertain, since of this we are certain, they never fail to appear at the command of their sovereign lord, if not their creator, the north-east wind. The late storms of wind and rain beside, have laid much of the loftiest wheat, to its very considerable damage, the very short and thin having better chance of escape. The present will not be a great straw year, in any crop, nor a very productive one in any grain. It is held doubtful whether the richest wheat lands will bear an average crop, with no doubt that poor soils will be much below that medium. The continental reports respecting the wheat crop agree generally with our own.

The drought and cold endured too long for the following genial showers to have their full effect on the spring crops. Barley, beans, and oats, appear too deficient throughout to warrant an average crop, or of good quality. Peas and winter tares are probably the best crops of the year. Much of the early sown beet and Swedish turnips failed from the drought, and a considerable breadth of the former was ploughed up and re-sown; where these articles stood they are promising. The season for cabbage planting has been most propitious, and also, for that most important process, turnip sowing. The turnips have been some time out of danger from the fly, and the Swedes this year will be a considerable breadth. Drilling fortunately gains ground. Potatoes will be a crop, though the early planted received some damage. Of hops nothing good can be said.

Hay harvest has been, and continues most embarrassing and expensive. A very curious addition to these troubles has been noted by several correspondents. During the drought, many clergymen put up prayers for rain, which were held by their farming clients, rather *mal-à-propos* in hay-making time. A part of the earliest saved hay was fine, but the quantity short, not only from the dry season, but the exhaustion of the lands by the vast burden grown last year. As to the grass cut since the rains, the greater part has been reduced to the quality of straw; and the weather since has been so uncertain, that they who kept their grass, which many did till it shed its seed, will not secure the expected benefit. The clovers and artificial grasses have been very difficult to manage—the swatches lying wet upon the land, and the second growth rising up rapidly among it. In this case, the additional trouble is repaid, of removing and carting the clover to a bare field in order to its making. After-growth of all kinds will be great. The quantity of fruit has been immense, yet the farmers, who have a dependence on their cherries, make complaints, either from the damage the fruit has received from storms, or the lowness of the prices. Bark, not so plentiful as in last year, being shaved and chopped, obtains from 18*l.* to 25*l.* per load, of 45 cwt. Wool has been sold more freely, perhaps wisely. The paradox has appeared that lean stock, above the supply, has been in demand of late years, yet less flesh

meat is consumed. In the midland counties, fat cattle and sheep are said to be as high priced as in Smithfield—yet both plentiful in the country, especially sheep, though such numbers have been reduced or destroyed by the rot. As in our last Report, store cattle and sheep have a quick sale, on good terms, in some parts of the country, while in others, they are scarcely ridded at any price. The price of pigs still declining every where.

Harvest will commence in a few days on the most forward soils. The foulness of the lands in every district is more and more a prominent topic in every report, with the melancholy addition of a heavily increasing number of labourers without employ. The prospect for the coming winter is appalling. The corn markets have been on a descending scale for a considerable time, nor is there much probability of their rising, notwithstanding the expected deficiency of the present crops.

Smithfield.—Beef, 3s. to 4s. 6d.—Mutton, 3s. 2d. to 4s. 4d.—Lamb, 4s. to 5s. 6d.—Veal, 3s. 8d. to 5s. 2d.—Pork, 4s. 6d. to 5s. 6d.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 50s. to 80s.—Barley, 27s. to 38s.—Oats, 16s. to 32s.—Fine Bread, the London 4lb. loaf, 10½d.—Hay, 50s. to 100s.—Clover, ditto, 80s. to 115s.—Straw, 38s. to 45s.

Coals in the Pool, 24s. 6d. to 31s. 9d. per chaldron.

Middlesex, July 24th.

MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

SUGARS.—The demand for Muscavadoes last week was apparently languid, but the buyers took off, privately, much larger parcels than what generally transpired; they were estimated to exceed 2,800 hogsheads and tierces. The stock of West-Indian Muscavadoes is 6,251 hogsheads and tierces more than last year. The weekly deliveries continue to be much less than those of 1828. At the close of the market the estimated purchases this day, including the Barbadoes public sale, was 1,000 hogsheads and tierces. The Refined Market was very dull last week; several of the holders pressed sales, by submitting to prices a shade lower, but generally the trade was without variation, and the demand limited. **East-India Sugar.**—There were few purchases by private contract last week. Mauritius, of a very bad quality, went off heavily at prices 1s. and 2s. under any previous sale. **Foreign Sugars.**—The purchases were extensive by private contract last week; 1,000 chests White, at an average of 48s. sound Brown and Yellow, at 20s. damaged at 17s. sound White low, to Middling, 30s. Damaged, 24s.

COFFEE.—The public sales last week consisted of about 900 casks, 200 bags British Plantation, 3,161 bags East India. The Jamaica sold at a reduction of 1s. to 2s. but were taken in large parcels for export and on speculation, all other descriptions sold at full market prices, and with more spirit.

RUM, BRANDY, HOLLANDS.—The contract with government has had an unfavourable effect on the market, on account of the low price at which it was contracted. The sales since are 240 puncheons Leeward, at 1s. 10d. and parcels of strong proofs, free on board, at 1s. 11d. to 1s. 11½d. Several parcels of strong Jamaica 28s. to 32s. over-sold 2s. 11d. and 3s. 2d. In Brandy and Geneva there was no alteration.

HEMP, FLAX, TALLOW.—The Tallow market is rather more firm, and the prices higher, owing to the advance at St. Petersburg. In Hemp and Flax there is no material alteration.

Course of Foreign Exchange.—Amsterdam, 12. 5½.—Rotterdam, 12. 3½.—Hamburg, 13. 15.—Paris, 25. 65.—Bordeaux, 25. 95.—Frankfort-on-the-Main, 152½.—Petersburg, 10.—Vienna, 10. 9.—Madrid, 36. 0¼.—Cadiz, 36. 0¼.—Bilboa, 36. 0¼.—Barcelona, 36.—Seville, 36. 0¼.—Gibraltar, 47. 0½.—Leghorn, 47. 0½.—Genoa, 25. 75.—Venice, 47. 0½.—Malta, 48. 0¼.—Naples, 39. 0¾.—Palermo, 119.—Lisbon, 45. 0¼.—Oporto, 45. 0¾.—Rio Janeiro, 24.—Dublin, 1. 0½.—Cork, 1. 0½.

Bullion per Oz.—Portugal Gold in Coin, £0. 0s. 0d.—Foreign Gold in Bars, £3. 17s. 9d.—New Doubloons, 14s. 3d.—New Dollars, 4s. 9½d.—Silver in Bars, (standard), 4s. 11½d.

Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint Stock Companies, at the Office of WOLFE, Brothers, 23, Change Alley, Cornhill.—Birmingham CANAL, 292½.—Coven-try, 1,080½.—Ellesmere and Chester, 110½.—Grand Junction, 295½.—Kennet and Avon, 27½.—Leeds and Liverpool, 470½.—Oxford, 670½.—Regent's, 22½.—Trent and Mersey, (¼ sh.), 790½.—Warwick and Birmingham, 270½.—London DOCKS (Stock), 84½.—West India (Stock), 173½.—East London WATER WORKS, 113½.—Grand Junction, 51½.—West Middlesex, 70½.—Alliance British and Foreign INSURANCE, 8½.—Globe, 148½.—Guardian, 22½.—Hope Life, 5¾.—Imperial Fire, 105½.—GAS-LIGHT Westminster Chartered Company, 53½.—City, 187½.—British, 12 dis.—Leeds, 195½.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES,

Announced from the 22d of June, to the 22d of July, 1829; extracted from the London Gazette.

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

Best, W. Wolverhampton, factor
Coster, J. Gosport, baker
Hope, R. Liverpool, tailor
Garlick, T. Fleet-market, undertaker
Brattle, T. Maidstone, tailor
Sillitoe, S. A. Newcastle-under-Lyne, silk-throwster
Spence, H. Deritend, currier
Shaw, W. Artleborough, ribbon-manufacturer
Webb, J. Little Warner-street, cheesemonger
Bonus, W. Ware, innkeeper
Cooper, S. victualler, Wapping
Smith, E. Cheltenham, silk-mercator
Wyatt, F. Marlow, coach-proprietor
Franks, C. Tunbridge, linen draper
Tutton, W. and T. Penn, Westbromwich, ironmongers.

BANKRUPTCIES.

[This Month, 153.]

Solicitors' Names are in Parenthesis.

Anderson, G. Great St. Thomas Apostie, surgeon. (Whitelock, Cateaton-street)
Anderson, J. West Smithfield, bookseller. (Spurr and Co., Warrford-court)
Adams, J. Bury St. Edmunds, grocer. (Swain and Co., Frederick-place; Quater, Bury St. Edmunds)
Aldred, E. Milk-street, warehouseman. (Phipps, Basinghall-street)
Atkinson, G. jun. Sculcoates, grocer. (Shaw, El-place; Thorney, Hull)
Aurgers, G. White Conduit-street, wine-merchant. (Clare and Co., Frederick's-place)
Barker, J. Holborn, straw-hat-manufacturer. (Lloyd, Bartlett's-buildings)
Briscze, H. Denton, shopkeeper. (Addington and Co., Bedford-row; Clay and Co., Manchester)
Banks, J. Lotherbury, auctioneer. (Noy, Cannon-street)
Butcher, C. Rotherham, victualler. (Fisher, Wallbrook-buildings; Hoyle, Rotherham)
Brattle, T. Maidstone, tailor. (Tanner, New Basinghall-street)
Bennett, T. P. Union-court, Broad-street, merchant. (Combe, Tokenhouse-yard)
Bradbridge, W. F. Liverpool, linen-draper. (Taylor and Co., Temple; Clare, Liverpool)
Bower, J. Petworth, scrivener. (Blackmore, Gray's-inn; Ellis and Co., Petworth)
Baden, R. Burford, innkeeper. (King, Sergeant's-inn; Price, Burford)
Brown, T. Bell-yard, plumber. (Teague, Cannon-street)
Blagbrough, T. Keighley, linen-draper. (Smith, Chancery-lane; Carr, Skipton)
Burton, J. Nottingham, lace-manufacturer. (Willet and Co., Essex-street; Fox, Nottingham)
Broghen, J. Bradford, wool-stapler. (Robinson, Essex-street; Ward, Leeds)
Bainbridge, R. Chesterfield, scrivener. (Smithson and Co., New-inn; Hutchinsons, Chesterfield)
Charles, M. and T. Burrows, Duke-street, tailors. (Taylor, Great James-street)
Clarke, J. Regent-street, linen-draper. (Ashurst, Newgate-street)
Christy, W. M. Stanhope-street, cheesemonger. (Dods, Northumberland-street)

Cooke, H. Northampton, watchmaker. (Spyer, Broad-street-buildings)
Clarkson, A. Hounslow, coach-master. (Vandercom and Co., Bush-lane; Lovegrove, Reading)
Cleveland, W. Gravel-lane, Southwark, innkeeper. (Crowther, Carey-lane)
Cochrane, W. Lima, South America, and Robertson John Parish, London, merchants. (Taylor and Co., Temple; Crooke, Liverpool)
Creswell, J. Manchester, cabinet-maker. (Addington and Co., Bedford-row; Law and Co., Manchester)
Cantle, B. Tilley-street, basket-maker. (Collins, Spital-square)
Clark, J. Southwark and Walworth, coal-merchant. (Clarke, Crosby-square)
Cook, S. and S. M. Oliver, Alie-street, upholsterers. (Evitt and Co., Hayden-square)
Cottingham, E. Bexley, surgeon. (Cookney, Bedford-row)
Cooke, H. Nottingham, watchmaker. (Spyer, Broad-street-buildings)
Davenport, J. Birmingham, victualler. (Amory and Co., Throgmorton-street; Parkes, Birmingham)
Dye, C. High-street, Mary-le-bone, coach-maker. (Young, Great Titchfield-street)
Davies, G. Dover-place, New Kent-road, carpenter. (Quallet and Co., Bermondsey)
Dawson, T. Sunderland, grocer. (Swain and Co., Frederick-place; Wright, Sunderland)
Dawson, D. Gainsborough, mercer. (Perkins and Co., Gray's-inn; Wil on and Co., Stockton)
Dunn, W. Hatton-garden, perfumer. (Smith, Cateaton-street)
Dixon, G. and H. Anderson, Bishop Auckland, wine-merchant. (Griffith, Gray's-inn; Trotter, Bishop-Auckland)
Dingley, S. Warwick, builder. (White, Lincoln's-inn; Tibbits and Son, Warwick)
Davenport, A. N. Freshentle, nurseryman. (Blackstock and Co., Temple, Harper, Whitechurch)
Eastman, J. and J. Streatham, wheelwrights. (Manning, Dyer's-buildings)
Escudier, Albemarle-street, hotel-keeper. (Hensman, Bond-court)
Ereemman, W. H. Prince's-street, composition-ornament-maker. (Walls, Hart-street)
Esdale, J. hat-manufacturer. (Addington and Co., Bedford-row; Clay and Co., Manchester)
Easterbrook, R. St. Stephens, Barnwell, clay-merchant. (Atkins, Fox-ordinary-court; Burnley, St. Austell)
Edwards, W. W. Fleet-street, boot-maker. (Nias, Prince's-street, Bank)
Erwood, A. Erownlow-street, billiard-table-manufacturer. (Buzzard, Prince's-street, Bedford-row)
Everill, T. Worcester, straw-hat-manufacturer. (Becke, Devonshire-street; France, Worcester)
Esam, E. and J. Cheaptide, linen-draper. (Ashurst, Newgate-street)
Floud, T. Exeter, banker. (Brutton and Co., New Broad-street; Bruton, Exeter)
Fearn, D. Vere-street, carpet-warehousman. (Parry, Gray's-inn)
Ferguson, R. Leek, draper. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Hadfield and Co., Manchester)
Fletcher, E. Upper Clapton, splinter. (Wilks and Co., Finsbury-place)
Fox, R. Quorndon, baker. (Norris and Co., John-street; Fosbrooke, Loughborough)
Firth, J. and R. Sheppridge, fancy-manufacturers. (Strangeways and

Co., Barnard's-inn; Barber, Brighthouse)
Fuller, W. Pimlico, builder. (Ivimey, Harper-street)
Fortunato, A. P. Liverpool, merchant. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Higson and Co., Manchester)
Gould, J. Litchfield, timber-merchant. (Jeyes, Chancery-lane; Sir J. D. Fowler, Burton-upon-Trent)
Gilbert, J. High-street, Southwark, hoisier. (Hamilton and Co., Berwick-street)
Gardener, J. Cirencester, baker. (Jones, John-street; Mullings, Cirencester)
Gates, E. and W. Cornesfield, Northampton, drapers. (Harrison, Bond-court, Walbrook; Buswell, Droghary, Northampton)
Grindrod, J. Leeds, cheese-factor. (Holmes and Co., New-inn; Brittlebank, Ashbourne)
Higgins, W. Shiffnall, draper. (Hicks and Co., Gray's-inn; Brookes, Newport)
Hallam, H. Salford, tallow-chandler. (Kay and Co., Manchester)
Herring, H. Burnham, Westgate, shopkeeper. (Lythgoe, Essex-street; Taylor and Co., Norwich)
Hindley, W. C. Boston, draper. (Dawson and Co., New Boswell-court; Hopkins, Boston)
Hewett, G. Reading, corn-factor. (Perkins and Co., Gray's-inn)
Harri-on, W. Saddleworth, woollen-cloth-manufacturer. (Scott, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Greenlath, Manchester)
Hill, W. Cirencester, coal-merchant. (Jones, John street; Mullings, Cirencester)
Hallam, H. and J. Taylor, Salford, tallow-chandlers. (Milne and Co., Temple; Ainsworth and Co., Manchester)
Halentz, S. and J. Baker, St. James's-street, dealers in ready-made linen. (Ashurst, Newgate-street)
Hall, T. Basinghall street, Blackwell-hall, factor. (Heathcote, Coleman-street)
Hummerton, G. Epping, shoemaker. (Wilde and Co., College-hill)
Higgs, J. S. Exeter, woollen-draper. (Jenkins and Co., New-inn; Clarke and Son, Bristol)
Jonas, W. Brecon, innkeeper. (Edmunds, Exchequer-office; Wynter, Brecon)
Jones, J. Tottenham-court-road, hat-manufacturer. (Cardale and Co., Gray's-inn)
Isles, N. R. New Sarum, linen-draper. (Gibbins, Furnival's-inn; Coombs, Sarum)
Jones, J. Liverpool, bricklayer. (Dean, Palsgrave-place; Grocott and Co., Liverpool)
James, J. Lombard-street, bill-broker. (Fisher, Wallbrook-building)
Kirkman, J. Cockney-moor, and Manchester, manufacturer. (Addington and Co., Bedford-row; Dean, Manchester)
Kelshaw, T. Liverpool, merchant. (Taylor and Co, Temple; Lace and Co., Liverpool)
Knowles, H. Hand-cross, Cuckfield, common-carrier. (Rigley, Cateaton-street)
Leicester, O. Liverpool, wine-merchant. (Lowten and Co., Gray's-inn)
Longhurst, J. Reigate, ironmonger. (Thornbury, Chancery-lane)
Loft, G. Woodbridge, corn-merchant. (Ayton, Milman-street; Brame, Ipswich)
Lee, S. Church-row, Newington, master-mariner. (Stevens and Co., St. Thomas Apostie)

Lancaster, C. Old Accrington, cotton-manufacturer. (Milne and Co., Temple; Neville and Co., Blackburn)

Lloyd, J. King's place, Commercial-road, hup-seller. (Farrar, Doctors'-commons)

Mahony, J. Watling-street, builder. (Smith, Coleman-street)

Mathers, P. Manchester, publican. (Addington and Co., Bedford-row; Claye and Co., Manchester)

Martin, T. Croydon, linen-draper. (Turner, Basing-lane)

Musgrave, T. Sudbury, tailor. (Wigglesworth and Co., Gray's Inn; Frost and Co., Sudbury)

Mitchell, E. Mincing-lane, broker. (Rankin and Co., Ba inghall-street)

Martin, J. Walcot, straw-hat manufacturer. (Williams, Gray's Inn; Watts, Jun. Bath)

Mott, R. Newington-causeway, tailor. (Blake, Essex-street)

Mutton, E. Leominster, linen-draper. (Barry, Old Jewry)

Millet, E. Fleet-street, coffee-house-keeper. (Stedman and Co., Throgmorton-street)

More, R. Shadwell and Underwood, distiller. (Hill and Co., Gray's Inn)

Major, R. Frome-Selwood, wood-stapler. (Perkins and Co., Gray's Inn; Miller, Frome-Selwood)

Marshall, S. Chesterfield, servicer. (Lowe, Temple; Thomas, Chesterfield)

Norton, W. Uxbridge, timber-merchant. (Poole and Co., Gray's Inn)

Newton, R. and W. Tasset, King-street, Commercial-road, White-chapel, shipowners. (Williams and Co., Lincoln's Inn-fields)

Norris, J. Uttroxteter, draper. (Smith and Co., Red-lion-square; Blagg, Uttroxteter)

Nevett, M. and W. Liverpool, brokers. (Blackstock and Co., Temple; Pritt and Co., Liverpool)

Norbrook, W. Fish-street-hill, victualler. (Bell and Co., Bow Church-yard)

Phillips, N. Exeter, dealer. (Brutton and Co., New Broad-street; Brutton, Exeter)

Plenty, W. West Smithfield, iron-founder. (Boatock, George-street, F Mansion-house)

Pape, W. Northampton-square, tailor. (Lumley, New Inn)

Parry, J. J. Madnesfield, boarding-housekeeper. (Church, Great

James-street; Pateshall and Co., Hereford)

Powell, T. Cheltenham, innkeeper. (King, Bedford-place; Packwood, Cheltenham)

Page, E. M. Jun. and J. Anthony, Bristol, commission-agents. (Vizard and Co., Lincoln's Inn-fields; Heaver, Bristol)

Pidgeon, J. Great Yarmouth, boat-builder. (Austin, Gray's Inn; Nixon, Norwich)

Prettyman, R. S. Regent-circus, linen-draper. (Lovell, Gray's Inn)

Pierson, J. Bolton-le-Moors, linen-draper. (Addington and Co., Bedford-row; Cloughs and C., Pontefract, and Huddersfield; Cross, Bolton-le-Moors)

Peacock, R. St. Paul's Church-yard, merchant. (Burra and Co., King-street, Cheap-side)

Bussell, J. Keswick, mercer. (Addison, Gray's Inn; Lightfoot, Keswick)

Ridley, R. Brighton, hat-maker. (Brough, Fleet-street)

Rowbotham, I. Great Surrey-street, hat-manufacturer. (Burfoot, Temple)

Sharp, W. Bermondsey-street, South-wark, carrier. (Nicholson, Dowgate-hill)

Stokes, G. Frome-Selwood, clothier. (Perkins and Co., Gray's Inn; Miller, Frome-Selwood)

Stephens, E. Merthyr-Tydvil, shop-keeper. (Evans and Co., Gray's Inn; Habersfield, Bristol; Gregory and Co., Bristol)

Shuttleworth, G. Wilmslow, victualler. (Appleby, and Co., Gray's Inn; Gratix, Wilmslow)

Stinton, F. Droitwich, tailor. (Hilliard and Co., Gray's Inn; Godson, Worcester)

Simonds, J. Wangford, Innholder. (White and Barrett, Great St. Helens; Chabtree and Co., Halesworth)

Stone, R. W. and F. J. Bath, coach-makers. (Williams, Gray's Inn; Stallard, Bath)

Shepherd, L. New Malton, yeoman. (Bell and Co., Bow Church-yard; Pearson, Pickering)

Saunders, J. Fleet-market, licensed victualler. (Hill, Aldermanbury)

Sturley, H. T. Aylesham, linen-draper. (Hardwicke and Co., Lawrence-lane)

Southgate, J. S. Well-next-the-Sea, ship-owner. (Swain and Co., Fiedrick-place; Garwood, Wells)

Stephenson, T. Lime-street, merchant. (Fynmore and Co., Craven-street)

Stevens, J. Birmingham, grocer. (Swain and Co., Frederick-place; Webb and Co., Birmingham)

Smith C. Phoenix-wharf, coal-merchant. (Teague, Cannon-street)

Stonehouse, J. Mincing-lane, and Clapham, wine-merchant. (Hutchinson and Co., Crown-court)

Sutton, H. H. Upper Thames-street, and Kennington, coal-merchant. (Sharpe and Co., Broad-street)

Smales, T. W. Aldersgate-street, stationer and printer. (Watson and Co., Falcon-square)

Smith, E. Liverpool, butcher and victualler. (Rowlinson, Liverpool)

Topping, J. Liverpool, boot-maker. (Norris and Co., John-street; Wilson, Liverpool)

Twemlow, J. Hatherton, maltster. (Rosser and Son, Gray's Inn; Warren, Drayton-in-Hales)

Tyrell, E. Brownlow-street, victualler. (Evans and Co., Kennington-cross)

Tucker, W. G. Exeter, watchmaker. (Armstrong, St. John's-square)

Thorpe, G. and T. Red Lion-street, Clerkenwell, glass-benders. (Lloyd, Thavie's Inn)

Westray, R. Stockport, grocer. (Falcon, Temple; Hodgson, Whitehaven)

Wheeler, J. Pershore, corn-dealer. (Michael, Red-lion-square)

Walmisley, J. Hammersmith, victualler. (Parton, Charlotte-street)

White, A. and W. Metcalf, Lamb's Conduit-street, linen-draper. (Burt, Mitre-court)

Watty, J. Plymouth, rope-maker. (Makinson and Co., Temple; Leach and Co., Devonport)

White, R. Jun. Blakeney, tanner. (King, Sergeant's Inn; Chadborn, Newnham)

Williams, J. Manchester, chemist. (Makinson and Co., Temple; Atkinson and Co., Manchester)

Williams, J. Holborn, Fleet-street, and Skinner-street, boot-maker. (Carter and Co., Royal Exchange)

Wellevisse, M. Crescent place, Blackfriars, milliner. (Parker, Furnival's Inn)

Wright, D. Chapel-place, Vere-street, tailor. (Mayhew and Co., Carey-street)

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

The valuable living of Wilmslow, in Cheshire, which has been nine years in dispute, and the decision of the Court of King's Bench reversed in the House of Lords, has been vacated by the resignation of the Bishop of Calcutta. The Rev. Wm. Brownlow, for whom the next presentation was purchased, and who was married on the 9th inst. to the daughter of R. J. Chambers, Esq., the magistrate of Union Hall, is now rector of the above living. *Cambridge Chronicle and Journal*, June 26.—Rev. J. L. Hesse, to the Rectory of Rowbarron, Somerset.—Rev. T. Speidell, to the Rectory of Crick, Northampton.—Rev. J. Lupton, to be a Minor Canon of St. Paul's cathedral, and also of the cathedral of Westminster.—Rev. A. Fitzclarence, to be domestic chaplain to the Duke of Clarence.—Rev. C. Rookes, to the Rectory of Telford Ewyas, Wilts.—Rev. H. Salmon, to the Vicarage of Hartley Wintney, Hants.—Rev. W. Barlow, to the Rectory of Weston-Super-Mare.—Rev. F. L. W. Yonge, to the perpetual Cure of Frithelstock, Devon.—Rev. R. W. Moor, to the perpetual and augmented Curacy of Stoke St. Gregory, Somerset.—Hon. and Rev. J.

Vernon, to the Rectory of Kirkby, Mansfield.—Rev. H. T. Payne, to be Archdeacon of Carmarthen, with the Prebend or Canonry of Llanrian annexed.—Rev. R. Salway, to the rectory of Fawkhams, Kent.—Rev. C. F. Bromhead, to the Vicarage of Cardington, Beds.—Rev. J. Allgood, to the Rectory of Ingram, Northumberland.—Rev. C. Davy, to the Vicarage of Presnute.—Rev. E. H. G. Williams, to the Rectory of St. Peters, Marlborough.—Rev. R. B. Hone, to the Curacy of Portsmouth.—Rev. J. Parson, to the Rectory of Campsey Ash, Suffolk.—Rev. W. Marshall, to the Vicarage of Naseby, Northampton.—Rev. G. Gretton, to the living of Elmston Hardwick, Gloucester.—Rev. R. Daly, is appointed Dean of Cashel.—Rev. G. Carter, to the Vicarage of Rawburgh, Norfolk.—Rev. E. Thorold, to the Rectory of Morecott, Rutland.—Rev. C. T. Wade, to St. James's chapel, Ashted, Birmingham.—Rev. W. Wyvill, to the Rectory of Black Notley, Essex.—Rev. H. C. Brice, to the living of St. Peter's Bristol.—Rev. J. Richardson, to the office of Subchanter to York cathedral.—Rev. W. Richardson, to be a Vicar Choral of York cathedral, and per-

petual Curate of St. Michael-le-Belfrey, York.—Rev. W. Bulmer, to the Vicarage of St. Mary, Bishophill Junior, in York.—Rev. H. A. Beckwith, to the Vicarage of St. Martin's, Coney-street, York.—Rev. G. Landon, to the Vicarage of

Branscombe, Devon.—Rev. B. R. Perkins, to the Vicarage of Wotton-under-Edge, Gloucester.—Rev. J. Arthur, to the Rectory of Atherington, Devon.—Rev. N. Harding, to the Rectory of Aldridge, Staffordshire.

POLITICAL APPOINTMENTS.

Viscount Melville, Sir G. Cockburn, Sir H. Hotham, Viscount Castlereagh, and Sir G. Clerk,

to be commissioners for executing the office of High Admiral of the United Kingdom.

CHRONOLOGY, MARRIAGES, DEATHS, ETC.

CHRONOLOGY.

June 25.—Rev. H. Price committed to Stafford jail for the space of one year for the publication of five several libels against the magistrates, and exciting the carpet-weavers of Kidderminster to a continuation of disturbances, in consequence of the men having refused to work at the reduced prices fixed by the masters.

25.—Court went into mourning for the Queen of Spain for three weeks.

30.—First stone laid of a new bridge over the Thames at Staines.

— By papers arrived from Van Diemen's Land, Feb. 14, it appears that a man named Joseph Moulds had been capitally convicted as a bush-ranger, and that previous to execution, he confessed he was the wretch who had murdered the unfortunate Mrs. Donatty.

July 5.—By the abstract of the net produce of the revenue in the years ending July 5, 1828, and July 5, 1829, it appears that the decrease on the year has been £92,828, and that of the last quarters of 1828 and 1829, the decrease has been £349,693.

7.—Marquis of Chandos and several gentlemen interested in the West-India trade, had an interview with the Duke of Wellington at the Treasury on the subject of the West-India affairs.

8.—Mr. Brunel had a long interview with the Duke of Wellington, relative to the Thames Tunnel.

9.—A meeting took place of the subscribers to the London University, Earl Grey in the chair, for the purpose of distributing the prizes awarded to the different pupils. Amongst the successful candidates were the Earl of Leicester, eldest son of the Marquis of Townshend, who gained Latin and Greek prizes; and Count Calhariz, eldest son of the Marquis Palmella, one, natural philosophy.

10.—News arrived from New York with information of the steam frigate Fulton the First, having been blown up, and killed or wounded nearly all on board, nearly 100 persons.

14.—At a meeting of the proprietors of Drury-Lane Theatre it was resolved to remit the lessee £1,800, to make up in part for losses sustained during the past season.

— A meeting of the Spitalfields' unemployed weavers was held at Hackney, when the report of their committee was read, stating the Duke of Wellington's answer of non-acquiescence, in furnishing means of emigration for 4,000 of them, from want of funds.

16.—The Recorder made his report to the King in council of the condemned prisoners in Newgate,

when 6 men and 1 woman were ordered for execution.

July 16.—Sessions commenced at the Old Bailey.

— Admiralty sessions held at the Old Bailey, when 4 prisoners were tried—1 for piracy, and 3 for murder, and were all acquitted.

18.—Sessions ended at the Old Bailey, when 9 prisoners received sentence of death, 62 of transportation, and several of imprisonment for the various terms of 2 years, 1 year, 9, 6, and 3 months.

20.—News arrived of the surrender, by capitulation, of Silistria, to the Russians, that the Grand Vizier is closely invested in Shumla, and that the English and French ambassadors had arrived at Constantinople.

MARRIAGES.

At St. James's church, Lord Wriothlesley Russell, fourth son of the Duke of Bedford, to Elizabeth Laura Henrietta, youngest daughter of Lord William Russell.—At Blenheim, M. Seymour, esq., second son of Sir M. Seymour, Bart., to Dorothea, eldest daughter of Sir W. Knighton, Bart.—At Exeter, B. C. Greenhill, esq., to Henrietta Lavinia, daughter of Lieut.-Col. Macdonald, and grand-daughter of the celebrated Flora Macdonald.—At Great Thornham, J. Longueville, esq., to the Hon. Mary, second daughter of Lord Heniker.—At Coolattin Park, Wicklow, W. W. F. Hume, esq., to Margaret Bruce, eldest daughter of R. Chalmer, esq., and niece to Viscountess Milton and Lord Dundas.—At Castle Craig, Sir D. Kinloch, Bart., to Eleanor Hyndferd, eldest daughter of Sir T. G. Carmichael.—S. Grace, esq., brother to Sir W. Grace, Bart., to Harriet Georgiana, second daughter of Lieut.-Gen. Sir J. Hamilton, Bart.—R. T. Glyn, esq., second son of Sir R. C. Glyn, Bart., to Miss F. E. Harford.—At Marylebone, Lord Bingham, to Lady Anne Brudenell, youngest daughter of the Earl of Cardigan.—At Dublin, the Rev. R. Paekenham, son of Admiral the Hon. Sir T. Paekenham, to Harriet Maria, youngest daughter of the late Right Hon. Denis Browne, M.P.—At Holywood, the Rev. J. C. Martin, to Agatha, only daughter of the Bishop of Down and Connor.—At Kingston, Capt. E. Rich, son of Sir C. Rich, Bart., to Miss Sophia Angelo.—At Melton Mowbray, F. Grant, esq., to Isabella Elizabeth, third daughter of R. Norman, esq., and niece to the Duke of Rutland.—At Granton, H. J. Robertson, esq., to Ann Wilhelmina, daughter of the Right Hon. C. Hope, Lord President of the Court of Session.—At Llanrhaidr-yn-Mochnant, the Rev. E. Evans, to Miss Charlotte Eleanor Steele.—At the Marquis of

Wellesley's, Regent's Park, Sir Richard Hunter, to Miss Duhany.—At Portman-square, the Hon. E. Petre, to the Hon. Laura Maria Stafford Jerningham, 4th daughter of Lord and Lady Stafford.

DEATHS.

At Ormiston, East Lothian, Harriette, wife of John Francis Staveley, esq., and daughter of the late Honourable and very Reverend John Murray, Dean of Killaloe, grandson of John, first Duke of Athol, and Welsh uncle of the present Duke, and of the Right Honourable Lady Elizabeth Murray, daughter of William, fourth Earl of Dunmore, and aunt of the present Earl.—In Conduit-street, Mrs. Wodehouse, wife of Edmond Wodehouse, esq., M.P. for Norfolk, leaving a family of 14 children.—Isle of Ely, J. Lee, esq., of Upwell, 63, he had erected and endowed a few years since an almshouse for a certain number of aged and indigent widows.—In Bedford-place, Anne, wife of T. Spooner, esq.—Mr. Terry, late of Drury-Lane theatre.—At Bingley, Mr. J. Pickles, 95; he had been member of the Wesleyan Society 65 years; 100 of his posterity followed his remains to the grave: sum total of his descendants is 410. (*Manchester Mercury*).—In Langham-place, Eleanor, wife of T. G. R. Estcourt, esq., M.P. for Oxford.—At Leamington, Sir N. C. Colthurst, M.P. for Cork.—Isle of Wight, Rev. G. Hayter, 78, nephew to the late Bishop Hayter.—At Bromley, Lady Anne Fraser, wife of R. Fraser, esq., of Torbreck, and eldest daughter of Lord Lauderdale.—Isle of Man, Amelia Ann, youngest daughter of Viscount Strathallan.—At Wrockwardine, Eliza Anne, wife of Lieut.-Gen. Sir W. Cockburn, Bart.—W. Synd, esq., 78.—At his seat in Louth, Viscount Clermont.—In Berkeley square, Harriet Viscountess Hampden, 80.—Rev. Dr. G. Gaskin.—At Bedwell-park, Sir C. Smith, Bart.—At Morton, Mrs. Sarah Fox, 106.—In Burlington-street, Mrs. Campbell, widow of Colonel Campbell, Governor of Bermuda.—In Judd-street, B. Lennard, esq., 96, formerly chief justice of Bermuda.—At Boyle Farm, Surry, Lord Henry Fitzgerald, brother to the late Duke of Leinster.—In South Audley-street, 81, Anna Maria, daughter of Jonathan Shipley, Bishop of St. Asaph, and widow of Sir William Jones.—T. Shelton, esq., 81, coroner for London and Southwark.—At

Exeter, W. Newcombe, esq., banker of Fleet-street.—At Buckden, Mrs. Kaye, 89, mother of the Bishop of Lincoln.—E. T. Brooke, esq., youngest son of Sir P. B. V. Brooke, Bart.—At Swansea, aged 24, in the travelling caravan in which he was exhibited, Mr. J. Sewell, "the Lincolnshire giant." He was 7 feet 3 inches high, and measured 2 feet 6 inches across the chest.—Fanny, youngest daughter of C. Tottenham, esq., niece to the Marquis of Ely, and grand-daughter to Sir R. Wigram, Bart.—At Kilmory, Lady Orde.

MARRIAGES ABROAD.

At the British Ambassador's chapel, Paris, T. H. Marshall, esq., of Leeds, to Maria Isabella, youngest daughter of the late Dr. Temple.—At Berlin, Prince William of Prussia, to the Princess Augusta, Duchess of Weimar.—At Toulouse, B. W. Yelverton, esq., grandson of the late Lord Avonmore, to the Hon. Anna Maria Bingham, sister of Lord Clanmorris, and also grandchild of Lord Avonmore.—At Berne, J. C. Jervoise, esq., eldest son of the Rev. Sir S. C. Jervoise, Bart., to Miss Georgiana Thompson.—At Tripoli, T. Wood, esq., his Majesty's Vice-Consul at Bengazi, to Emma Mary, daughter of Colonel Warrington, Consul at Tripoli, and widow of Major A. G. Laing.

DEATHS ABROAD.

At Madeira, Lieut. A. Anson, eldest son of Lieut.-Gen. Sir G. Anson, M.P. for Lichfield.—At Bedford, West Chester County, United States, the Hon. and venerable John Law, at the age of 84; there is now but one survivor of the original American convention of 1777!—At Huy, near Liege, Sir C. Oakeley, Bart.—At Edgefield (S. C.) Tom, a negro man belonging to Mrs. Bacon, at the great age of 130; he died from the gradual waste of nature, without any disease, and apparently without pain. *Massachusetts Spy*.—At Rotterdam, Catherine Elizabeth, second daughter of J. Wells, esq., M.P. for Maidstone.—"At the poor-house, in the village of Middlebury, George Sparrow, an Englishman, aged about 46. He was by his own confession, one of Thistlewood's coadjutors in the Cato-street conspiracy." *Middlebury (Vt) American papers*.—At Leghorn, 70, J. Webb, esq., the philanthropist.

MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

NORTHUMBERLAND.—A parish meeting was lately held in Tynemouth, to consider the propriety of accepting an offer of a portion of ground in lieu of the ancient parochial burial ground within the walls of Tynemouth Priory. The meeting resolved, with only five dissentient voices, to reject that offer, and unanimously agreed to present a memorial to the King, for the restoration of the privilege of which they consider themselves unjustly and unnecessarily deprived by the Board of Ordnance.

The inhabitants of Easington recently assembled in their parish church, and presented their curate, the Rev. W. Rawes, with an elegant silver salver, of 55 guineas value, as a token of their respect for him, for having done his duty to them as a minister and a man!

A cutler, residing in Dean-street, Newcastle-

upon-Tyne, has manufactured a musical knife, with 208 blades.

The Hon. T. Liddell, M.P. has presented a service of communion plate to the church of Whittingham.

The corporation of Newcastle have subscribed £20 towards the Eldon testimonial.

DURHAM.—No less than 100 vessels have cleared from the port of Sunderland, for Archangel, during the present year: a larger number than was ever before known in the same period of time.

The Dean and Chapter of Durham have lately authorised the Rev. J. Carr, and W. L. Wharton, Esq., to engrave a meridian line upon the floor and wall of the north cloister of the abbey: which is so constructed, that the centre of a small pencil

of solar rays, admitted through an aperture which has been formed for the purpose, in the tracery of the adjoining window, falls upon the line, at the precise time when the sun passes the meridian of the place.—The superiority of this meridian line to the common dial is very obvious; and we think it would be useful were a similar plan adopted generally.

Cuthbert Ellison has presented to the committee of the Loyal Standard Association, South Shields, the sum of £10 as a donation towards establishing a school, to be connected with that association, on the Lancasterian system.

The foundation stone of a new bridge over the Tees, was lately laid by Miss Headlam, at Whorlton, when the usual ceremonies took place.

YORKSHIRE.—Steps are taking to put the walls which surround the city of York, into a complete state of repair. The estimated expense is £3,000, which is to be raised by subscription.

Some further discoveries of underground ruins have taken place at St. Mary's Abbey. The workmen, in continuing their excavations from the line of the screen which has separated the choir from the nave of the parish church, have uncovered the base, and connected cylinders of the large clustered column, which has formed the north-eastern support of the arches, from whence the central tower has risen.

A new street is building in Hull, intended to connect Whitefriar-gate, in that town, with the Arlsey road.

The shipping trade is so dull at Whitby, that the builders cannot get a ship sold. Three vessels were launched early in the month; and eight are on the stocks; but no purchaser has appeared for any of them.

In the third and fourth weeks of Ju'y, lectures on natural history were delivered by Mr. Phillips in the museum of the York Philosophical Society; being the first that were delivered subsequent to the completion of the building.

The magistrates of the West Riding of Yorkshire, and the corporation of York, are a little at variance. The magistrates of the city of York have a jurisdiction over a district about 32 miles in circumference; and its most remote parts, 10 miles from York, called the Ainsty, in which the county magistrates cannot act. The charter of the city of York being near its expiration, owing to there not being the number of aldermen who have not served the office of mayor, which the charter requires, the corporation have applied to the crown for a new charter; and the West Riding magistrates have applied to be included in it, so as to have a concurrent jurisdiction in the Ainsty, a request which ought to be granted; but which, we understand, has been refused.

July 14, John Elm, of Huddersfield, died of want, rather than submit to receive parochial relief!

The July sessions presented a great falling off of business: throughout the county the number of prisoners was much smaller than has been the case of late.

The Hon. and Rev. J. Lumley Saville, one of the prebendaries of York minster, has taken upon himself the whole expense of the new organ to be erected in York minster, which is estimated to cost £5,000.

The parishioners of St. Michael, in York, have

presented a handsome coffee-pot and stand, value £30, to the Rev. W. Baker, as a mark of their respect for his conduct during the 25 years he has been vicar of that parish.

A meeting of malsters, brewers, and flour dealers, was held in Leeds, June 19, to take into consideration the best and most effectual steps necessary to be adopted, to resist the claims made by the owner of the Leeds Stoke Mills. The question at issue is not whether certain exclusive rights are vested in the owner of the King's Mills: it is not disputed that he can compel the inhabitants to grind their corn there, but the individuals who attended the meeting deny that they are obliged to purchase flour in a ground state, or malt, in a crushed state, at his mills, exclusively; and therefore resolved, "that the proprietor of the Leeds Stoke Mill, in attempting to prevent the inhabitants and residents within the manor of Leeds from purchasing meal or flour (except such as has been ground at his mills), or from purchasing and using malt in a crushed state (except such as has been crushed at his mill) is endeavouring to obtain a monopoly of the first necessities of life equally illegal, oppressive, and unjust." A committee was appointed to receive subscriptions for the purpose of protecting those who might be injured in resisting this remnant of the feudal system, "purchased by lords of manors and rich persons," said one of the speakers, "of Charles II., one of our needy kings."—*Leeds Intelligencer*.

This year the "Wellington Clubs" of this town have had no "Waterloo dinners" to celebrate the memorable victory obtained by British skill and prowess over the French forces on the 18th of June, 1815. They have, moreover, resolved in future to commemorate the anniversary of the battle of Trafalgar.—*Leeds Intelligencer*, June 25.

The first stone of Huddersfield new infirmary was laid June 29, on which occasion a splendid procession took place. Donations amounting to the very munificent sum of £9,911. 15s. 6d., and £411. 8s. annual subscriptions, have already been received for this truly philanthropic establishment. Upwards of 100 gentlemen, in which were included all the wealth and talent of Huddersfield and its neighbourhood, attended the dinner on the occasion, when Mr. Clay (who had been the original mover for establishing the infirmary), said, on his health being drank, that he had the most sanguine hopes that it will become one of the most important medical institutions in the north of England. "May 18, 1825," he said, "I commenced my task in collecting subscriptions, and, on that day, and the three following, I collected £2,589 in donations, and £69. 14s. in annual subscriptions!"

There has been no duty performed in Meltham chapel for two months, and the respectable inhabitants are thus driven either to go to dissenting places of worship, or to go to a great distance: and we would only ask, how long are these disgraceful proceedings to be permitted to stain the character of the district in which we live?—*Leeds Intelligencer*, July 23. The same respectable paper adds, that the burial of the dead has been obstructed at the same place.*

* Meltham contains upwards of 2,000 inhabitants; the cause of the scandalous neglect is occasioned, we understand, by a dispute between

The operatives of the neighbourhood of Huddersfield have had another meeting at Almondbury, and have resolved that the great masses of wealth consumed by the clergy should be inquired into—that the crown lands ought to be sold to the best bidder, and that it is the imperative duty of the labouring part of the community to come forward, and with one united voice, demand a sufficiency of food and clothing.—*Leeds Intelligencer*.

In the night of July 11, about 12 o'clock, a large reservoir situate at Blackhill, broke down its banks, and swelling the small rivulet of Addlebeck to a mighty stream, carried ruin and desolation along with it, till it emptied itself into the river Aire, at Leeds, a distance of 7 miles, which it did not reach till near 4 o'clock on Sunday (July 12) morning. The damage it occasioned is almost incalculable; nothing could arrest its progress, throwing down bridges, levelling walls, uprooting fences, and carrying devastation into all the adjoining lands, and destroying the dwellings of the humble cottagers. The list of damages incurred, as given by the *Leeds Intelligencer*, is quite appalling.

Meetings to fix a *maximum* price upon some of the necessities of life are at present holding in many of the manufacturing towns and districts of the north of England. A meeting of this nature was held, July 8, upon Woodhouse Moor, Leeds, numerously attended, and at which it was resolved not to pay more than 1½d. a-quart for good new milk, and not more than 8d. a-pound for butter, and to adopt a rigid economy in the use of flesh meat and strong liquor. A similar meeting, though upon a larger scale, was held in Bolton, at which *maximum* resolutions were also passed.

LANCASHIRE.—The expenses for this county from June 25, 1828, to June 24, 1829, amounted to upwards of £45,000; £36,099 of which was expended in the criminal jurisprudence, and its *et ceteras*. Besides £1,562. 0s. 11d. for the lunatic asylum, and £1,500 for repairing bridges, the balance remaining in the treasurer's hands, for the county, is upwards of £10,000.—*Preston Pilot*.

The Common Council resolved, at the meeting held in February last, to grant a sum not exceeding one hundred guineas to be distributed in the form of prizes among the artists resident in the town of Liverpool and its vicinity, who shall produce the best pictures, drawings, or statues, at the next exhibition. The prizes are to be divided into two classes; one class for the works of academicians, the other for the works of students or artists residing in the town and neighbourhood, but not members of the academy. The particulars of the prizes were only communicated to the secretary of the academy on Saturday last.

The new fort, which has been erecting at the entrance of the Mersey, is quite completed; and from the position in which it is placed, and the nature of the entrance to the river, it will, we have no doubt, answer the purpose for which it was erected, and afford complete protection to Liverpool against any attack that may be made on it, or, what is of more importance, will prevent any attack being made.

two *reverends*. But does not "England expect every Clergyman and Bishop to do their duty," as well as every other man?

The entrances and lobbies of the new grand stand opened at the recent Liverpool races, are very spacious, both back and front. The under apartments are appropriated for refreshment rooms, and are surrounded on the three sides towards the course by a handsome colonnade supporting the balcony. Two elegant staircases lead to the main floor, the whole front of which is occupied by the saloon, or long room, an elegant apartment above 90 feet in length, and 22 in breadth. This room is lighted by 15 windows with arched tops, three of which are at each end, which form a segment, or bow. The windows can be thrown up to admit the ladies to pass to and from the balcony in front, which will accommodate about 500. Leading out of this room is a room on one side for the use of the ladies, and another, on the other side, as a meeting-room for the gentlemen. Ascending still higher, there are two entrances to the front or lower leads, forming the roof, in steps rising in a pavilion form. Behind, and railed off from this, are the higher leads, a further stand, over the back part of the building, and to which there is a distinct entrance from the lobby below. The stands are enclosed by neat iron railings; they will contain about 1,500 people; and the whole, it is calculated, will accommodate about 3,000.

SOMERSETSHIRE.—At a meeting held at the chapter-room, Bristol, in aid of a fund for building and enlarging churches and chapels in the Isle of Man, it was resolved, "That, considering the poverty of the Isle of Man, and of its benefices, and its exclusion from the assistance of the two societies for building churches and chapels, this meeting is of opinion that it has peculiar claims on the sympathy and assistance of the Christian public," when a committee was formed, and subscriptions entered into. The population of the Isle of Man is not less than 50,000, and the existing churches do not afford room for more than 9,000.

The recent presentation, by the Dean and Chapter, of the living of South Petherton to the son of one of the prebendaries, on the resignation of his father, has excited much dissatisfaction amongst the minor canons of our cathedral, these gentlemen holding their situations, at trifling salaries, in expectation of being presented to the vacant livings in the gift of the Chapter. The value of this living, till very lately, was only about £290 per annum, and it has been customarily given to the senior minor canon or the precentor; but the gentleman who held it previous to the last incumbent having found means to raise its value to £500 or £600 per annum, it was thought worth the acceptance of one of the prebendaries, and, by the present which has just taken place, is continued in his family.—*Bristol Mirror*.

WARWICKSHIRE.—The first stone has been recently laid for a new bridge over the Avon, at Charlecote Mill. The bridge will be constructed of cast iron, at the sole expense of the Rev. J. Lucy, rector of Hampton Lucy.

The iron trade continues in the same distressed state, and consequently prices are stationary. A considerable diminution of make (nearly 20 furnaces being put out of blast) has not yet equalized the supply and demand; and this branch of manufacture seems now fully to share the lamentable depression of every other branch of our national industry.—*Birmingham Journal*.

At a meeting held at the Old Library, Birmingham, July 16, it was resolved to form a Botanical and Horticultural Society in that town. The required outlay to be raised by shares of £5 each. A number of shares were subscribed for, and a provisional committee appointed to make inquiries for the most eligible situation for the gardens, and for framing a code of regulations for the government of the society.

At the general quarter sessions at Warwick, J. Harris, indicted for refusing to assist a constable in quelling a disturbance, when charged by him so to do, was found guilty, and sentenced to be imprisoned seven days in gaol. The court observed that the object of this prosecution was not so much to punish the prisoner, as to inform the public that they were bound to assist a constable when called upon by him, and if they refused, they did so at their peril, and were liable to be punished.

STAFFORDSHIRE.—At the quarter sessions, the learned chairman said—"It would be well for the fact to be generally known, that the magistrates of the county had come to the determination, as conservators of the public peace, to put a stop to prize-fighting. They have ordered that directions shall be given to the high constables of the county, as well as to all petty constables, to inform the nearest magistrates of any intention which may come to their knowledge of any breach of the peace of this description; and it should be well understood that it is the duty of constables to apprehend persons whose evident intention is to commit a breach of the peace, without waiting until they have committed the offence."

The new church at Sedgeley, was opened June 13. The Bishop of the diocese preached in the morning, and the vicar and the curate in the afternoon and evening. The collections amounted to £230. The parishioners are deeply indebted to the Earl of Dudley, who, at an expense of £10,000, has given them a church not only ample in its accommodations, but of great architectural beauty.

SHROPSHIRE.—At the quarter sessions held for this county, the chairman addressed the grand jury at some length. He congratulated the court on the evident diminution of crime in this great county, compared with other counties similarly situated, and expressed his belief that it arose chiefly from the total absence of the pernicious practice so prevalent elsewhere, of paying the wages of labourers from the poor rates. So long as this nurse of idleness, poverty, and crime, was kept from Shropshire, he believed the county would continue to show the same paucity of offences, and decrease of criminal convictions.

BEDFORDSHIRE.—The county expences from Easter sessions, 1828, to those of 1829, amounted to £8,015. 6s. 5d. which was used for criminal jurisprudence, allowing only about £1,200 for bridges and their repair.

HEREFORDSHIRE.—In the course of last week, the Mayor of Hereford made a visitation to the different bakers and other shops in the city for the sale of bread, to investigate a matter of some consequence to the poorer classes, at this period, namely, whether the legal weight of each loaf was correct, according to the charge made for it. We regret to state the result was the seizure

of nearly a cart load of bread deficient in weight, and the infliction of fines on 9 individuals only, to the amount of £5. 17s. We refrain on this occasion from inserting the names of those fined, but in future they shall appear in compliance with the wishes of the magistrates, who are determined to prevent such frauds on the poor.—*Hereford Journal.*

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.—At the last meeting of the managers of the Savings' Bank for this county it appeared that the cash received by deposits, and by interest, from the opening of the institution, August 3, 1816, to July 1, 1829, amounted to £326,021. 6s. 11½d., out of which £184,250. 18s. 9½d. had been repaid to depositors.

WORCESTERSHIRE.—The ancient church at Ombersley, in this county, having become ruinous, was, with the exception of the chancel, some time since taken down, and a new church has been erected on ground adjoining the north side of the old church-yard. The new and very beautiful structure was consecrated by the bishop of the diocese, June 22; it is built of white stone in the decorated English style of Edward III., and consists of a nave and side aisles, with a transept and chancel to the eastward; and two porches, and a lofty steeple at the west end, with tower and spire, and a set of six bells. The church will contain about 1,000 persons; it is adorned with beautiful windows, all of stained, painted, and ground glass, and has a very handsome finetuned organ.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE.—The gentleman who has carefully collected every thing he could that is rare and interesting from the very extensive Roman villa, lately discovered at Litlington, in this county, is shortly about to submit them to the inspection of the public.

HANTS.—The ceremony of laying the foundation stone of the new church in the forest of Bere, took place July 13, and attracted an assemblage of persons, in number not less than 2,000, to witness the commencement of this work of utility.

The fourth annual report of the Hampshire Friendly Society is just published, by which it appears, that during the last 12 months there has been an increase in the funds of upwards of £1,000. The number of districts at present formed in the county, is 14; and of members enrolled 1,010; the total amount of the funds is £7,667. 6s. 10d., a considerable portion of which was subscribed by the nobility, gentry, and clergy; 160 of whose names appear in the annual subscription list.

The ceremony of laying the foundation stone of the Portsmouth and Portsea Literary and Philosophical Society, took place, June 30, attended by a very large concourse of respectable persons; the Mayor and corporation proceeded in grand procession from the Town Hall, with the members of the institution, to the site of the building in St. Mary's-street, when the stone was laid by the Mayor. Several interesting speeches were made on the occasion, in one of which it was aptly observed, that, "the scenery of the moral and intellectual world is rapidly undergoing a mighty change; fertility succeeds to barrenness, and the stagnant waters of ignorance, which formerly sent forth the pestilential vapours of crime and misery, have now given place to those fountains of know-

ledge, which issue their thousand streams to fertilize, enrich, and bless the world."

The Mechanics' Institution, at Portsmouth, is progressing in a very satisfactory manner; its library is increasing, and, to render the establishment still more useful, a school has been opened for gratuitously teaching the members and their sons, mathematics and English grammar.

DEVONSHIRE.—The question between the commissioners of Devonport, elected by the Act of Parliament passed in 1814, and the parishioners of Stoke-Damerel, which has kept that town so long in agitation, is at length settled by the judgment of the Court of King's Bench, which has decreed that the commissioners have no discretionary power, in the case of vacancies occurring among their body, but are bound by the letter of the act to proceed to an immediate election for the filling up of such vacancies as they occur. The receipt of the intelligence caused great rejoicings in the town.

Plymouth, in the year 1714, contained but 1,139 houses; in the year 1820, 3,018; and in the present year there are 3,697; shewing an increase of 661 houses within the last nine years, to which may be added from 50 to 100 now building.

Trade in the counties of Devon, Dorset, and Cornwall, is at the lowest possible ebb; the efforts of the most experienced tradesmen are almost paralysed, and to get orders of those that are responsible is nearly impossible, except it be for the necessaries of life, and even for them in the most limited manner. Many persons now draw bills and promissory notes, who never did so until this year; and hardly a traveller goes on a journey but has an immense number of dishonoured drafts, many of which come back from errors in advice, or by the late arrival of the Welch post, by which means bills are often returned by the bankers, but taken up the next day.—*Farley's Bristol Journal*.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.—The celebrated chestnut tree, the property of Lord Dacre, at Tamworth, is the oldest, if not the largest tree in England, having this year attained the age of 1,029 years, and being fifty-two feet round; and yet such vigour remains in it, that it bore nuts two years ago, from which young trees are now being raised.*

KENT.—A meeting of the churchwardens of the several parishes in Canterbury has been held at the Guildhall, the Mayor presiding, for "taking into consideration the best mode of raising and securing to the clergy of Canterbury and suburbs, a just, reasonable, and certain provision, in return for their ministerial services," when a committee was formed for that purpose.†

* This must be the same tree mentioned in *Withering's Botany*, vol. ii. p. 435. His description agrees pretty well with that in the preceding paragraph, as will be seen by the annexed copy:—"A chestnut tree at Tamworth, in Gloucestershire, is fifty two feet round, and at least one thousand years old; nothing will thrive under its shade."

† The state of the established church, as regards the unequal distribution both of its labours and emoluments, has long been a subject of anxiety and apprehension to every disinterested well-wisher to its permanence and prosperity. Facts, upon this and upon every other subject, are stubborn things; and we should like the most satisfied

SCOTLAND.—Wednesday the opening of the New High School on the Calton Hill, took place, and a more splendid display has seldom been witnessed in Edinburgh. The fineness of the day, and the novelty of the thing, as well as the general interest which the public have taken in this thriving and popular institution, attracted a vast number of spectators. Nothing similar to it, in the way of procession, has taken place since the King's visit, which turned all our apprentices into gentlemen, and the whole city into a carnival. Every window where a peep could be obtained had found a tenant, and displayed a profusion of female charms. Parasols were even perched among the chimneys, and seemed to cover the roofs, especially of the register-house, the post-office, the Waterloo hotel, and the gaol, with a pavement of green silk. The front of the register-office had a beautiful appearance when seen from the High-street; and from the North-bridge the Calton appeared to be one vast mass of living beings, displaying all the party colours of the rainbow, faces rising above faces "in amphitheatrical pride." The immense procession began to move from the Old High School-yard at nearly half-past two o'clock, when the bells began to ring; and the streets were cleared of carriages and all other obstructions. The boys, and all who joined the procession, were decorated with sprigs of laurel. After the pageant and ceremonies were over, a splendid dinner was given, at which presided the Lord Provost. After the usual loyal toasts were drank, the chairman said it was extraordinary that the Dux of the Old High School, when its foundation was laid, was yet alive, Lord President Hope, whose health was drank amid tremendous cheers. The Solicitor-General said that his father was, indeed, Dux of the Old High School, at its foundation, which he entered with no higher prospect than any of the 700 boys who marched in procession this day. It was to the friendships he had formed at that period that he now owed the possession of the highest judicial seat in Scotland; and every boy in the High School to-day was entitled to say, "I may aspire to equal dignity." The building is allowed on all hands to be the most elegant monument of architecture which even this "city of palaces" can boast of. Its internal arrangements, are, we understand, equal to its external splendour; affording every convenience which the business of teaching may require, and supplying facilities for the introduction of any improvements which knowledge may devise. The first stone was laid July 29, 1825, and the expense of building it amounts to nearly £30,000.—*Edinburgh Evening Post*.

At a public meeting held at the Court House, Aberdeen, June 25, the Aberdeen Infant School Society was instituted for establishing schools for training the dispositions and minds of little children with the important view of preventing crime, and advancing the character and the happiness of their country.

encomiast of things as they are, to tell us coolly and dispassionately how he thinks the important office of cure of souls must be performed in a church in which 347 of its dignitaries enjoy no less than 1,155 benefices; and this while no small part of the curates—the really labouring part of the clergy—have not emoluments equal to the wages which some of these same dignitaries pay to their butlers, cooks, and coachmen?